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No. 2.

IN THE LATIN QUARTER.

THE Latin Quarter of Paris is thus called because, several hundred years ago, the pupil was ordered to speak Latin as soon as he entered the Sorbonne or any of the other colleges situated therein. In class and out of class his duty was to talk Latin; first incongruous Latin, then ameliorated Latin,

aux Vins, which covers a good deal of ground, and comprises almost entirely the fifth and sixth arrondissements. It is much changed within the last ten or twelve years, although there are certain portions which remain as they were. It was the intention of Baron Haussmann, in compliance with



THE CONCIERGE.

otherwise called congruous. His Latin went with him into the street and the cabaret. A common language was necessary to the University, embracing several colleges, where students came from different parts of the civilized world,—and it was Latin. In the beginning it was kitchen Latin, and in time it was purified to the requirements of the professor.

The Quarter has no strictly defined limits, but, as far as boundaries may be established, it is believed to embrace that portion of Paris inside of the Seine, the Rue Bonaparte, the Boulevard Montparnasse and the Halle

aux Vins, which covers a good deal of ground, and comprises almost entirely the fifth and sixth arrondissements. It is much changed within the last ten or twelve years, although there are certain portions which remain as they were. It was the intention of Baron Haussmann, in compliance with the Imperial programme, to demolish the whole of it and reconstruct after the modernized quarters of Paris, but the fall of the Empire interrupted this project as it did many others. The pick and the trowel were cast aside for the sabre and the chassepot, and the money intended for the construction of streets, squares, and gardens, was turned into ammunition of war, and the dream of Haussmann remains unrealized. Diminished resources and heavy taxation have rendered further improvement almost impossible, and it is improbable that the Imperial plan of the new Lutetia will ever

be completed. For many years to come it will be the national idea, whether wisely or not, to employ all the money which can be had, in the creation of a new army, in the forging of new thunderbolts for the annihilation of the one particular enemy of France.

One of the ancient streets is the Ecole de Médecine, which is a specimen of what the entire Pays Latin was twenty years ago—a tortuous way lined with tall houses of many stories and low ground floors. This is the home of S. V. P. Over the lodge of the concierge and at each story of the dwelling one reads: "Parlez au Concierge, S. V. P.;" "Essuyez vos pieds, S. V. P.;" "Tournez le bouton, S. V. P.," etc. Here is the hôtel garni of the student of limited resources. A somber stairway with a rope for banister leads to the upper stories. In a long low room of the first floor the table is spread for dinner—un potage, trois plats au choix, un dessert et un carafon de vin—violet, for one franc and a-half. Stout young women serve, with red hands not over-clean. The most nourishing part of the repast is the bread at discretion, and the diners eat of it accordingly. Here are grisettes, bare-headed and bonneted, free of

scrape the violin or twang the harp, to render the "Canotiers de la Seine," and sing with a nasal tone:

"Laissez les roses aux rosiers,"

afterward handing around the hat. Cheap candles are stuck in leaden candlesticks, the table-cloth is spotted here and there with wine or coffee, and the napkins, used several times, are put into wooden rings; for under no circumstances will the Gaul forego the luxury of a napkin.

In the room of the concierge, the sides are garnished with the leaden candlesticks and the keys of the lodgers, each *bougie* bearing the number of the room to which it belongs. The stairway conducting to the rooms is steep as well as narrow; the doors are of yellowish brown with black numbers on them, and occasionally a card underneath giving the occupation of the lodger, for it is a hobby of the Gaul to annex his vocation to his name. The flooring in the landings and in the rooms is of brick or tiles. The usual furniture of a room consists of a hard bed, a table, a secretary, a wardrobe without locks, two arm-chairs lined with cheap, well-worn velvet, two or three hair-bottomed chairs more or less fractured, a clock under glass on the mantel-piece, and a washstand; and the rent for this is about forty francs a month.

This street leads into the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, in which is situated the Café Procope, formerly a noted rendezvous of literary men, but now generally abandoned by them. It was here, too, that the Théâtre Français was born, opposite to the well-known café. The place is full of the traditions of D'Alembert, Rousseau, Diderot, Helvétius, and Piron. Among the last of distinguished men who frequented it was Gambetta, usually surrounded by a group of admirers to listen to him talking politics. The critics, authors,

and philosophers have all left it, and unknown Bohemians now play dominoes in the place where Voltaire once sat.

Since the Great Exposition there has been considerable extension given to Bavarian and Vienna beer, made in Paris, and saloons or brasseries have been opened for



"IF THERE WERE NO WORSE SLIPS THAN THAT!"

speech and gesture, and on familiar terms with students in neglected costumes, long hair, and eccentric garments. Here they usually remain to take their coffee and little glass, not comprised in the price of the dinner.

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its sale, where the clients are served by young women; and these places are now much frequented by the students, especially those studying medicine.

The hôtel garni of a better class than that of the Rue d'Ecole de Médecine, is usually found in the Rue Monsieur le Prince and streets radiating from the Odéon Théâtre. I know one of these, kept by one Père Joseph, where a certain degree of comfort is obtained at a moderate price, but, of course, something higher than that of the establishment in the Rue d'Ecole de Médecine. The Père Joseph is a good-natured host, and is somewhat imposed upon by his young clients, whose fatal facility for running into debt he sometimes indulges, reaping the fruit in occasional loss. His wife is a stout little woman with eyes as black as coals and cheeks as red as tomatoes, who is nearly as good-natured as her husband. The house is a tall, old-fashioned one, the ground floor being occupied as the kitchen, dining-room, the small room of the concierge, and the apartment of the host and his wife. The highest-priced lodgings—almost always the case in France—are on the first floor, the price descending in proportion as the lodger ascends,—those of the top floor, the sixth, containing only the strictly necessary in the way of furniture, and those of the first what may be regarded as requisite for comfort. There are no tiles in the house, the flooring in the corridors and chambers being of wood, which is kept well waxed. The host usually conducts the applicant for lodgings over the house himself; one of these, a newly arrived compatriot whom I had recommended, and who was unaccustomed to the slipperiness of a waxed floor, took a lower seat than he intended, when the Père Joseph ushered him into one of his chambers. For a moment a smile flitted over the face of the host, but it was only for a moment, and then gave place to an expression of solicitude. When the American gave the cue and laughed over his mishap, then only did Papa Joseph permit himself to indulge in a sympathetic cachinnation, observing, as he did so, that if there were no worse slips than that, the world would be a happier one.

The French are a musical people, and some of Joseph's lodgers especially. There is a young man with a horn who occasionally gives way to his passion for music at unseemly hours. He is perched in one of the upper stories, and sometimes before going to bed, which is usually at a late hour,

he allows himself a blast or two out of his open window. The host, at the request of a middle-aged lodger of the first floor, remonstrated with him, but to little purpose, he alleging that the blow was not only a gratification of a passion for music, but a



A HYGIENIC MEASURE.

hygienic measure prescribed by his physician; that he must blow or die.

There are four or five other inmates who are formed into an amateur band. The owner of the horn was an applicant for admission therein, but was unanimously rejected. The band occasionally plays in the dining-room after the table d'hôte dinner, and affords much pleasure to those assembled, with the exception, however, of the horn-blower, who thinks its music very tiresome, and, in short, says, "c'est un rasoir."

At dinner Papa Joseph, assisted by his wife and a garçon, waits on the table, where there is animated talk of various kinds—of art, law, medicine, and general gossip about theaters, grisettes, journals, and the news of the Quarter. The repast is a long one, and by the time it is over the tomatoes on Madame Joseph's cheeks turn into cherries. The gentle old Joseph asks each, like a father, what he will have to eat. The diners make known their wants in a familiar manner, without ceasing to be respectful, a specialty of which the Frenchman seems to possess the secret. Here occasionally comes to dine the Socrates of the Rue Saint Jacques, so called from a supposed resemblance to the Greek philosopher, who in discussion,

of which he is very fond, employs the Socratic method. The middle-aged gallant, still a student, is a lodger in the house, and frequents the table, fastidious in dress, and in America would be called the *beau* of the

beans are served, the same person amuses himself in calling for *lez-z-z-z haricots verts*. When he invites a stranger to this board he tells him that the pension enjoys a specialty in double-headed rabbits and quadruped



THE AMATEUR BAND.

establishment. He has sacrificed so much to the graces and the gentle sex, that he has never succeeded in passing all his examinations, and he will, probably, remain a student to the end of his days. The Socrates, who is negligent in his attire, thinks that this old student should be put under glass and preserved as a specimen of the nineteenth century civilization. Naturally the old gallant thinks Socrates is very tiresome with his theories, some of which are not unlike Schaudard's "Influence of Blue on the Arts." Gallic gayety, of course, finds expression at table. Boiled beef being inviolable in this establishment after the soup, one tells Père Joseph he will take some of it for a change; another observes that he has already eaten his, having taken it in the soup. Spinach being the broom of the stomach, as the proverb says, remarks a grave-looking farceur, he will sweep his interior in partaking thereof. When green

chickens; that Papa Joseph, in view of the objection to tender meat on account of sponginess, supplies his table with well-matured, wholesome bull meat, which sets the digestive organs properly to work.

There are several art students here with long hair and conical-shaped hats; birds of a feather that flock together, not being often found in the groups of law and medical students. They are often heard in animated conversation on the subject of art, with illustrative pantomime. "My *bonhomme* takes this attitude," observes one, referring to his model, and throwing himself into a pose of Germanicus. "My *bonhomme* does this," says another, assuming the pose of Spar-

tacus. Arms, hands, eyes, and nose are pressed into service to develop æsthetic theories, and these extravagant gesticulators, soaring in the clouds of the Antique, are usually spoken of by other brethren of the brush as *Rapins-Phidias*. It is worthy of remark that the sack coat, felt hat, and long hair gradually disappear as the student develops his talent, and are rather signs of adolescence in art. He discovers in time that a man can paint good pictures, and wear a shiny silk hat and irreproachable linen, as illustrated in no less a person than Meissonier. Formerly there were men of talent among the long-haired and sack-coated, but they have now pretty well abandoned this eccentricity to some young people who have nothing else than this to recommend them. Young men of fortune go into the fine arts as they formerly went to the bar and into the army, and painting is becoming profitable as a profes-

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sion. The poverty of the painter is already a tradition. Delataille, who exhibited with success at the last Salon, is only twenty-four, and makes \$6,000 a year. At such an age there are few vocations which yield as much. This talented young man is garbed in fashionable attire, and for this the strangely accoutered men of the Latin Quarter can hardly forgive him.

Each café has its own clients, often from the same province as the proprietor thereof, who, knowing pretty well the circumstances of each one, opens a credit with those whose parents are well to do. The young man seldom asks for an account, and the credit runs on for several years for dinners, suppers, and general refreshment. When he is of a prodigal turn, it is a free table to his friends—students and grisettes. It appears to him something like fairy-land; he enters, asks for what he wants; it is placed before him, and he has not a sou in his purse. Politeness and attention, and no questions asked. When the time approaches for returning to the paternal roof, a bill is unrolled before him, as formidable in dimension as the traditional one which the host of the Opéra Comique rolls out before his guest, and with a like effect. There is consternation in the face of the debtor. What is to be done? The creditor presents his conditions; he will pay in annual installments with interest if he does not marry; if he marries, he will pay the whole out of his wife's dowry. If these con-

ditions are objected to, the account will be presented to the father, to which the young debtor, with the fear of the paternal anger



AN OLD STUDENT.

American, would make a clean breast of it, once for all, and be done with it; the Gaul avoids the explosion by means of expedients. These are the dregs of the cup of pleasure which the young man has so often pressed to his lips. He learns, according to one of his own proverbs, that he who dances must pay, and he does it with a rueful face; but he will not wear it long, for with the lightness which belongs to his mercurial race, he will forget about his pecuniary troubles until the day of payment, to be replunged for a short period in inconsolable misery, to emerge from it again, and go on as before.

The Bohemianism of the students of the Quarter is not nearly so conspicuous as it was a few years ago, from the fact that it played an ugly rôle in the late troubles of France. There was something of the Bohemian in the young enthusiasts of whom André Chénier sung, but the real Bohemia came afterward in the pages of Balzac, his Bohemians being of two kinds—the workers and adventurers. The first formed themselves into a cœnaculum for mutual instruction; lived like Spartans; studied hard, and waited patiently for recognition of their talent, and, indeed, satisfied their own conscience in their work more than they sought for public favor. They were so simple and regular in their lives that the term hardly fits them. The adventurers, if they may be so called, were the Bohemians *pur sang*—the Bixios, the Lousteaus, the Rastignacs, etc.



THE SOCRATES OF THE RUE ST. JACQUES.

ditions are objected to, the account will be presented to the father, to which the young debtor, with the fear of the paternal anger

The French Dante, in the "Comédie Humaine," created a terrible society of these, which has exercised over many minds of the Latin Quarter a fatal fascination. Many an



THE OLD BEAU OF THE LATIN QUARTER.

inhabitant of the Rue Saint Jacques has endeavored to imitate La Palferine in aplomb and originality, and Lucien de Rubempré, in his brilliant and singular career. The histories of Rastignac and De Marsay have set many to dream of becoming Ministers of the Government. The lives of these men were painted with such power that they almost moved on the canvas; their adventures were so in harmony with their character, that in the end the readers persuaded themselves that they really existed. The lessons which these characters taught were, that riches were the means, and pleasure, the end; that the means came not through steady labor, but by bold strokes of genius.

From these Bohemians to those of Murger, there was decadence; but they, in their turn, also presented attractions to the students. According to this author, "Bohemia was the first stage of life which led to the Academy, the hospital, or the morgue." There was a time when this melodramatic phrase was taken seriously—when Murger's heroes were in vogue, but at the present day it is strained, and not after nature, for the Bo-

hemians now do not go to the Academy, the hospital, or the morgue,—if they did then, which is somewhat doubtful,—but manage to live and settle down into ordinary country doctors and lawyers. To do or die does not enter into their line of operations. To scale the academic heights, or failing, to plunge into the Seine, are alternatives that do not present themselves. To achieve renown, or death in the smoke of the charcoal, does not offer the same attraction which it did in the times of Béranger and Murger. In a word, the key-note of the author of the "Scènes de la Vie de Bohême," is pitched in too high a key for the man of the Latin Quarter of 1875.

Henri Murger made Bohemia the fashion, and, without intending it, did no little mischief. He described it with cleverness—a kingdom of light-hearted young fellows of inoffensive gayety who gathered under the shade of the lilacs of the Luxembourg Garden to chaff and talk about painters without orders, musicians with music unprinted, writers without reputation, all without resources, and drawn together from good-fellowship and love of art. A marked trait was an admiration of each other's genius, and another was a habit of attacking and demolishing the reputation of those who were acknowledged to be artists by the world; in short, they only possessed the sacred fire, and all others were pretenders. In reality, the lives of these men were more or less miserable, but disguised under chaff and hilarity. Their carelessness as to their wants, and their eccentricities, are accounted for, according to the author, by their love of the ideal in art. "They were obstinate dreamers, for whom art was a faith, and not a trade; they were called of art with the chance of being of the elect; on one side was doubt; on the other, misery;" and on one side or the other, they found a seat among the forty immortals, death in a public hospital, or suicide in the morgue.

Taking Murger himself as our authority, we find the coloring too strong for his Bohemians. There was nothing of the exaltation of the victim of art, nothing of the pale martyr of an idea, in these *blagueurs*, who passed most of their time drinking *bocks* in the cafés, or lolling under the trees of the Luxembourg. The weightiest questions to them were how they were going to pay their rent, and get food and raiment with empty purses. And these idlers claimed a monop-

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oly of genius. Their brains gave birth to all the beautiful ideas and noble sentiments. The heads which throbbed with work were incapable of artistic conception. They were an exclusive class; they had genius, and all who were not comprised in their ranks, and marching under their banner, were Philistines, — meaning, in their language, mediocrities.

Illustrations of this character have probably come within observation of most of us during our school-days. We have all known the classmate who had genius; never studied his lessons, and recited them better than any of us; wrote poetry like Byron, and spoke in the debating society like Daniel Webster; was wild, idle, and did whatever he attempted, without an effort; who was continually infringing on the rules of the institution, and was excused by his fellows because he had genius; in a word, who was the admiration of all of us, and for whom we predicted a wonderful future. As we look now for this young man of brilliant promise, we find to our surprise that he has not fulfilled our prophecies, and that the plodding fellow, who pored over his lessons, and stood about the middle of his class, has passed beyond him in the race of life.

Murger's young men placed themselves in opposition to accepted rules of art, and attacked those who held to them, continuing, meanwhile, to run after the Prado, grisettes, and drink bocks. They no longer confined themselves to literature, medicine, music, and the fine arts, but occupied themselves with politics, and perorated in beer-houses and cafés against the Government and all its functionaries. The orators in these places lashed themselves into fury against the abuses of every department of public administration.

Those who possessed the comforts and luxuries of life through work or inheritance were denounced with the tongue of envy. The lines deepened. They were no longer the airy, careless fellows of the "Scènes de la Vie de Bohême," but bilious, unsatisfied, idle men, ready for mischief. They stirred up

the ignorant working men in the beer-houses, and political clubs, with their frothy harangues, and wrote vindictive pamphlets against the rich. They were never tired of getting on chairs and tables and haranguing the gaping blouse-folk with their absurd paradoxes. They ceased being drinkers of beer, and became drinkers of absinthe, and this stimulant, joined to wild declamation, produced almost a delirium in these disordered brains, and when the Commune wave rolled over Paris, they were on the top of it.

The builders of barricades were not confined to the blouse-folk, but found a new element in an educated class of the Latin Quarter, and their allies on the other side of the Seine, consisting of radical journalists and pamphleteers. They would not fight the Prussians, but they were ready to fight against France, and this is one of the most alarming symptoms of decadence furnished in this internecine war. When the blatant café orators of the left side of the Seine seized on defenseless Paris and governed it according to their will, the golden age had come. Balzac's history of De Marsay and Rastignac was being repeated; they held the



THE STUDENT AT HOME.

reins of power; they were generals and ministers with portfolios; and they played at government. Bohemians, whose chief occupation had been to provide themselves with something to eat, were masters of the unfortunate city, and furnished a travesty of government that would be laughable, if

it were not so sad. It was like the people below stairs, in strange garments, trying to imitate their masters. To them it was like a dream of glory, and to France it was like

proprietor of the famous habit-noir used in common by the four, on separate festive days—these types make the reader smile, and sometimes even laugh, but they do not



PORTRAIT OF AN ENGLISH "MEES" BY A FRENCH RAPIN

a nightmare. The excitement of the short reign, and the drinking of absinthe, disturbed the reason of some of these wretched Bohemians, and they gave themselves over to acts of the wildest extravagance. "Après nous le déluge," they cried, and danced on the edge of a precipice. After the orgie was over, some of them, seized with remorse for the past and fear for the future, died from its effects.

Although the "Scènes de la Vie de Bohême," and literature of like character, contributed to the causes which gave birth to the Commune, Murger was, of course, guiltless of such intention, and if he were now living, I think, would experience much regret at seeing some of the fruit which his work bore.

Murger's book is rather superficial and strained, but is readable. Schaunard at his piano, with a false note and his symphony on "The Influence of Blue on the Arts;" Gustave Colline, the philosopher and editor of the journal devoted to the hatters' interests, sententiously uttering his paradoxes; Marcel, with his eternally unfinished picture of the "Passage of the Red Sea," which is to place him in the highest niche of the temple of fame; Rodolphe, the bibliophile and

merit the popularity with which they were honored ten years ago. Among young men it reached enthusiasm, and the sayings of Schaunard, Colline and Company were as familiar as household words, and were repeated and laughed over with the honors once accorded to Artemus Ward in our country. But the book did not stand that best of tests—time, and it is now rather a weary process to read it through; the jokes are too charged, the gayety wanting in spontaneity; however bright the coloring of the foreground may be, one sees that the background is somber; under the mask of the merry-andrew there is the face of an undertaker.

With all their professions of faith in the ideal, they were very much of the earth, earthy. A generous repast, flanked with much wine, was their principal ambition. To accept them as amiable farceurs is as much as can reasonably be accorded to them, and when the author places them on pedestals as the only true worshipers of art, which he does in his preface, we must regard the pretension as very hollow. He does not hesitate to put them in the best of company, beginning with him who sang the

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loves of Helen and the fall of Troy, and going on to Pierre Gringoire, who, almost starving, wrote for the Théâtre de la Salle du Palais de Justice; François Villon, the vagabond poet; Mathurin Regnier, who was "one of the last to defend the boulevards of lyrical poetry against the phalanx of rhetoricians and grammarians who declared Rab-

Bohemians whom he describes in his "Vie de Bohême." The only thing which they have in common is poverty, they being idle, dissipated, improvident, thoughtless, and without any especial gifts of the mind, and he industrious, temperate, painstaking, thinking, with a mind wonderfully endowed. As for De Musset, were he living to-day, I am certain



IN THE LATIN QUARTER.

elais barbarous and Montaigne obscure;" D'Alembert, the foundling of Notre Dame, who attained to a seat in the Academy; Jean Jacques Rousseau, Alfred de Musset, and a number of others. To take one of these for a comparison, say Rousseau, I fancy the author would have some difficulty in finding corresponding traits in any of the

that he would not acknowledge Messieurs Schaunard, Colline and Company as his brethren, in mind, character, or habits. Murger was wrong in beating up such brilliant recruits to put into the ranks of his Bohemians, for it may not be done with due regard to proprieties and facts. He would have done better by making his characters

point a moral in never reaching any place in art, and it would have been more true to nature, for there is no excellence without



LISETTE WATERS SOMETHING BESIDES HER FLOWERS.

work. When he puts them up in niches in the temple of art, and wreaths their bacchic brows with laurel, they simply become ridiculous. In their true character as *blagueurs* they serve to amuse, and even in that not greatly, but they may not be taken seriously as anything else.

A specimen of Murger's humor is shown in the invitation to an entertainment given by Rodolphe and Marcel, who live in two small rooms about twelve feet square, and reads as follows:

MONSIEUR: MM. Rodolphe et Marcel vous prie de leur faire l'honneur de venir passer la soirée chez eux, Samedi prochain, veille de Noël. On rira.

P. S.—Nous n'avons qu'un temps à vivre. Programme of the Fête.

FIRST PART.

At seven o'clock—Opening of the salons; conversation animated and agreeable.

Eight—Entry and promenade in the salons of the witty authors of the "Mountain in Labor," a comedy rejected by the Odéon Théâtre.

Half-past eight—M. Alexandre Schaunard,

a distinguished virtuoso, will execute on the piano the "Influence of Blue on the Arts," a symphony.

Nine—First reading of the dissertation on the Abolition of Capital Punishment.

Half-past nine—M. Gustave Colline, hyperphysical philosopher, will enter into a scientific discussion with M. Schaunard. To avoid any unpleasant consequences, they will be securely attached.

Ten—M. Tristan, a man of letters, will relate his first love. M. Schaunard will accompany him on the piano.

Half-past ten—Second reading of the dissertation on the Abolition of Capital Punishment.

Eleven—A foreign Prince will read a Narrative.

SECOND PART.

At twelve p. m.—M. Marcel, historical painter, blindfolded, will improvise with crayon the interview between Voltaire and Napoleon in the Champs Elysées.

Half-past twelve—M. Colline, in the costume of an athlete, will imitate the games of the Fourth Olympiad.

One—Third reading of the dissertation on the Abolition of Capital Punishment, and a collection taken up for poor authors.

Two—Throwing open of the card-rooms, and organization of quadrilles.

Six—Rising of the sun, and final chorus. During the entire fête, ventilators will be kept going.

N. B.—Any person who will attempt to read or recite poetry will be immediately ejected from the salons and handed over to the police. The guests are requested not to carry away the candle ends.

There is nothing very humorous in this, as will be observed, and yet it may be regarded as one of the best specimens of Murger's *genre*.

The Latin Quarter of Balzac has nearly disappeared, and, if one looks for the Rue Copeau, in which was situated the famous boarding-house of Rastignac, described in "Le Père Goriot," no trace of it remains. It is said that the house really existed, and this is not improbable, when one recollects that the novelist sat down before an object and painted it to the last detail. Some of his most dramatic scenes took place in the Quarter, and he must have known it as he did his own chamber. At present, the pictures remain, but the frames are gone. According to his friends, Balzac occasionally gave evidence of Bohemian tendencies in a

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taste for chaff, and once he spoke of plunging into the business of Colonial produce. "This miserable age," said he, "is the age



THE MORNING AFTER THE BALL—LISETTE.

of groceries. Why should I not open a fine shop on the boulevards, with a sign in letters of gold: *Balzac & Co., Wholesale & Retail*; Madame Sand behind the counter with a white rose in her hair; Théophile Gautier at the door in the costume of a neophyte turning the coffee-roaster; Gérard de Nerval weighing soap and candles; and I, Balzac, walking up and down the establishment to superintend. We should have become rich," added he, "but to succeed as a grocer, a man must have his hair cut à la Titus, and that toad of a Gautier has the vanity to be attached to his long hair."

The elder Dumas has always had a great number of ardent admirers on the left side of the Seine, his popularity among them being heightened by his Bohemian character, of which anecdotic illustrations are often given in the Quarter, one of them being as follows: He kept open house at Monte Christo, and whoever arrived at the hour of dinner took his seat at the table; one day Alphonse Karr, observing an unknown face at the hospitable board, asked the host for the name of the owner of it, who answered: "I don't know him; I suppose he is a friend of my son." Karr, turning to the son, asked him the same question, and he replied: "I can't place him; he must be a friend of my father."

When the student has finished his studies he usually quits the grisette who has been attached to him during his life in the Quarter. And here one of the singular features of French society presents itself, in the fact that public opinion justifies the young man in such a course. No account seems to be taken of the suffering incurred by the person whose affections are thus trifled with.

If the student, obeying the dictates of his heart, marries her, this is regarded as a social calamity, which scarcely any subsequent good conduct will entirely efface. It is replied that she knows beforehand what awaits her in forming an attachment for him, as if this young creature were in the habit of reasoning and calculating for the future. Besides, he is the aggressor, who employs all his efforts to persuade her, without which she would not entangle herself into an alliance with him. There are cases where the man, taking the manly part and marrying the grisette, has been cast off by his family.

The Salic law is a barrier which extends from the throne to the cottage; the Code is full of rules for the protection of man in the enjoyment of his rights, and but few for the protection of women, except in the way of property. Yet the French woman is possessed of such finesse that she often gets the better of the man; for, however much he may boast of independent action, he is more or less under the influence of some woman. There is probably no country in the world where man is as much under the domination of woman as in France, and this is owing to her superior cleverness; not that he is wanting in this respect, but there are more clever French women than there are clever men, which is not usually the case elsewhere. In England and America the clever men are in majority compared to the clever women. The word *clever* here



THE MORNING AFTER THE BALL—THE STUDENT.

is a rather awkward translation of *esprit*; a better, if I may be permitted to use it, would be *gumption*—that is, in the familiar sense in which it is used in the Gallic country.

Frenchmen themselves recognize this superior trait in their countrywomen, and it has passed into a proverb that the woman

la plus bête has more gumption than the most gifted man. He is born with a greater fondness for her sex, and a greater love of

while she, like another Delilah, clips him of his might.

In this way the poor girl sometimes induces the student to marry her, and this result would be reached oftener than it is if the man stood alone and separate, instead of being held in leash, as he usually is, by his family connections. Under similar circumstances an American would assert his individuality and take his initiative regardless of family advice; and here is presented a marked difference between the two men of different races: one is generally standing in a group of props and holds, the other usually standing alone. Marriage being regarded in one case as a family affair where the wish of the parent is complied with, rather than that of the man who marries; in the other, as a union between two people bent on being united with-



ENTENTE CORDIALE BETWEEN STUDENT AND GAMIN.

pleasure, than the American or the Englishman, and these characteristics contribute to the influence which she exercises over him. He also has a marked personal vanity, which helps in her management of him. Thus he often believes himself to be a Samson in strength of character and individual action,

out regard to any of the restraining considerations of the first. The Frenchman, whatever may be his passion, stifles it, and submits like a child to the demands of a father and mother influenced by pecuniary questions, and in this character he does not appear to advantage.

FIRST-BORN.

SEVENTEEN years of shine and shadow,
Since the rosy light of morn
Made the sweet June roses redder,
In the hour that you were born;—
Hour that brought to flesh and spirit
Such an ecstasy of pain—
Such a rapture of rejoicing,
As will never come again!

I remember how the tender
Rose of morning flushed the gray,
How the sun with sudden splendor
Changed the dawning into day;
How the dappled clouds went sailing
All across the summer sky,
How the robins trilled and twittered—
When I heard my baby cry!

Seventeen years! but I remember
Still the passionate delight
Of that radiant June morning,
After all the weary night.
Haply, born to woman-nature,
It may come to you to learn,
With your own child for a teacher,
Such a story in your turn.

If it ever does, my darling,
May the time be rosy June—
May the robins trill and twitter
Such another happy tune,—
And the child that God shall give you,
All I ask is, it may be
Just the daily joy and comfort
That my first-born is to me!

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

PART II.

CHAPTER XI.

WINTER arrived with the month of June, which is the December of the northern zones, and the great business was the making of warm and solid clothing.

Within a few weeks the colonists had thick bed-clothes and, warm, though very rough and imperfect, garments, and they could without fear await the approach of the winter of 1866-67.

The severe cold began to be felt about the 20th of June, and, to his great regret, Pencroff was obliged to suspend his boat-building, which he hoped to finish in time for next spring.

The first snow fell toward the end of the month of June. The corral had previously been largely supplied with stores, so that daily visits to it were not requisite; but it was decided that more than a week should never be allowed to pass without some one going to it.

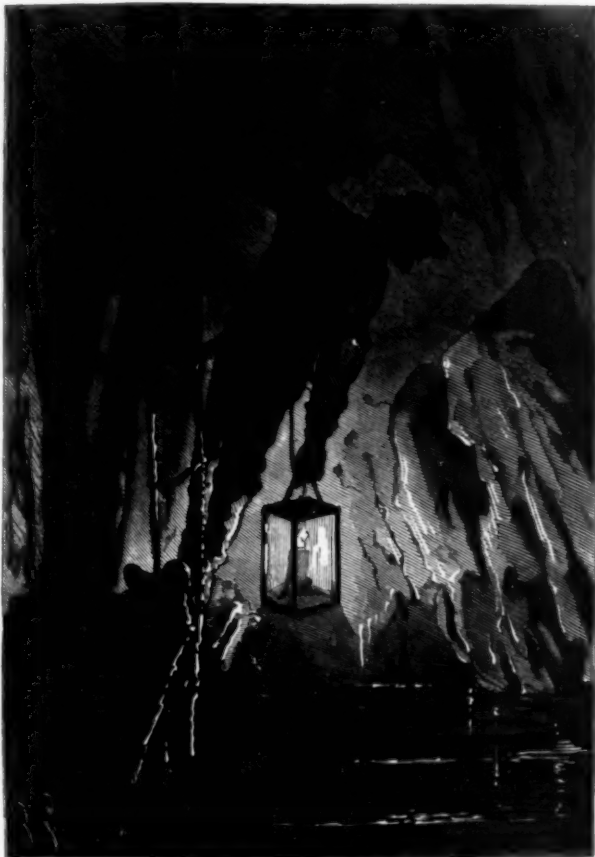
Traps were again set, and a dozen foxes, a few wild boars, and even a jaguar were taken.

An incident must here be related—not only as interesting in itself, but because it was the first attempt made by the colonists to communicate with the rest of mankind.

On the 30th of June they effected the capture of an albatross, which a shot from Harbert's gun had slightly wounded in the foot. It was a magnificent bird, measuring ten feet from wing to wing.

Harbert desired to keep this superb bird,

as its wound would soon heal, and he thought he could tame it; but Spilett explained to him that they should not neglect this opportunity of attempting to communicate by this messenger with the lands of the Pacific; for if the albatross had come from some inhabited region, there was



THE ENGINEER EXPLORES THE CAVERN.

no doubt but that it would return there as soon as it was set free.

Gideon Spilett then wrote out a concise account of the settlers' adventures, which

was placed in a strong water-proof bag, with an earnest request to whomever might find it to forward it to the office of "The New York Herald." This little bag was fastened to the neck of the albatross, not to its foot, for these birds are in the habit of resting on the surface of the sea; then liberty was given to this swift courier of the air, and it was not without some emotion that the colonists watched it disappear in the misty west.

It was real enjoyment to the settlers when in their room, well lighted with candles, well warmed with coal, after a good dinner, elderberry coffee smoking in the cups, the pipes giving forth an odoriferous smoke, they could hear the storm howling without. Their comfort would have been complete, if complete comfort could ever exist for those who are far from their fellow-creatures, and without any means of communication with them.

One day their conversation was interrupted by Top's barking, which broke out again with that strange intonation which had before perplexed the engineer. At the same time Top began to run round the mouth of the well, which opened at the extremity of the interior passage.

"What can Top be barking in that way for?" asked Pencroff.

"And Jupe be growling like that?" added Harbert.

In fact the orang, joining the dog, gave unequivocal signs of agitation, and both animals appeared more uneasy than angry.

"It is evident," said Gideon Spilett, "that this well is in direct communication with the sea, and that some marine animal comes from time to time to breathe at the bottom. Quiet there, Top! Off to your room, Jupe!"

The ape and the dog were silent. Jupe went off to bed, but Top remained in the room, and continued to utter low growls at intervals during the rest of the evening.

On the 3d of August an excursion which had been talked of for several days was made into the south-eastern part of the island, toward Tadorn Marsh. The hunters were tempted by the aquatic game which took up their winter quarters there.

Not only Gideon Spilett and Harbert, but Pencroff and Neb also took part in this excursion. The engineer alone, alleging

some work as an excuse, did not join them, but remained at Granite House.

The hunters proceeded in the direction of Port Balloon, in order to reach the marsh, after having promised to be back by the evening. Top and Jupe accompanied them. As soon as they had passed over the Mercy Bridge, the engineer raised it and returned, intending to put into execution a project, for the performance of which he wished to be alone.

Now this project was to explore minutely the interior well, the mouth of which was on a level with the passage of Granite House, and which communicated with the sea, since it formerly supplied a way to the waters of the lake.

It was easy to descend to the bottom of the well by employing the rope-ladder. The engineer drew it to the hole, the diameter of which measured nearly six feet, and allowed it to unroll itself after having securely fastened one end above. Then, having lighted a lantern, taken a revolver, and placed a cutlass in his belt, he began the descent.

The sides were everywhere entire; but points of rocks jutted out here and there, and by means of these points it would have been quite possible for an active creature to climb to the mouth of the well.

The engineer remarked this; but although he carefully examined these points by the light of his lantern, he could find no impression, no fracture which could give any reason to suppose that they had either recently or at any former time been used as a staircase. He descended deeper, throwing the light of his lantern on all sides; still he saw nothing suspicious.

When the engineer had reached the last rounds, he came upon the water, which was then perfectly calm. Neither at its level, nor in any other part of the well, did any passage open which could lead to the interior of the cliff. The wall which Smith struck with the hilt of his cutlass sounded solid. It was compact granite, through which no living being could force a way.

Then Cyrus Smith, having ended his survey, reascended, drew up the ladder, covered the mouth of the well, and returned thoughtfully to the dining-room, saying to himself:

"I have seen nothing, and yet there *is* something there."

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF SEVENOAKS.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHICH TELLS OF A GREAT PUBLIC MEETING IN SEVENOAKS, THE BURNING IN EFFIGY OF MR. BELCHER, AND THAT GENTLEMAN'S INTERVIEW WITH A REPORTER.

MR. BALFOUR, in his yearly journeys through Sevenoaks, had made several acquaintances among the citizens, and had impressed them as a man of ability and integrity; and, as he was the only New York lawyer of their acquaintance, they very naturally turned to him for information and advice. Without consulting each other, or informing each other of what they had done, at least half a dozen wrote to him the moment Mr. Belcher was out of the village, seeking information concerning the Continental Petroleum Company. They told him frankly about the enormous investments that they and their neighbors had made, and of their fears concerning the results. With a friendly feeling toward the people, he undertook, as far as possible, to get at the bottom of the matter, and sent a man to look up the property, and to find the men who nominally composed the Company.

After a month had passed away and no dividend was announced, the people began to talk more freely among themselves. They had hoped against hope, and fought their suspicions until they were tired, and then they sought in sympathy to assuage the pangs of their losses and disappointments.

It was not until the end of two months after Mr. Belcher's departure that a letter was received at Sevenoaks from Mr. Balfour, giving a history of the Company, which confirmed their worst fears. This history is already in the possession of the reader, but to that which has been detailed was added the information that, practically, the operations of the Company had been discontinued, and the men who formed it were scattered. Nothing had ever been earned, and the dividends which had been disbursed were taken out of the pockets of the principals, from moneys which they had received for stock. Mr. Belcher had absorbed half that had been received, at no cost to himself whatever, and had added the grand total to his already bulky fortune. It was undoubtedly a gross swindle, and was, from the first,

intended to be such; but it was accomplished under the forms of law, and it was doubtful whether a penny could ever be recovered.

Then, of course, the citizens held a public meeting,—the great panacea for all the ills of village life in America. Nothing but a set of more or less impassioned speeches and a string of resolutions could express the indignation of Sevenoaks. A notice was posted for several days, inviting all the resident stockholders in the Continental to meet in council, to see what was to be done for the security of their interests.

The little town-hall was full, and, scattered among the boisterous throng of men, were the pitiful faces and figures of poor women who had committed their little all to the grasp of the great scoundrel who had so recently despoiled and deserted them.

The Rev. Mr. Snow was there, as became the pastor of a flock in which the wolf had made his ravages, and the meeting was opened with prayer, according to the usual custom. Considering the mood and temper of the people, a prayer for the spirit of forgiveness and fortitude would not have been out of place, but it is to be feared that it was wholly a matter of form. It is noticeable that at political conventions, on the eve of conflicts in which personal ambition and party chicanery play prominent parts; on the inauguration of great business enterprises in which local interests meet in the determined strifes of selfishness, and at a thousand gatherings whose objects leave God forgotten and right and justice out of consideration, the blessing of the Almighty is invoked, while men who are about to rend each other's reputations, and strive, without conscience, for personal and party masteries, bow reverent heads and mumble impatient "Amen."

But the people of Sevenoaks wanted their money back, and that, certainly, was worth praying for. They wanted, also, to find some way to wreak their indignation upon Robert Belcher; and the very men who bowed in prayer after reaching the hall walked under an effigy of that person on their way thither, hung by the neck and dangling from a tree, and had rare laughter and gratification in the repulsive vision. They were angry, they were indignant,

they were exasperated, and the more so because they were more than half convinced of their impotence, while wholly conscious that they had been decoyed to their destruction, befooled and overreached by one who knew how to appeal to a greed which his own ill-won successes and prosperities had engendered in them.

After the prayer, the discussion began. Men rose, trying their best to achieve self-control, and to speak judiciously and judicially, but they were hurled, one after another, into the vortex of indignation, and cheer upon

which he was bound to discharge. "My friends," said he, "I am with you, for better or for worse. You kindly permit me to share in your prosperity, and now, in the day of your trial and adversity, I will stand by you. There has gone out from among us an incarnate evil influence, a fact which calls for our profound gratitude. I confess with shame that I have not only felt it, but have shaped myself, though unconsciously, to it. It has vitiated our charities, corrupted our morals, and invaded even the house of God. We have worshiped the golden calf.



"TURN THIS BOAT 'ROUND!"

cheer shook the hall as they gave vent to the real feeling that was uppermost in their hearts.

After the feeling of the meeting had somewhat expended itself, Mr. Snow rose to speak. In the absence of the great shadow under which he had walked during all his pastorate, and under the blighting influence of which his manhood had shriveled, he was once more independent. The sorrows and misfortunes of his people had greatly moved him. A sense of his long humiliation shamed him. He was poor, but he was once more his own; and he owed a duty to the mad multitude around him

We have bowed down to Moloch. We have consented to live under a will that was base and cruel in all its motives and ends. We have been so dazzled by a great worldly success, that we have ceased to inquire into its sources. We have done daily obeisance to one who neither feared God nor regarded man. We had become so pervaded with his spirit, so demoralized by his foul example, that when he held out even a false opportunity to realize something of his success, we made no inquisition of facts or processes, and were willing to share with him in gains that his whole history would

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have taught us were more likely to be unfairly than fairly won. I mourn for your losses, for you can poorly afford to suffer them; but to have that man forever removed from us; to be released from his debasing influence; to be untrammelled in our action and in the development of our resources; to be free men and free women, and to become content with our lot and with such gains as we may win in a legitimate way, is worth all that it has cost us. We needed a severe lesson, and we have had it. It falls heavily upon some who are innocent. Let us, in kindness to these, find a balm for our own trials. And, now, let us not degrade ourselves by hot words and impotent resentments. They can do no good. Let us be men—Christian men, with detestation of the rascality from which we suffer, but with pity for the guilty, who, sooner or later, will certainly meet the punishment he so richly deserves. 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay,' saith the Lord."

The people of Sevenoaks had never before heard Mr. Snow make such a speech as this. It was a manly confession, and a manly admonition. His attenuated form was straight and almost majestic, his pale face was flushed, his tones were deep and strong, and they saw that one man, at least, breathed more freely, now that the evil genius of the place was gone. It was a healthful speech. It was an appeal to their own conscious history, and to such remains of manhood as they possessed, and they were strengthened by it.

A series of the most oburgatory resolutions had been prepared for the occasion, yet the writer saw that it would be better to keep them in his pocket. The meeting was at a stand, when little Dr. Radcliffe, who was sore to his heart's core with his petty loss, jumped up and declared that he had a series of resolutions to offer. There was a world of unconscious humor in his freak,—unconscious, because his resolutions were intended to express his spite, not only against Mr. Belcher, but against the villagers, including Mr. Snow. He began by reading in his piping voice the first resolution passed at the previous meeting which so pleasantly dismissed the proprietor to the commercial metropolis of our country. The reading of this resolution was so sweet a sarcasm on the proceedings of that occasion, that it was received with peals of laughter and deafening cheers, and as he went bitterly on, from resolution to resolution, raising his voice to overtop the jargon, the scene became so ludicrous as to

surpass description. The resolutions, which never had any sincerity in them, were such a confirmation of all that Mr. Snow had said, and such a comment on their own duplicity and moral debasement, that there was nothing left for them but to break up and go home.

The laugh did them good, and complemented the corrective which had been administered to them by the minister. Some of them still retained their anger, as a matter of course, and when they emerged upon the street and found Mr. Belcher's effigy standing upon the ground, surrounded by fagots ready to be lighted, they yelled: "Light him up, boys!" and stood to witness the sham *auto-da-fé* with a crowd of village urchins dancing around it.

Of course, Mr. Belcher had calculated upon all this indignation and anger, and rejoiced in their impotence. He knew that those who had lost so much would not care to risk more in a suit at law, and that his property at Sevenoaks was so identified with the life of the town—that so many were dependent upon its preservation for their daily bread—that they would not be fool-hardy enough to burn it.

Forty-eight hours after the public meeting, Mr. Belcher, sitting comfortably in his city home, received from the postman a large handful of letters. He looked them over, and as they were all blazoned with the Sevenoaks post-mark, he selected that which bore the handwriting of his agent, and read it. The agent had not dared to attend the meeting, but he had had his spies there, who reported to him fully the authorship and drift of all the speeches in the hall, and the unseemly proceedings of the street. Mr. Belcher did not laugh, for his vanity was wounded. The thought that a town in which he had ruled so long had dared to burn his effigy in the open street was a humiliation; particularly so, as he did not see how he could revenge himself upon the perpetrators of it without compromising his own interests. He blurted out his favorite expletive, lighted a new cigar, walked his room, and chafed like a caged tiger.

He was not in haste to break the other seals, but at last he sat down to the remainder of his task, and read a series of pitiful personal appeals that would have melted any heart but his own. They were from needy men and women whom he had despoiled. They were a detail of suffering and disappointment, and in some cases they were abject prayers for restitution. He read

them all, to the last letter and the last word, and then quietly tore them into strips, and threw them into the fire.

His agent had informed him of the sources of the public information concerning the Continental Company, and he recognized James Balfour as an enemy. He had a premonition that the man was destined to stand in his way, and that he was located just where he could overlook his operations and his life. He would not have murdered him, but he would have been glad to hear that he was dead. He wondered whether he was incorruptible, and whether he, Robert Belcher, could afford to buy him—whether it would not pay to make his acquaintance—whether, indeed, the man were not endeavoring to force him to do so. Every bad motive which could exercise a man he understood; but he was puzzled in endeavoring to make out what form of selfishness had moved Mr. Balfour to take such an interest in the people of Sevenoaks.

At last he sat down at his table and wrote a letter to his agent, simply cautioning him to establish a more thorough watch over his property, and directing him to visit all the newspaper offices of the region, and keep the reports of the meeting and its attendant personal indignities from publication.

Then, with an amused smile upon his broad face, he wrote the following letter:

"TO THE REVEREND SOLOMON SNOW.

"*Dear Sir:* I owe an apology to the people of Sevenoaks for never adequately acknowledging the handsome manner in which they endeavored to assuage the pangs of parting on the occasion of my removal. The resolutions passed at their public meeting are cherished among my choicest treasures, and the cheers of the people as I rode through their ranks on the morning of my departure, still ring in my ears more delightfully than any music I ever heard. Thank them, I pray you, for me, for their overwhelming friendliness. I now have a request to make of them, and I make it the more boldly because, during the past ten years, I have never been approached by any of them in vain when they have sought my benefactions. The Continental Petroleum Company is a failure, and all the stock I hold in it is valueless. Finding that my expenses in the city are very much greater than in the country, it has occurred to me that perhaps my friends there would be willing to make up a purse for my benefit. I assure you that it would be gratefully received; and I

apply to you because, from long experience, I know that you are accomplished in the art of begging. Your graceful manner in accepting gifts from me has given me all the hints I shall need in that respect, so that the transaction will not be accompanied by any clumsy details. My butcher's bill will be due in a few days, and dispatch is desirable.

"With the most cordial compliments to Mrs. Snow, whom I profoundly esteem, and to your accomplished daughters, who have so long been spared to the protection of the paternal roof,

"I am your affectionate parishioner,

"ROBERT BELCHER."

Mr. Belcher had done what he considered a very neat and brilliant thing. He sealed and directed the letter, rang his bell, and ordered it posted. Then he sat back in his easy chair, and chuckled over it. Then he rose and paraded himself before his mirror.

"When you get ahead of Robert Belcher, drop me a line. Let it be brief and to the point. Any information thankfully received. Are you, sir, to be bothered by this pettifogger? Are you to sit tamely down and be undermined? Is that your custom? Then, sir, you are a base coward. Who said coward? Did you, sir? Let this right hand, which I now raise in air, and clench in awful menace, warn you not to repeat the damning accusation. Sevenoaks howls, and it is well. Let every man who stands in my path take warning. I button my coat; I raise my arms; I straighten my form, and they flee away—flee like the mists of the morning, and over yonder mountain-top, fade in the far blue sky. And now, my dear sir, don't make an ass of yourself, but sit down. Thank you, sir. I make you my obeisance. I retire."

Mr. Belcher's addresses to himself were growing less frequent among the excitements of new society. He had enough to occupy his mind without them, and found sufficient competition in the matter of dress to modify in some degree his vanity of person; but the present occasion was a stimulating one, and one whose excitements he could not share with another.

His missive went to its destination, and performed a thoroughly healthful work, because it destroyed all hope of any relief from his hands, and betrayed the cruel contempt with which he regarded his old townsmen and friends.

He slept as soundly that night as if he

had been an innocent infant; but on the following morning, supping leisurely and luxuriously at his coffee, and glancing over the pages of his favorite newspaper, he discovered a letter with startling headings, which displayed his own name and bore the date of Sevenoaks. The "R" at its foot revealed Dr. Radcliffe as the writer, and the peppery doctor had not miscalculated in deciding that "The New York Tattler" would be the paper most affected by Mr. Belcher—a paper with more enterprise than brains, more brains than candor, and with no conscience at all; a paper which manufactured hoaxes and vended them for news, bought and sold scandals by the sheet as if they were country gingerbread, and damaged reputations one day for the privilege and profit of mending them the next.

He read anew, and with marvelous amplification, the story with which the letter of his agent had already made him familiar. This time he had received a genuine wound, with poison upon the barb of the arrow that had pierced him. He crushed the paper in his hand and ascended to his room. All Wall street would see it, comment upon it and laugh over it. Balfour would read it and smile. New York and all the country would see it and gossip about it. Mrs. Dillingham would peruse it. Would it change her attitude toward him? This was a serious matter, and it touched him to the quick.

The good angel who had favored him all his life, and brought him safe and sound out of every dirty difficulty of his career, was already on his way with assistance, although he did not know it. Sometimes this angel had assumed the form of a lie, sometimes that of a charity, sometimes that of a palliating or deceptive circumstance; but it had always appeared at the right moment, and this time it came in the form of an interviewing reporter. His bell rang, and a servant appeared with the card of "Mr. Alphonse Tibbets of 'The New York Tattler.'"

A moment before, he was cursing "The Tattler" for publishing the record of his shame, but he knew instinctively that the way out of his scrape had been opened to him.

"Show him up," said the proprietor at once. He had hardly time to look in his mirror, and make sure that his hair and his toilet were all right, before a dapper little fellow, with a professional manner and a portfolio under his arm, was ushered into the room. The air of easy good-nature and good fellowship was one which Mr.

Belcher could assume at will, and this was the air that he had determined upon as a matter of policy in dealing with a representative of "The Tattler" office. He expected to meet a man with a guilty look, and a deprecating, fawning smile. He was, therefore, very much surprised to find in Mr. Tibbets a young gentleman without the slightest embarrassment in his bearing, or the remotest consciousness that he was in the presence of a man who might possibly have cause of serious complaint against "The Tattler." In brief, Mr. Tibbets seemed to be a man who was in the habit of dealing with rascals, and liked them. Would Mr. Tibbets have a cup of coffee sent up to him? Mr. Tibbets had breakfasted, and, therefore, declined the courtesy. Would Mr. Tibbets have a cigar? Mr. Tibbets would, and, on the assurance that they were nicer than he would be apt to find elsewhere, Mr. Tibbets consented to put a handful of cigars into his pocket. Mr. Tibbets then drew up to the table, whittled his pencil, straightened out his paper, and proceeded to business, looking much, as he faced the proprietor, like a Sunday-school teacher on a rainy day, with the one pupil before him who had braved the storm because he had his lesson at his tongue's end.

As the substance of the questions and answers appeared in the next morning's "Tattler," hereafter to be quoted, it is not necessary to recite them here. At the close of the interview, which was very friendly and familiar, Mr. Belcher rose, and with the remark: "You fellows must have a pretty rough time of it," handed the reporter a twenty-dollar bank-note, which that gentleman pocketed without a scruple, and without any remarkable effusiveness of gratitude. Then Mr. Belcher wanted him to see the house, and so walked over it with him. Mr. Tibbets was delighted. Mr. Tibbets congratulated him. Mr. Tibbets went so far as to say that he did not believe there was another such mansion in New York. Mr. Tibbets did not remark that he had been kicked out of several of them, only less magnificent, because circumstances did not call for the statement. Then Mr. Tibbets went away, and walked off hurriedly down the street to write out his report.

The next morning Mr. Belcher was up early in order to get his "Tattler" as soon as it was dropped at his door. He soon found, on opening the reeking sheet, the column which held the precious document of Mr. Tibbets, and read:

- "The Riot at Sevenoaks!!!
 "An interesting Interview with Col. Belcher!
 "The original account grossly Exaggerated!
 "The whole matter an outburst of Personal Envy!
 "The Palgrave Mansion in a fume!
 "Tar, feathers and fagots!
 "A Tempest in a Tea-pot!
 "Petroleum in a blaze, and a thousand fingers burnt!!!
 "Stand out from under!!!"

The headings came near taking Mr. Belcher's breath away. He gasped, shuddered, and wondered what was coming. Then he went on and read the report of the interview:

"A 'Tattler' reporter visited yesterday the great proprietor of Sevenoaks, Colonel Robert Belcher, at his splendid mansion on Fifth Avenue. That gentleman had evidently just swallowed his breakfast, and was comforting himself over the report he had read in the 'Tattler' of that morning, by inhaling the fragrance of one of his choice Havanas. He is evidently a devotee of the seductive weed, and knows a good article when he sees it. A copy of the 'Tattler' lay on the table, which bore unmistakable evidences of having been spitefully crushed in the hand. The iron had evidently entered the Colonel's righteous soul, and the reporter, having first declined the cup of coffee hospitably tendered to him and accepted (as he always does when he gets a chance) a cigar, proceeded at once to business.

"Reporter: Col. Belcher, have you seen the report in this morning's 'Tattler' of the riot at Sevenoaks, which nominally had your dealings with the people for its occasion?

"Answer: I have, and a pretty mess was made of it.

"Reporter: Do you declare the report to be incorrect?

"Answer: I know nothing about the correctness or the incorrectness of the report, for I was not there.

"Reporter: Were the accusations made against yourself correct, presuming that they were fairly and truthfully reported?

"Answer: They were so far from being correct that nothing could be more untruthful or more malicious.

"Reporter: Have you any objection to telling me the true state of the case in detail?

"Answer: None at all. Indeed, I have been so foully misrepresented, that I am glad of an opportunity to place myself right

before a people with whom I have taken up my residence. In the first place, I made Sevenoaks. I have fed the people of Sevenoaks for more than ten years. I have carried the burden of their charities; kept their dirty ministers from starving; furnished employment for their women and children, and run the town. I had no society there, and, of course, got tired of my hum-drum life. I had worked hard, been successful, and felt that I owed it to myself and my family to go somewhere and enjoy the privileges, social and educational, which I had the means to command. I came to New York without consulting anybody, and bought this house. The people protested, but ended by holding a public meeting, and passing a series of resolutions complimentary to me, of which I very naturally felt proud; and when I came away, they assembled at the roadside and gave me the friendliest cheers.

"Reporter: How about the petroleum?

"Answer: Well, that is an unaccountable thing. I went into the Continental Company, and nothing would do for the people but to go in with me. I warned them—every man of them—but they would go in, so I acted as their agent in procuring stock for them. There was not a share of stock sold on any persuasion of mine. They were mad, they were wild, for oil. You wouldn't have supposed there was half so much money in the town as they dug out of their old stockings to invest in oil. I was surprised, I assure you. Well, the Continental went up, and they had to be angry with somebody, and although I held more stock than any of them, they took a fancy that I had defrauded them, and so they came together to wreak their impotent spite on me. That's the sum and substance of the whole matter.

"Reporter: And that is all you have to say?

"Answer: Well, it covers the ground. Whether I shall proceed in law against these scoundrels for maligning me I have not determined. I shall probably do nothing about it. The men are poor, and even if they were rich, what good would it do me to get their money? I've got money enough, and money with me can never offset a damage to character. When they get cool and learn the facts, if they ever do learn them, they will be sorry. They are not a bad people at heart, though I am ashamed, as their old fellow-townsmen, to say that they have acted like children in this matter. There's a half-crazy, half-silly old doctor

there by the name of Radcliffe, and an old parson by the name of Snow, whom I have helped to feed for years, who lead them into difficulty. But they're not a bad people, now, and I am sorry for their sake that this thing has got into the papers. It'll hurt the town. They have been badly led, inflamed over false information, and they have disgraced themselves.

"This closed the interview, and then Col. Belcher politely showed the 'Tattler' reporter over his palatial abode. 'Taken for all in all,' he does not expect 'to look upon its like again.'

'None see it but to love it,
None name it but to praise.'

"It was 'linked sweetness long drawn out,' and must have cost the gallant Colonel a pile of stamps. Declining an invitation to visit the stables,—for our new millionaire is a lover of horse-flesh, as well as the narcotic weed!—and leaving that gentleman to 'witch the world with wondrous horsemanship,' the 'Tattler' reporter withdrew, 'pierced through with Envy's venom'd darts,' and satisfied that his courtly entertainer had been 'more sinned against than sinning.'"

Col. Belcher read the report with genuine pleasure, and then, turning over the leaf, read upon the editorial page the following:

"COL. BELCHER ALL RIGHT.—We are satisfied that the letter from Sevenoaks, published in yesterday's 'Tattler,' in regard to our highly respected fellow-citizen, Colonel Robert Belcher, was a gross libel upon that gentleman, and intended, by the malicious writer, to injure an honorable and innocent man. It is only another instance of the ingratitude of rural communities toward their benefactors. We congratulate the redoubtable Colonel on his removal from so pestilent a neighborhood to a city where his sterling qualities will find 'ample scope and verge enough,' and where those who suffer 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune' will not lay them to the charge of one who can, with truthfulness, declare 'Thou canst not say I did it.'"

When Mr. Belcher concluded, he muttered to himself, "Twenty dollars!—cheap enough." He had remained at home the day before; now he could go upon 'Change with a face cleared of all suspicion. A cloud of truth had overshadowed him, but it had been dissipated by the genial sunlight of falsehood. His self-complacency was fully re-

stored when he received a note, in the daintiest text on the daintiest paper, congratulating him on the triumphant establishment of his innocence before the New York public, and bearing as its signature a name so precious to him that he took it to his own room before destroying it and kissed it.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHICH TELLS ABOUT MRS. DILLINGHAM'S CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION AT THE PALGRAVE MANSION.

A BRILLIANT Christmas morning shone in at Mrs. Dillingham's window, where she sat quietly sunning the better side of her nature. Her little parlor was a little paradise, and all things around her were in tasteful keeping with her beautiful self. The Christmas chimes of Trinity were deluging the air with music; throngs were passing by on their way to and from church, and exchanging the greetings of the day; wreaths of holly were in her own windows and in those of her neighbors, and the influences of the hour—half poetical, half religious—held the unlovely and the evil within her in benign though temporary thrall. The good angel was dominant within her, while the bad angel slept.

Far down the vista of the ages, she was looking into a stable where a baby lay, warm in its swaddling-clothes, the mother bending over it. She saw above the stable a single star, which, palpitating with prophecy, shook its long rays out into the form of a cross, then drew them in until they circled into a blazing crown. Far above the star the air was populous with lambent forms and resonant with shouting voices, and she heard the words: "Peace on earth, good-will to men!" The chimes of Trinity melted into her reverie; the kindly sun encouraged it; the voices of happy children fed it, and she was moved to tears.

What could she do now but think over her past life—a life that had given her no children—a life that had been filled neither by peace nor good-will? She had married an old man for his money; had worried him out of his life, and he had gone and left her childless. She would not charge herself with the crime of hastening to the grave her father and mother, but she knew she had not been a comfort to them. Her willfulness; her love of money and of power; her pride of person and accomplishments; her desire for admiration; her violent passions, had made

her a torment to others and herself. She knew that no one loved her for anything good that she possessed, and knew that her own heart was barren of love for others. She felt that a little child who would call her "mother," clinging to her hand, or nestling in her bosom, could redeem her to her better self; and how could she help thinking of the true men who, with their hearts in their fresh, manly hands, had prayed for her love in the dawn of her young beauty, and been spurned from her presence—men now in the honorable walks of life with their little ones around them? Her relatives had forsaken her. There was absolutely no one to whom she could turn for the sympathy which in that hour she craved.

In these reflections, there was one person of her own blood recalled to whom she had been a curse, and of whom, for a single moment, she could not bear to think. She had driven him from her presence—the one who, through all her childhood, had been her companion, her admirer, her loyal follower. He had dared to love and marry one whom she did not approve, and, with curses, she had banished him from her side. If she only had him to love, she felt that she should be better and happier, but she had no hope that he would ever return to her.

She felt now, with inexpressible loathing, the unworthiness of the charms with which she fascinated the base men around her. The only sympathy she had was from these, and the only power she possessed was over them, and through them. The aim of her life was to fascinate them; the art of her life was to keep them fascinated without the conscious degradation of herself, and, so, to lead them whithersoever she would. Her business was the manufacture of slaves—slaves to her personal charms and her imperious will. Each slave carried around his own secret, treated her with distant deference in society, spoke of her with respect, and congratulated himself on possessing her supreme favor. Not one of them had her heart, or her confidence. With a true woman's instinct, she knew that no man who would be untrue to his wife would be true to her. So she played with them as with puppies that might gambol around her, and fawn before her, but might not smutch her robes with their dirty feet, or get the opportunity to bite her hand.

She had a house, but she had no home. Again and again the thought came to her that in a million homes that morning the air was full of music—hearty greetings between

parents and children, sweet prattle from lips unstained, merry laughter from bosoms without a care. With a heart full of tender regrets for the mistakes and errors of the past, with unspeakable contempt for the life she was living, and with vain yearnings for something better, she rose and determined to join the throngs that were pressing into the churches. Hastily prepared for the street, she went out, and soon, her heart responding to the Christmas music, and her voice to the Christmas utterances from the altar, she strove to lift her heart in devotion. She felt the better for it. It was an old habit, and the spasm was over. Having done a good thing, she turned her ear away from the suggestions of her good angel, and, in turning away, encountered the suggestions of worldliness from the other side, which came back to her with their old music. She came out of the church as one comes out of a theater, where for hours he has sat absorbed in the fictitious passion of a play, to the grateful rush and roar of Broadway, the flashing of the lights, and the shouting of the voices of the real world.

Mr. Belcher called that evening, and she was glad to see him. Arrayed in all her loveliness, sparkling with vivacity and radiant with health, she sat and wove her toils about him. She had never seemed lovelier in his eyes, and, as he thought of the unresponsive and quiet woman he had left behind him, he felt that his home was not on Fifth Avenue, but in the house where he then sat. Somehow—he could not tell how—she had always kept him at a distance. He had not dared to be familiar with her. Up to a certain point he could carry his gallantries, but no further. Then the drift of conversation would change. Then something called her away. He grew mad with the desire to hold her hand, to touch her, to unburden his heart of its passion for her, to breathe his hope of future possession; but always, when the convenient moment came, he was gently repelled, tenderly hushed, adroitly diverted. He knew the devil was in her; he believed that she was fond of him, and thus knowing and believing, he was at his wit's end to guess why she should be so persistently perverse. He had drank that day, and was not so easily managed as usual, and she had a hard task to hold him to his proprieties. There was only one way to do this, and that was to assume the pathetic.

Then she told him of her lonely day, her lack of employment, her wish that she could

be of some use in the world, and, finally, she wondered whether Mrs. Belcher would like to have her, Mrs. Dillingham, receive with her on New Year's Day. If that lady would not consider it an intrusion, she should be happy to shut her own house, and thus be able to present all the gentlemen of the city worth knowing, not only to Mrs. Belcher, but to her husband.

To have Mrs. Dillingham in the house for a whole day, and particularly to make desirable acquaintances so easily, was a rare privilege. He would speak to Mrs. Belcher about it, and he was sure there could be but one answer. To be frank about it, he did not intend there should be but one answer; but, for form's sake, it would be best to consult her. Mr. Belcher did not say—what was the truth—that the guilt on his heart made him more careful to consult Mrs. Belcher in the matter than he otherwise would have been; but now that his loyalty to her had ceased, he became more careful to preserve its semblance. There was a tender quality in Mrs. Dillingham's voice as she parted with him for the evening, and a half returned, suddenly relinquished response to the pressure of his hand, which left the impression that she had checked an eager impulse. Under the influence of these, the man went out from her presence, flattered to his heart's core, and with his admiration of her self-contained and prudent passion more exalted than ever.

Mr. Belcher went directly home, and into Mrs. Belcher's room. That good lady was alone, quietly reading. The children had retired, and she was spending her time after her custom.

"Well, Sarah, what sort of a Christmas have you had?"

Mrs. Belcher bit her lip, for there was something in her husband's tone which conveyed the impression that he was preparing to wheedle her into some scheme upon which he had set his heart, and which he felt, or feared, would not be agreeable to her. She had noticed a change in him. He was tenderer toward her than he had been for years, yet her heart detected the fact that the tenderness was a sham. She could not ungraciously repel it, yet she felt humiliated in accepting it. So, as she answered his question with the words: "Oh, much the same as usual," she could not look into his face with a smile upon her own.

"I've just been over to call on Mrs. Dillingham," said he.

"Ah?"

"Yes; I thought I would drop in and give her the compliments of the season. She's rather lonely, I fancy."

"So am I."

"Well now, Sarah, there's a difference; you know there is. You have your children, and——"

"And she my husband."

"Well, she's an agreeable woman, and I must go out sometimes. My acquaintance with agreeable women in New York is not very large."

"Why don't you ask your wife to go with you? I'm fond of agreeable women too."

"You are not fond of her, and I'm afraid she suspects it."

"I should think she would. Women who are glad to receive alone the calls of married men, always do suspect their wives of disliking them."

"Well, it certainly isn't her fault that men go to see her without their wives. Don't be unfair now, my dear."

"I don't think I am," responded Mrs. Belcher. "I notice that women never like other women who are great favorites with men; and there must be some good reason for it. Women like Mrs. Dillingham, who abound in physical fascinations for men, have no liking for the society of their own sex. I have never heard a woman speak well of her, and I have never heard her speak well of any other woman."

"I have, and, more than that, I have heard her speak well of you. I think she is shamefully belied. Indeed, I do not think that either of us has a better friend than she, and I have a proposition to present to you which proves it. She is willing to come to us on New Year's Day, and receive with you—to bring all her acquaintances into your house, and make them yours and mine."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes; and I think we should be most ungrateful and discourteous to her, as well as impolitic with relation to ourselves and our social future, not to accept the proposition."

"I don't think I care to be under obligations to Mrs. Dillingham for society, or care for the society she will bring us. I am not pleased with a proposition of this kind that comes through my husband. If she were my friend it would be a different matter, but she is not. If I were to feel myself moved to invite some lady to come here and receive with me, it would be well enough; but this proposition is a stroke of patronage as far

as I am concerned, and I don't like it. It is like Mrs. Dillingham and all of her kind. Whatever may have been her motives, it was an indelicate thing to do, and she ought to be ashamed of herself for doing it."

Mr. Belcher knew in his heart that his wife was right. He knew that every word she had spoken was the truth. He knew that he should never call on Mrs. Dillingham with his wife save as a matter of policy; but this did not modify his determination to have his own way.

"You place me in a very awkward position, my dear," said he, determined, as long as possible, to maintain an amiable mood.

"And she has placed me in one which you are helping to fasten upon me, and not at all helping to relieve me from."

"I don't see how I can, my dear. I am compelled to go back to her with some answer; and, as I am determined to have my house open, I must say whether you accept or decline her courtesy; for courtesy it is, and not patronage at all."

Mrs. Belcher felt the chain tightening, and knew that she was to be bound, whether willing or unwilling. The consciousness of her impotence did not act kindly upon her temper, and she burst out:

"I do not want her here. I wish she would have done with her officious helpfulness. Why can't she mind her own business, and let me alone?"

Mr. Belcher's temper rose to the occasion; for, although he saw in Mrs. Belcher's petulance and indignation that his victory was half won, he could not quite submit to the abuse of his brilliant pet.

"I have some rights in this house myself, my dear, and I fancy that my wishes are deserving of respect, at least."

"Very well. If it's your business, why did you come to me with it? Why didn't you settle it before you left the precious lady, who is so much worthier your consideration than your wife? Now, go and tell her that it is your will that she shall receive with me, and that I tamely submit."

"I shall tell her nothing of the kind."

"You can say no less, if you tell her the truth."

"My dear, you are angry. Let's not talk about it any more to-night. You will feel differently about it in the morning."

Of course, Mrs. Belcher went to bed in tears, cried over it until she went to sleep, and woke in the morning submissive, and quietly determined to yield to her husband's wishes. Of course, Mr. Belcher was not

late in informing Mrs. Dillingham that his wife would be most happy to accept her proposition. Of course, Mrs. Dillingham lost no time in sending her card to all the gentlemen she had ever met, with the indorsement, "Receives on New Year's with Mrs. Col. Belcher, — Fifth Avenue." Of course, too, after the task was accomplished, she called on Mrs. Belcher to express her gratitude for the courtesy, and to make suggestions about the entertainment. Was it quite of course that Mrs. Belcher, in the presence of this facile woman, overflowing with kind feeling, courteous deference, pleasant sentiment and sparkling conversation, should feel half ashamed of herself, and wonder how one so good and bright and sweet could so have moved her to anger?

The day came at last, and at ten Mrs. Dillingham entered the grand drawing-room in her queenly appareling. She applauded Mrs. Belcher's appearance, she kissed the children, all of whom thought her the loveliest lady they had ever seen, and in an aside to Mr. Belcher cautioned him against partaking too bountifully of the wines he had provided for his guests. "Let us have a nice thing of it," she said, "and nothing to be sorry for."

Mr. Belcher was faithfully in her leading. It would have been no self-denial for him to abstain entirely for her sake. He would do anything she wished.

There was one thing noticeable in her treatment of the lads of the family, and in their loyalty to her. She could win a boy's heart with a touch of her hand, a smile and a kiss. They clung to her whenever in her presence. They hung charmed upon all her words. They were happy to do anything she desired; and as children see through shams more quickly than their elders, it could not be doubted that she had a genuine affection for them. A child addressed the best side of her nature, and evoked a passion that had never found rest in satisfaction, while her heartiness and womanly beauty appealed to the boy nature with charms to which it yielded unbounded admiration and implicit confidence.

The reception was a wonderful success. Leaving out of the account the numbers of gentlemen who came to see the revived glories of the Palgrave mansion, there was a large number of men who had been summoned by Mrs. Dillingham's cards—men who undoubtedly ought to have been in better business or in better company. They were

men in good positions—clergymen, merchants, lawyers, physicians, young men of good families—men whose wives and mothers and sisters entertained an uncharitable opinion of that lady; but for this one courtesy of a year the men would not be called to account. Mrs. Dillingham knew them all at sight, called each man promptly by name, and presented them all to her dear friend Mrs. Belcher, and then to Col. Belcher, who, dividing his attention between the drawing-room and the dining-room, played the host with rude heartiness and large hospitality.

Mrs. Belcher was surprised by the presence of a number of men whose names were familiar with the public—Members of Congress, representatives of the city government, clergymen from popular pulpits. Why had these made their appearance? She could only come to one conclusion, which was, that they regarded Mrs. Dillingham as a show. Mrs. Dillingham in a beautiful house, arranged for self-exhibition, was certainly more attractive than Mary, Queen of Scots, in wax, in a public hall, and she could be seen for nothing.

It is doubtful whether Mrs. Belcher's estimate of their sex was materially raised by their tribute to her companion's personal attractions, but they furnished her with an interesting study. She was comforted by certain observations, viz., that there were at least twenty men among them who, by their manner and their little speeches, which only a woman could interpret, showed that they were entangled in the same meshes that had been woven around her husband; that they were as foolish, as fond, as much deceived, and as treacherously entertained as he.

She certainly was amused. Puffy old fellows with nosegays in their button-holes grew gallant and young in Mrs. Dillingham's presence, filled her ears with flatteries, received the grateful tap of her fan, and were immediately banished to the dining-room, from which they emerged redder in the face and puffier than ever. Dapper young men arriving in cabs threw off their overcoats before alighting, and ran up the steps in evening dress, went through their automatic greeting and leave-taking, and ran out again to get through their task of making almost numberless calls during the day. Steady old men like Mr. Tunbridge and Mr. Schoonmaker, who had had the previous privilege of meeting Mr. Belcher, were turned over to Mrs. Belcher, with whom they sat down and had a quiet talk. Mrs.

Dillingham seemed to know exactly how to apportion the constantly arriving and departing guests. Some were entertained by herself, some were given to Mr. Belcher, some to the hostess, and others were sent directly to the refreshment tables to be fed.

Mr. Belcher was brought into contact with men of his own kind, who did not fail to recognize him as a congenial spirit, and to express the hope of seeing more of him, now that he had become "one of us." Each one knew some other one whom he would take an early opportunity of presenting to Mr. Belcher. They were all glad he was in New York. It was the place for him. Everything was open to such a man as he, in such a city, and they only wondered why he had been content to remain so long, shut away from his own kind.

These expressions of brotherly interest were very pleasant to Mr. Belcher. They flattered him and paved the way for a career. He would soon be hand-in-glove with them all. He would soon find the ways of their prosperity, and make himself felt among them.

The long afternoon wore away, and, just as the sun was setting, Mrs. Belcher was called from the drawing-room by some family care, leaving Mr. Belcher and Mrs. Dillingham together.

"Don't be gone long," said the latter to Mrs. Belcher, as she left the room.

"Be gone till to-morrow morning," said Mr. Belcher, in a whisper at Mrs. Dillingham's ear.

"You're a wretch," said the lady.

"You're right—a very miserable wretch. Here you've been playing the devil with a hundred men all day, and I've been looking at you. Is there any article of your apparel that I can have the privilege of kissing?"

Mrs. Dillingham laughed him in his face. Then she took a wilted rose-bud from a nosegay at her breast, and gave it to him.

"My roses are all faded," she said—"worth nothing to me—worth nothing to anybody—except you."

Then she passed to the window: to hide her emotion? to hide her duplicity? to change the subject? to give Mr. Belcher a glance at her gracefully retreating figure? to show herself, framed by the window, into a picture for the delight of his devouring eyes?

Mr. Belcher followed her. His hand lightly touched her waist, and she struck it down, as if her own were the velvet paw of a lynx.

"You startled me so!" she said.

"Are you always to be startled so easily?"

"Here? yes."

"Everywhere?"

"Yes. Perhaps so."

"Thank you."

"For what?"

"For the perhaps."

"You are easily pleased and grateful for nothing; and, now, tell me who lives opposite to you?"

"A lawyer by the name of James Balfour."

"James Balfour? Why, he's one of my old flames. He ought to have been here to-day. Perhaps he'll be in this evening."

"Not he."

"Why?"

"He has the honor to be an enemy of mine, and knows that I would rather choke him than eat my dinner."

"You men are such savages; but aren't those nice boys on the steps?"

"I happen to know one of them, and I should like to know why he is there, and how he came there. Between you and me, now—strictly between you and me—that boy is the only person that stands between me and—and—a pile of money."

"Is it possible? Which one, now?"

"The larger."

"But, isn't he lovely?"

"He's a Sevenoaks pauper."

"You astonish me."

"I tell you the truth, and Balfour has managed, in some way, to get hold of him, and means to make money out of me by it. I know men. You can't tell me anything about men, and my excellent neighbor will have his hands full, whenever he sees fit to undertake his job."

"Tell me all about it now," said Mrs. Dillingham, her eyes alight with genuine interest.

"Not now, but I'll tell you what I would like to have you do. You have a way of making boys love you, and men too—for that matter—and precious little do they get for it."

"Candid and complimentary," she sighed.

"Well, I've seen you manage with my boys, and I would like to have you try it with him. Meet him in the street, manage to speak to him, get him into your house, make him love you. You can do it. You are bold enough, ingenious enough, and subtle enough to do anything of that kind you will undertake. Sometime, if you have him under your influence, you may be of use to me. Sometime, he may be glad to hide in your house. No harm can come to you in making his acquaintance."

"Do you know that you are talking very strangely to me?"

"No. I'm talking business. Is that a strange thing to a woman?"

Mrs. Dillingham made no reply, but stood and watched the boys, as they ran up and down the steps in play, with a smile of sympathy upon her face, and genuine admiration of the graceful motion and handsome face and figure of the lad of whom Mr. Belcher had been talking. Her curiosity was piqued, her love of intrigue was appealed to, and she determined to do, at the first convenient opportunity, what Mr. Belcher desired her to do.

Then Mrs. Belcher returned, and the evening, like the afternoon, was devoted to the reception of guests, and when, at last, the clock struck eleven, and Mrs. Dillingham stood bonneted and shawled ready to go home in the carriage that waited at the door, Mrs. Belcher kissed her, while Mr. Belcher looked on in triumph.

"Now, Sarah, haven't we had a nice day?" said he.

"Very pleasant, indeed."

"And haven't I behaved well? Upon my word, I believe I shall have to stand treat to my own abstinence, before I go to bed."

"Yes, you've been wonderfully good," remarked his wife.

"Men are such angels," said Mrs. Dillingham.

Then Mr. Belcher put on his hat and overcoat, led Mrs. Dillingham to her carriage, got in after her, slammed the door, and drove away.

No sooner were they in the carriage than Mrs. Dillingham went to talking about the little boy, in the most furious manner. Poor Mr. Belcher could not divert her, could not induce her to change the subject, could not get in a word edgewise, could not put forward a single apology for the kiss he intended to win, did not win his kiss at all. The little journey was ended, the carriage door thrown open by her own hand, and she was out without his help.

"Good-night; don't get out," and she flew up the steps and rang the bell.

Mr. Belcher ordered the coachman to drive him home, and then sank back on his seat, and crowding his lips together, and compressing his disappointment into his familiar expletive, he rode back to his house as rigid in every muscle as if he had been frozen.

"Is there any such thing as a virtuous

devil, I wonder," he muttered to himself, as he mounted his steps. "I doubt it; I doubt it."

The next day was icy. Men went slipping along upon the side-walks as carefully as if they were trying to follow a guide through the galleries of Versailles. And in the afternoon a beautiful woman called a boy to her, and begged him to give her his shoulder and help her home. The request was so sweetly made, she expressed her obligations so courteously, she smiled upon him so beautifully, she praised him so ingenuously, she shook his hand at parting so heartily, that he went home all aglow from his heart to his fingers' ends.

Mrs. Dillingham had made Harry Benedict's acquaintance, which she managed to keep alive by bows in the street and bows from the window,—managed to keep alive until the lad worshiped her as a sort of divinity and, to win her smiling recognition, would go out of his way a dozen blocks on any errand about the city.

He recognized her—knew her as the beautiful woman he had seen in the great house across the street before Mr. Belcher arrived in town. Recognizing her as such, he kept the secret of his devotion to himself, for fear that it would be frowned upon by his good friends the Balfours. Mr. Belcher, however, knew all about it, rejoiced in it, and counted upon it as a possible means in the accomplishment of his ends.

CHAPTER XV.

WHICH GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF A VOLUNTARY AND AN INVOLUNTARY VISIT OF SAM YATES TO NUMBER NINE.

MR. BELCHER followed up the acquaintance which he had so happily made on New Year's Day with many of the leading operators of Wall street, during the remainder of the winter, and, by the careful and skillful manipulation of the minor stocks of the market, not only added to his wealth by sure and steady degrees, but built up a reputation for sagacity and boldness. He struck at them with a strong hand, and gradually became a recognized power on 'Change. He knew that he would not be invited into any combinations until he had demonstrated his ability to stand alone. He understood that he could not win a leading position in any of the great financial enterprises until he had shown that he had the skill to manage them. He was playing

for two stakes—present profit and future power and glory; and he played with brave adroitness.

During the same winter the work at Number Nine went on according to contract. Mike Conlin found his second horse and the requisite sled, and, the river freezing solidly and continuously, he was enabled not only to draw the lumber to the river, but up to the very point where it was to be used, and where Jim and Mr. Benedict were hewing and framing their timber, and pursuing their trapping with unflinching industry. Number Ten was transformed into a stable, where Mike kept his horses on the nights of his arrival. Two trips a week were all that he could accomplish, but the winter was so long, and he was so industrious, that before the ice broke up, everything for the construction of the house had been delivered, even to the bricks for the chimney, the lime for the plastering, and the last clapboard and shingle. The planning, the chaffing, the merry stories of which Number Nine was the scene that winter, the grand, absorbing interest in the enterprise in which these three men were engaged, it would be pleasant to recount, but they may safely be left to the reader's imagination. What was Sam Yates doing?

He lived up to the letter of his instructions. Finding himself in the possession of an assured livelihood, respectably dressed and engaged in steady employment, his appetite for drink loosened its cruel hold upon him, and he was once more in possession of himself. All the week long he was busy in visiting hospitals, alms-houses and lunatic asylums, and in examining their records and the mortuary records of the city. Sometimes he presented himself at the doors of public institutions as a philanthropist, preparing by personal inspection for writing some book, or getting statistics, or establishing an institution on behalf of a public benefactor. Sometimes he went in the character of a lawyer, in search of a man who had fallen heir to a fortune. He had always a plausible story to tell, and found no difficulty in obtaining an entrance at all the doors to which his inquisition led him. He was treated everywhere so courteously that his self-respect was wonderfully nourished, and he began to feel as if it were possible for him to become a man again.

On every Saturday night, according to Mr. Belcher's command, he made his appearance in the little basement-room of the

grand residence, where he was first presented to the reader. On these occasions he always brought a clean record of what he had done during the week, which he read to Mr. Belcher, and then passed into that gentleman's hands to be filed away and preserved. On every visit, too, he was made to feel that he was a slave. As his self-respect rose from week to week, the coarse and brutal treatment of the proprietor was increased. Mr. Belcher feared that the man was getting above his business, and that, as the time approached when he might need something very different from these harmless investigations, his instrument might become too fine for use.

Besides the ministry to his self-respect which his labors rendered, there was another influence upon Sam Yates that tended to confirm its effects. He had in his investigations come into intimate contact with the results of all forms of vice. Idiocy, insanity, poverty, moral debasement, disease in a thousand repulsive forms, all these had frightened and disgusted him. On the direct road to one of these terrible goals he had been traveling. He knew it, and, with a shudder many times repeated, felt it. He had been arrested in the downward road, and, God helping him, he would never resume it. He had witnessed brutal cruelties and neglect among officials that maddened him. The professional indifference of keepers and nurses toward those who, if vicious, were still unfortunate and helpless, offended and outraged all of manhood there was left in him.

One evening, early in the spring, he made his customary call upon Mr. Belcher, bringing his usual report. He had completed the canvass of the city and its environs, and had found no testimony to the death or recent presence of Mr. Benedict. He hoped that Mr. Belcher was done with him, for he saw that his brutal will was the greatest obstacle to his reform. If he could get away from his master he could begin life anew; for his professional brothers, who well remembered his better days, were ready to throw business into his hands, now that he had become himself again.

"I suppose this ends it," said Yates, as he read his report, and passed it over into Mr. Belcher's hands.

"Oh, you do!"

"I do not see how I can be of further use to you."

"Oh, you don't!"

"I have certainly reason to be grateful

for your assistance, but I have no desire to be a burden upon your hands. I think I can get a living now in my profession."

"Then we've found that we have a profession, have we? We've become highly respectable."

"I really don't see what occasion you have to taunt me. I have done my duty faithfully, and taken no more than my just pay for the labor I have performed."

"Sam Yates, I took you out of the gutter. Do you know that?"

"I do, sir."

"Did you ever hear of my doing such a thing as that before?"

"I never did."

"What do you suppose I did it for?"

"To serve yourself."

"You are right; and now let me tell you that I am not done with you yet, and I shall not be done with you until I have in my hands a certificate of the death of Paul Benedict, and an instrument drawn up in legal form, making over to me all his right, title and interest in every patented invention of his which I am now using in my manufactures. Do you hear that?"

"I do."

"What have you to say to it? Are you going to live up to your pledge, or are you going to break with me?"

"If I could furnish such an instrument honorably, I would do it."

"Hm! I tell you, Sam Yates, this sort of thing won't do."

Then Mr. Belcher left the room, and soon returned with a glass and a bottle of brandy. Setting them upon the table, he took the key from the outside of the door, inserted it upon the inside, turned it, and then withdrew it, and put it in his pocket. Yates rose and watched him, his face pale, and his heart thumping at his side like a tilt-hammer.

"Sam Yates," said Mr. Belcher, "you are getting altogether too virtuous. Nothing will cure you but a good, old-fashioned drunk. Dip in, now, and take your fill. You can lie here all night if you wish to."

Mr. Belcher drew the cork, and poured out a tumblerful of the choice old liquid. Its fragrance filled the little room. It reached the nostrils of the poor slave, who shivered as if an ague had smitten him. He hesitated, advanced toward the table, retreated, looked at Mr. Belcher, then at the brandy, then walked the room, then paused before Mr. Belcher, who had coolly watched the struggle from his chair. The victim of

this passion was in the supreme of torment. His old thirst was roused to fury. The good resolutions of the preceding weeks, the moral strength he had won, the motives that had come to life within him, the promise of a better future, sank away into blank nothingness. A patch of fire burned on either cheek. His eyes were bloodshot.

"Oh God! Oh God!" he exclaimed, and buried his face in his hands.

"Fudge!" said Mr. Belcher. "What do you make an ass of yourself for?"

"If you'll take these things out of the room, and see that I drink nothing to-night, I'll do anything. They are hell and damnation to me. Don't you see? Have you no pity on me? Take them away!"

Mr. Belcher was surprised, but he had secured the promise he was after, and so he coolly rose and removed the offensive temptation.

Yates sat down as limp as if he had had a sunstroke. After sitting a long time in silence, he looked up, and begged for the privilege of sleeping in the house. He did not dare to trust himself in the street until sleep had calmed and strengthened him.

There was a lounge in the room, and, calling a servant, Mr. Belcher ordered blankets to be brought down. "You can sleep here to-night, and I will see you in the morning," said he, rising, and leaving him without even the common courtesy of a "good-night."

Poor Sam Yates had a very bad night indeed. He was humiliated by the proof of his weakness, and maddened by the outrage which had been attempted upon him and his good resolutions. In the morning, he met Mr. Belcher, feeble and unrefreshed, and with seeming acquiescence received his directions for future work.

"I want you to take the road from here to Sevenoaks, stopping at every town on the way. You can be sure of this: he is not near Sevenoaks. The whole county, and in fact the adjoining counties, were all ransacked to find him. He cannot have found asylum there; so he must be either between here and Sevenoaks, or must have gone into the woods beyond. There's a trapper there, one Jim Fenton. He may have come across him in the woods, alive or dead, and I want you to go to his camp and find out whether he knows anything. My impression is that he knew Benedict well, and that Benedict used to hunt with him. When you come back to me, after a faithful search, with the report that you can find nothing of him, or

with the report of his death, we shall be ready for decisive operations. Write me when you have anything to write, and if you find it necessary to spend money to secure any very desirable end, spend it."

Then Mr. Belcher put into the hands of his agent a roll of bank-notes, and armed him with a check that might be used in case of emergency, and sent him off.

It took Yates six long weeks to reach Sevenoaks. He labored daily with the same faithfulness that had characterized his operations in the city, and, reaching Sevenoaks, he found himself for a few days free from care, and at liberty to resume the acquaintance with his early home, where he and Robert Belcher had been boys together.

The people of Sevenoaks had long before heard of the fall of Sam Yates from his early rectitude. They had once been proud of him, and when he left them for the city, they expected to hear great things of him. So when they learned that, after entering upon his profession with brilliant promise, he had ruined himself with drink, they bemoaned him for a while, and at last forgot him. His relatives never mentioned him, and when, well dressed, dignified, self-respectful, he appeared among them again, it was like receiving one risen from the dead. The rejoicing of his relatives, the cordiality of his old friends and companions, the reviving influences of the scenes of his boyhood, all tended to build up his self-respect, reinforce his strength, and fix his determinations for a new life.

Of course he did not make known his business, and of course he heard a thousand inquiries about Mr. Belcher, and listened to the stories of the proprietor's foul dealings with the people of his native town. His own relatives had been straitened or impoverished by the man's rascalities, and the fact was not calculated to strengthen his loyalty to his employer. He heard also the whole story of the connection of Mr. Belcher with Benedict's insanity, of the escape of the latter from the poor-house, and of the long and unsuccessful search that had been made for him.

He spent a delightful week among his friends in the old village, learned about Jim Fenton and the way to reach him, and on a beautiful spring morning, armed with fishing tackle, started from Sevenoaks for a fortnight's absence in the woods. The horses were fresh, the air sparkling, and at mid-afternoon he found himself standing by the

river-side, with a row of ten miles before him in a birch canoe, whose hiding-place Mike Conlin had revealed to him during a brief call at his house. To his unused muscles it was a serious task to undertake, but he was not a novice, and it was entered upon deliberately and with a prudent husbandry of his power of endurance. Great was the surprise of Jim and Mr. Benedict, as they sat eating their late supper, to hear the sound of the paddle down the river, and to see approaching them a city gentleman, who, greeting them courteously, drew up in front of their cabin, took out his luggage, and presented himself.

"Where's Jim Fenton?" said Yates.

"That's me. Them as likes me calls me Jim, and them as don't like me—wall, they don't call."

"Well, I've called, and I call you Jim."

"All right; let's see your tackle," said Jim.

Jim took the rod that Yates handed to him, looked it over, and then said: "When ye come to Sevenoaks you didn't think o' goin' a fishin'. This 'ere tackle wasn't brung from the city, an' ye ain't no old fisherman. This is the sort they keep down to Sevenoaks."

"No," said Yates, flushing; "I thought I should find near you the tackle used here, so I didn't burden myself."

"That seems reasonable," said Jim, "but it ain't. A trout's a trout anywhere, an' ye hain't got no reel. Ye never fished with anything but a white birch pole in yer life."

Yates was amused, and laughed. Jim did not laugh. He was just as sure that Yates had come on some errand, for which his fishing tackle was a cover, as that he had come at all. He could think of but one motive that would bring the man into the woods, unless he came for sport, and for sport he did not believe his visitor had come at all. He was not dressed for it. None but old sportsmen, with nothing else to do, ever came into the woods at that season.

"Jim, introduce me to your friend," said Yates, turning to Mr. Benedict, who had dropped his knife and fork, and sat uneasily witnessing the meeting, and listening to the conversation.

"Well, I call 'im Number Ten. His name's Williams; an' now if you ain't too tired, perhaps ye'll tell us what they call ye to home."

"Well, I'm Number Eleven, and my name's Williams, too."

"Then, if your name's Williams, an' you're Number 'leven, you want some supper. Set down an' help yerself."

Before taking his seat, Yates turned laughingly to Mr. Benedict and shook his hand, and hoped for a better acquaintance.

Jim was puzzled. The man was no ordinary man; he was good-natured; he was not easily perturbed; he was there with a purpose, and that purpose had nothing to do with sport.

After Yates had satisfied his appetite with the coarse food before him, and had lighted his cigar, Jim drove directly at business.

"What brung ye here?" said he.

"A pair of horses and a birch canoe."

"Oh! I didn't know but 'twas a mule and a bandanner handkercher," said Jim; "and whar be ye goin' to sleep to-night?"

"In the canoe, I suppose, if some hospitable man doesn't invite me to sleep in his cabin."

"An' if ye sleep in his cabin, what ye goin' to do to-morrow?"

"Get up."

"An' clear out?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Well, I love to see folks make themselves to home; but ye don't sleep in no cabin o' mine till I know who ye be, an' what ye're arter."

"Jim, did you ever hear of entertaining angels unaware?" and Yates looked laughingly into his face.

"No, but I've hearn of angels entertainin' themselves on tin-ware, an' I've had 'em here."

"Do you have tin peddlers here?" inquired Yates, looking around him.

"No, but we have paupers sometimes," and Jim looked Yates directly in the eye.

"What paupers?"

"From Sevenoaks."

"And do they bring tin-ware?"

"Sartin they do; leastways, one on 'em did, an' I never seen but one in the woods, an' he come here one night tootin' on a tin horn, an' blowin' about bein' the angel Gabrel. Do you see my har?"

"Rather bushy, Jim."

"Well, that's the time it come up, an' it's never been tired enough to lay down sence."

"What became of Gabriel?"

"I skeered 'im, and he went off into the woods pertendin' he was tryin' to catch a bullet. That's the kind o' ball I allus use when I have a little game with a rovin' angel that comes kadoodlin' round me."

"Did you ever see him afterward?" inquired Yates.

"Yes, I seen him. He laid down one night under a tree, an' he wasn't called to break-fast, an' he never woke up. So I made up my mind he'd gone to play angel somewhere else, an' I dug a hole an' put 'im into it, an' he hain't never riz, if so be he wasn't Number 'leven, and his name was Williams."

Yates did not laugh, but manifested the most eager interest.

"Jim," said he, "can you show me his bones, and swear to your belief that he was an escaped pauper?"

"Easy."

"Was there a man lost from the poor-house about that time?"

"Yes, an' there was a row about it, an' arterward old Buffum was took with knowin' less than he ever knowed afore. He always did make a fuss about breathin', so he gave it up."

"Well, the man you buried is the man I'm after."

"Yes, an' old Belcher sent ye. I knowed it. I smelt the old feller when I heern yer paddle. When a feller works for the devil it ain't hard to guess what sort of a angel he is. Ye must feel mighty proud o' yer belongins."

"Jim, I'm a lawyer; it's my business. I do what I'm hired to do."

"Well," responded Jim, "I don't know nothin' about lawyers, but I'd rather be a natural born cuss nor a hired one."

Yates laughed, but Jim was entirely sober. The lawyer saw that he was unwelcome, and that the sooner he was out of Jim's way, the better that freely speaking person would like it. So he said quietly:

"Jim, I see that I am not welcome, but I bear you no ill-will. Keep me to-night, and to-morrow show me this man's bones, and sign a certificate of the statements you have made to me, and I will leave you at once."

The woodsman made no more objection, and the next morning, after breakfast, the three men went together and found the place of the pauper's burial. It took but a few minutes to disinter the skeleton, and, after a silent look at it, it was again buried, and all returned to the cabin. Then the lawyer, after asking further questions, drew up a paper certifying to all the essential facts in the case, and Jim signed it.

"Now, how are ye goin' to git back to Sevenoaks?" inquired Jim.

"I don't know. The man who brought me in is not to come for me for a fortnight."

"Then you've got to huff it," responded Jim.

"It's a long way."

"Ye can do it as far as Mike's, an' he'll be glad to git back some o' the hundred dollars that old Belcher got out of him."

"The row and the walk will be too much."

"I'll take ye to the landing," said Jim.

"I shall be glad to pay you for the job," responded Yates.

"An' ef ye do," said Jim, "there'll be an accident, an' two men'll get wet, an' one on 'em'll stand a chance to be drowned."

"Well, have it your own way," said Yates.

It was not yet noon, and Jim hurried off his visitor. Yates bade good-bye to Benedict, jumped into Jim's boat, and he was soon out of sight down the stream. The boat fairly leaped through the water under Jim's strong and steady strokes, and it seemed that only an hour had passed when the landing was discovered.

They made the whole distance in silence. Jim, sitting at his oars, with Yates in the stern, had watched the lawyer with a puzzled expression. He could not read him. The man had not said a word about Benedict. He had not once pronounced his name. He was evidently amused with something, and had great difficulty in suppressing a smile. Again and again the amused expression suffused the lawyer's face, and still, by an effort of will, it was smothered. Jim was in torture. The man seemed to be in possession of some great secret, and looked as if he only waited an opportunity beyond observation to burst into a laugh.

"What the devil ye thinkin' on?" inquired Jim at last.

Yates looked him in the eyes, and replied coolly:

"I was thinking how well Benedict is looking."

Jim stopped rowing, holding his oars in the air. He was dumb. His face grew almost livid, and his hair seemed to rise and stand straight all over his head. His first impulse was to spring upon the man and throttle him, but a moment's reflection determined him upon another course. He let his oars drop into the water, and then took up his rifle, which he always carried at his side. Raising it to his eye, he said:

"Now, Number 'leven, come an' take my seat. Ef ye make any fuss, I'll tip ye into the river, or blow your brains out. Any man that plays traitor with Jim Fenton, gits traitor's fare."

Yates saw that he had made a fatal mistake, and that it was too late to arrest it. He saw that Jim was dangerously excited, and that it would not do to excite him further. He therefore rose, and with feigned pleasantry, said he should be very glad to row to the landing.

Jim passed him and took a seat in the stern of the boat. Then, as Yates took up the oars, Jim raised his rifle, and, pointing it directly at the lawyer's breast, said:

"Now, Sam Yates, turn this boat round."

Yates was surprised in turn, bit his lips, and hesitated.

"Turn this boat round, or I'll fix ye so't I can see through ye plainer nor I do now."

"Surely, Jim, you don't mean to have me row back. I haven't harmed you."

"Turn this boat round, quicker nor lightnin'."

"There, it's turned," said Yates, assuming a smile.

"Now row back to Number Nine."

"Come, Jim," said Yates, growing pale

with vexation and apprehension, this "fooling has gone far enough."

"Not by ten mile," said Jim.

"You surely don't mean to take me back. You have no right to do it. I can prosecute you for this."

"Not if I put a bullet through ye, or drown ye."

"Do you mean to have me row back to Number Nine?"

"I mean to have you row back to Number Nine, or go to the bottom leakin'," responded Jim.

Yates thought a moment, looked angrily at the determined man before him, as if he was meditating some rash experiment, and then dipped his oars and rowed upstream.

Great was the surprise of Mr. Benedict late in the afternoon to see Yates slowly rowing toward the cabin, and landing under cover of Jim's rifle, and the blackest face that he had ever seen above his good friend's shoulders.

(To be continued.)

EPHAPHATHA.

ONCE, when the harp from hand to hand
Passed, and each yeoman sang a lay,
Or ballad of his native land,
One stole abashed and grieved away.

He could not sing. With knitted brows,
Bent head and cheeks that burned with shame,
He went to watch the herded cows,
And vexed himself till slumber came.

Then was he 'ware that by his head,
A stranger stood and spake his name,
And "Cædmon, sing somewhat," he said,
And stirred the half-stilled founts of shame.

"Alas, I cannot sing," he cried,
"For that, to-night, I left the hall."
"Yea, thou shalt sing," the voice replied.
"Of what?" "Creation and the Fall."

As evening's sky with sudden flame,
His soul was filled with light divine,
And, trooping through his mind, there came
The meters, marshaling line on line.

Then into column broke and wheeled;
He woke, but still they kept their way,
And thus it was, the dumb man, healed,
Became the Milton of his day.

Ah, when I read the glowing page
Of those great souls of other times,
Who pass the harp from age to age,
I blush to own my little rhymes.

But might I hear, by day or night,
A clear voice calling from the skies,
That on my longing ear should smite,
Through all my dreams and phantasies,

That old, sweet voice, strong to control,
All weakness and infirmities,
To speak Ephphatha to my soul,
Then would I rise and sing with these

The half-heard songs that haunt each mind;
For I no higher lot would seek
Than to be utterance for my kind,
A voice for those who cannot speak.

BEDS AND TABLES, STOOLS AND CANDLESTICKS.

SOME CHAPTERS ON HOUSE-FURNISHING.

INTRODUCTORY.

AMONG the smaller facts that must be taken note of in drawing the portrait of these times is the interest a great many peo-

ple are taking about the dress and decoration of our rooms: how best to make them comfortable and handsome; and books are written, and magazine and newspaper articles, to the end that on a matter which con-

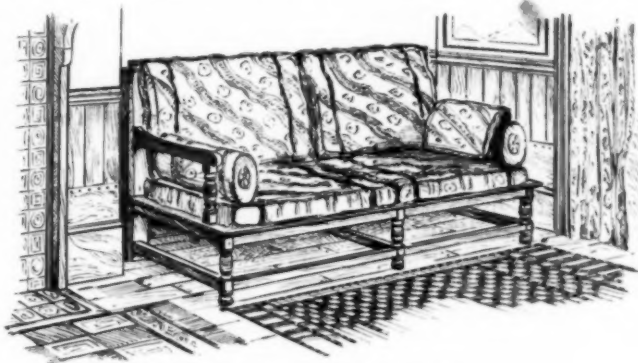


FIG. 1. SOFA, WITH MOVABLE CUSHIONS.

ple feel in everything that is written on the subjects of house-building and house-furnishing. There never was a time when so many books written for the purpose of bringing

cerns everybody, everybody may know what is the latest word.

When those who have attempted to instruct the public on so intimate and personal

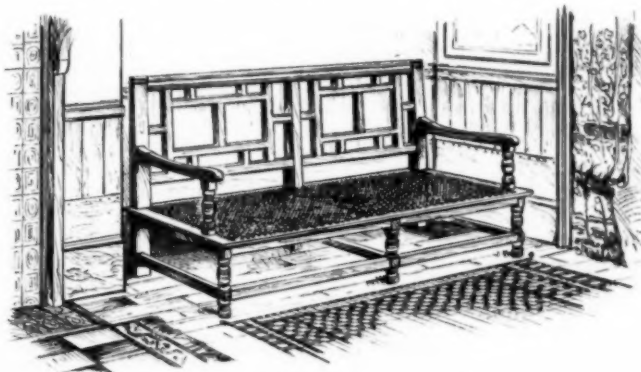


FIG. 2. THE SAME, WITHOUT CUSHIONS.

the subject of architecture—its history, its theories, its practice—down to the level of the popular understanding, were produced as in this time of ours. And, from the house itself, we are now set to thinking and

a subject have looked about for authorities and models, they have turned back with one consent to the past, and either adopted the usage of old times as a whole, or made it a basis for their suggestions, a text for

their sermon. But, if we ask where the old-time people found their models, we certainly do not get for an answer, that they ran to this or that book for them, or that they sought the advice of this or that architect. Whatever they did, were it good or bad, came out of their own minds, and was suggested by their own wants, and represented their own taste and sense of fitness.

Now, we have the same faculties that the

like to live and let the world go by. There are such people. I know such in my own circle, but there are not many of them, and it certainly is not the way of the world at large. But, whoever will try the experiment will find the reward in peace and serenity, and real comfort so abounding, that it will be no longer a query with him whether he shall continue it or not. And he will find that the question of furniture

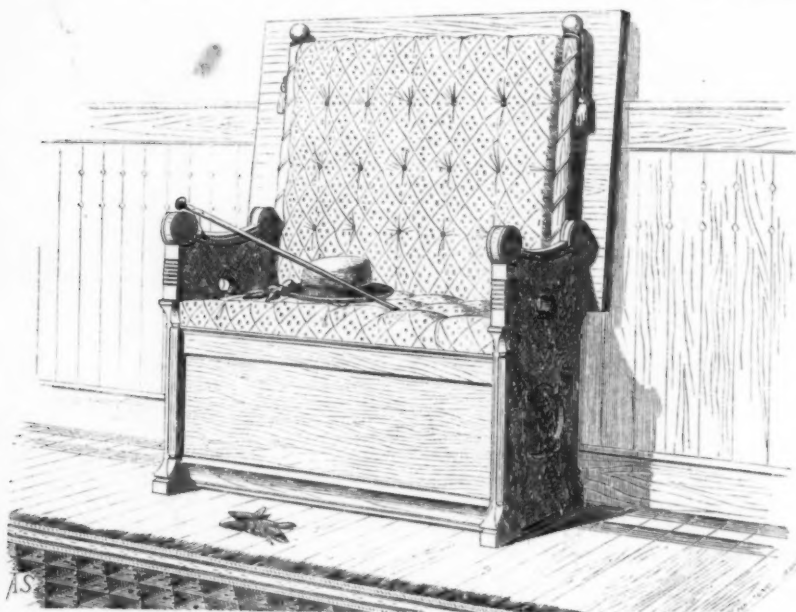


FIG. 3. A SETTLE, CONVERTIBLE INTO A TABLE.

men who lived before us had, just as we have the same desires and needs, and we have only to go to work in the same way in order to produce the same results. Just let us consult our own desires and needs, and refuse to be governed by those of other people. And let us refuse to take what is offered to us, if it does not suit our needs or our purses, and learn not to fear being sent to Coventry for our refusal.

The best plan is to know first, as near as may be, how we ought to live externally, and then to surround ourselves with the things best suited for that mode of life, whatever it may be. This, however, commonplace as it sounds, is so seldom done, that it must be thought a thing extremely difficult to do. Look about you, reader, and ask yourself, how many people you know who live as they really

will disappear from the catalogue of vexations, because there is always provision in the world for every reasonable want. Every country, too, has its own models, and was at one time satisfied with its own—that is, the mass of the people were satisfied, though in every country, at all times, the rich have preferred something borrowed and exotic.

“I would give thilke Morpheus

If he wold make me sleepe alite,
Of downe of pure doves white
I wold give him a feather bed,
Raied with gold, and right well cled
In fine blacke sattin d'outremere;
And many a pillow, and every bere,
Of cloth of raynes to slepe on soft,
Him there not need to turne oft.”

Their satins must come from over seas, and homespun will not do, but they must go for

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cloth to some foreign town of Rennes, else they cannot rest in their beds. But the charm of every house is to find the people in it self-contained, and taking their pleasure and their comfort where they can, in the things that come to them, rather in what they have had to seek painfully and far.

Yet it is not worth while to ignore the fashion altogether nor to insist on having things entirely different from those our neighbors have. I know there is a great deal of ridicule expended upon people who follow the fashion; but we ought to reflect that not to follow the fashion (the question is now of ways of living, of dress, and of manners) is found, in the long run, to be expensive, not only in money, but in time, and really takes away our attention too much from matters better worth while. The young man who gave his whole mind to the tying of his cravat could not, of course, give any of his mind to higher things; and if we fuss too much, or fuss at all, for that matter, over our coats, and trousers, and gloves, and hats, we soon

This is the good general rule, and the following it would help settle many difficulties that we hear people complaining of every day. Much of the trouble we have in getting furniture to suit us, comes from our wanting things that do not suit us. We must have something that somebody else has or has not. We must either follow the fashion or lead the fashion. The last thing we think of is to please ourselves. A young couple heroically determined that when they were married they would live as comfortably as they could on the smallest income that would be theirs; and that for no fashion's sake, nor for any fidgety conventional friend's sake, would they go to any expense that would give them a minute's uneasiness. The husband was a professional man, fond of books and pictures; the wife was womanly, pleased in her own work, in her books and stitchery, and could touch the piano; and when evening came was pleased with what pleased him. Flats had not yet peeped over the horizon of their daily life, and between a whole house

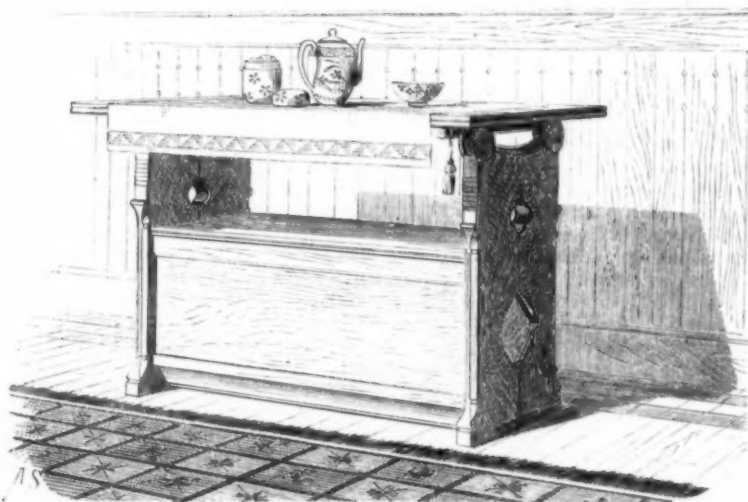


FIG. 4. THE SAME, AS A TABLE.

find we are on the wrong road. It is no better to worry ourselves over our house furniture, and to insist upon having ideal and faultless surroundings. If we have things about us different from what the way of the world provides, it ought to be because we came across them naturally, and liked them, not because we were trying to be peculiar.

and a boarding-house (the latter the last resort of despairing young humans) there seemed no middle ground, nor was any, until it occurred to one of them—they never could tell which one it was, to whom the happy thought was due—to take a whole house and live in the upper floors, and, reserving a corner of the cellar for coals, to

let the rest of the house to somebody else. This they did, and straightway went to work to furnish their floor with the best-looking furniture they could get without hunting too far. In the artist circle, and the circle of young lawyers and budding literary folk, and architects and the Utopians generally, this upper floor became a synonym for domestic paradise; and, indeed, a prettier place had not then been seen in New York. But it soon became whispered

that I can depend upon its being good at all times. If I am pushed to the wall with a question as to my right to be heard in this matter, I can only say that, after much tribulation, I have reached a point where simplicity seems to me a good part of beauty, and utility only beauty in a mask; and I have no prouder nor more pretending aim than to suggest how this truth may be expressed in the furniture and decoration of our homes.

THE LIVING-ROOM.

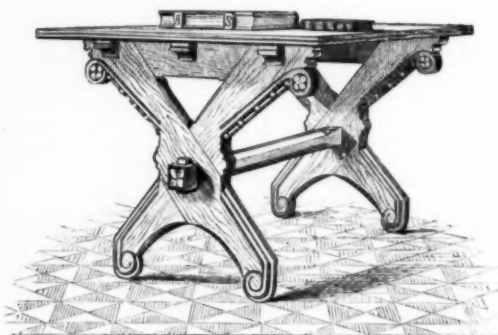


FIG. 5. A CRISS-CROSS TABLE.

abroad—that is, in the course of two years or so—that anxious friends, moving in the upper circles of society, and sadly missing the aid and comfort these two were to have brought to those benighted regions, had so fretted and worried these happy young people, and had teased them so about the world, and what it was saying, and what it was thinking about doing, that at last they wearily succumbed, and let a fine house be bought for them, as ugly and anti-domestic as a New York brown-stone front knows so well to be; and there they went, and there a charming and successful experiment came to a commonplace ending.

Suppose this an imaginary story; but it is a type of the trouble everybody finds in living in an individual way of his own. Society does not notice with approval such departure from the common road, and the ruts are made so easy for us all to roll along in, there is small temptation for us to risk upsetting by trying unaccustomed paths.

However, my purpose is not to recommend eccentricity, nor even a modified Bohemianism. I have no mission to preach a crusade against luxury and bad taste; nor have I a hope that anything I can say will bring back simplicity and good taste. I am not at all sure that my own taste is good, or

I use the word "Living-Room" instead of "Parlor," because I am not intending to have anything to say about parlors. As these chapters are not written for rich people's reading, and as none but rich people can afford to have a room in their houses set apart for the pleasures of idleness, nothing would be gained by talking about such rooms. I should like to persuade a few young people who are just pushing their life-boat off shore to venture into deeper and more adventurous seas, that it will make their home a great deal more cheer-

ful and homelike if they concentrate their leisure, in-door hours in one place, and do not attempt to keep up a room in which they themselves shall be strangers, and which will make a stranger of every friend who comes into it. Happily, the notion that such a room is absolutely necessary to every respectable family is no longer so prevalent, nor held so binding as it once was. A good many people who were children in New England fifty years ago will remember the disagreeable parlor of the period, into which they were only permitted to go on Sunday afternoons, though they often forgot to go there even on that grim holiday, but preferred the nursery or, may be, the kitchen, where there was nothing too good to use, and some comfort might be had. Of course the country towns were worse in this respect than the cities; yet they had this advantage, that, besides the unused parlor, there was almost always a real living-room, and it was oftenest on the sunny side of the house, the shady side being chosen for the parlor, whose carpet must not be exposed to the danger of fading by the admission of the sun. In the country, then, one could easily forget the existence of the parlor, and the real life of the family went cheerily on without it. The parlor was opened on Sundays,

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on Thanksgiving day, for funerals, for weddings, and on the one or two occasions in the year when the awful solemnity of a formal "party" was gone through; but it was carefully shunned on more cheerful and

Let us begin, then, with the frank abandonment of any formal parlor, but, taking the largest and pleasantest and most accessible room in the house, let us give it up to the wife and children in the daytime, and to



FIG. 6. FOR BOOKS, OR WORK, OR HEALTHFUL PLAY.

human occasions, such as tea-fights, candy-pulls, sleighing-parties, and other "good times." But in the cities the living-room was sacrificed to the social necessities, and was generally up-stairs or down-stairs, the main floor being given to the dining-room and parlor.

How much money has been wasted, how much capital been kept idle in furnishing and keeping up these ceremonial deserts! They are useless and out of place in the houses of nine-tenths of our Americans. They rightly belong to those houses where a great deal of merely formal social intercourse is carried on, where domestic life does not have time to exist, or where the position of the family is such that provision has to be made for a life apart from the domestic life. How few families among our people are in this last condition! Yet I could fill all my chapter with illustrations of the absurd way in which the comfort and domestic happiness of families have been prevented and hindered by the supposed need of making provision for a social life outside the home life of the family. The best room in the house is taken for the use of strangers, furnished with articles that are avowedly too expensive to be used, and the cost of which makes a serious hole in the marriage-money, and a double interest has to be paid on this expenditure—one in cash, the other in just so much subtraction made from the sincerity and naturalness of daily life.

the meeting of the whole family when evening comes. There is not much need at the present time to emphasize this suggestion, for it is one which experience and necessity have already made to a good many people; and now that the problem, "How to get a dwelling at a rent within moderate means" is being solved by the increase of "flats" and apartment houses, the "parlor" must be given up, there being no provision made for it in the common plans. But it is by no means my notion that the living-room should be a homely, matter-of-fact apartment, consecrated to the utilities, while the Muses and Graces are left to kick their heels



FIG. 7. A PIANO-STOOL.

in the hall. On the contrary, we want in the living-room, for a foundation, that the furniture shall be the best designed and best made that we can afford, and all of it intended to be used and necessary to our

comfort; not an article to be allowed that doesn't earn its living, and cannot prove its right to be there. These wants being provided for first, then we will admit the ornament of life—casts, pictures, engravings, bronzes, books, chief nourishers in life's feast; but in the beginning these are to be few, and of the choicest, and the greatest care is to be taken in admitting a new-comer. The room, from the very first, ought to represent the culture of the family,—what is their taste, what feeling they have for art; it should represent themselves, and not other people; and the troublesome fact is, that it will and must represent these, whether its owners would let it or no. If young people, after they have secured the few pieces of furniture that must be had, and made sure that they are what they ought to be, have some money left to get a picture, an engraving, or a cast, they ought to go to work to supply this want as seriously as they would the other, which seems the more necessary, but in reality is not a bit more necessary. I look upon this ideal living-room of mine as an important agent in the education of life; it will make a great difference to the children who grow up in it, and to all whose experience is associated with it, whether it be a beautiful and cheerful room, or only a homely and bare one, or a merely formal and conventional one. The relation of these things to education is all that gives any dignity or poetry to the subject, or makes it allowable for a reasonable man to give much thought to it. But it has a real vital relation to life, and plays an important part in education, and deserves to be thought about a great deal more than it is. It is therefore no trifling matter whether we hang poor pictures on our walls or good ones, whether we select a fine cast or a second-rate one. We might almost as well say it makes no difference whether the people we live with are first-rate or second-rate.

But we are not yet come to the pictures and casts. We must do with our imaginary room as we would do with the real one—get it furnished first; provide it with limbs and members before we put a soul into it. Let us begin, then, with a word or two about carpets. The camp of young married people is divided into two factions on the question: "Whether to have carpets or rugs?" Rugs have novelty on their side, and that is nine points in fashion's law, but there is, I think, much more to be said for them than simply that "they are the latest thing out." Car-

pets are associated in the minds of many of us with ideas of comfort in early days; the custom of having them came over from England, and was kept up here, partly because of inherited ideas of what was comfortable and cozy; partly because the condition of domestic life that made them serviceable in England existed here as well as there; and for another reason, apart from these, if, indeed, it were not rather the effect than the cause—I mean the poor way in which we make our floors of planks, too wide and badly joined. Even in our best New York houses the floors are meanly laid, and in the second and third class houses, they are so bad that they must be covered with carpets whether the occupants wish it or no. Parenthetically, I may state, that the carpenter's trade in New York city is in a melancholy state, and the work that is put into the most costly houses here would not be accepted in second-class houses in Boston. But, then, I suppose houses are better built in Boston, so far as the carpentry is concerned, than anywhere else in the world. It is common to find, in very plain houses in that city, floors so evenly and tightly laid that it seems a pity to cover them with a carpet; yet, until lately, it was rare to see there a room which was not completely covered with a carpet of some kind.

I suppose the housekeeper's argument for carpets is akin to her argument for "tidies" and "slips," and the other expedients by which the great enemy, "dirt," is imagined to be circumvented. Carpets are great hidors of dirt and dust, and a new broom easily restores them when too much dirt and dust is collected on their surface. But, then, they are great storers of dirt and dust as well, and apart from the waste of money in covering places that do not need covering, the question of health involved in the use of carpets is a very serious one.

The large pieces of furniture that in all our rooms stand against the wall—the sofas, the piano-fortes, the sideboards, the book-cases, the bedsteads, the wardrobes, the wash-stands, the bureaux—do not need any carpet under them; the carpet that is put under them stands for so much wasted money, and yet we go on putting down yards of carpet where they are never seen, where the dust collects, and is only attacked in weekly sweeping, and where it keeps a sort of color, while the rest changes color and fades. Let any one give a rug a fair trial, and observe for himself how much less dust will be made in the room, how much more easily the room

is kept clean, and how much more manageable the furniture is when the weekly sweeping, or the daily dusting, has to be got through with.

The principal objection to rugs is their first cost, which for good ones is as yet considerable. I do not like to see several rugs in a room, but prefer one large one, large enough, that is to cover the whole floor up to, or nearly up to, the large pieces of furniture. In no case should any one of these large pieces rest upon the rug, for it ought to be an everyday or at least an *any*-day matter to turn it up and brush underneath it, or to roll it up and carry it out on a balcony to be shaken or swept, and this will never be if some heavy table or piano, or bookcase, has to be dislodged for the purpose. Where there are several smallish rugs in a room, or even several of good size, so long as in either case they do not cover the whole of the free floor, they are apt to prove impediments—to trip up children and old people, and they break up the unity of the room, give it a patchy look, which is the chief thing to be avoided. It is better on all accounts to buy a rug large enough to cover all of the floor we wish to cover, even if it strain our purse a little, for a good rug will last a lifetime, and indeed I know rugs that are well on their way to last a second lifetime. The best Turkey, Persian, and Smyrna rugs are made by hand of pure wool, and are so thick that if a brazier of coals is upset on one of them, the charred portion, which, in the case of a Brussels carpet, could never be effaced, will disappear after a few days wear. After much using a good Eastern rug, walking on the best body Brussels is like walking on the wooden floor, to the feeling. To an artistic eye, too (and how much of this writing must be content with the judgment and approval of artistic people!), an Eastern rug that is handsome to begin with grows handsomer with time and use, and even one that was a little staring and pertinacious at first, gets toned down and subdued by being long walked over, just as if it were a human being.

It may be remarked in passing that there are ugly Eastern rugs, as well as ugly Western carpets. The Turks, especially, who sell a great many carpets to England, and nowadays to America, often ship a lot that are so bad, we must believe their rascally makers have learned of some French artist

the phrase: "Anything is good enough for those Americans." But the Turkey carpets proper are only good when the weavers confine themselves to reds and blues, though

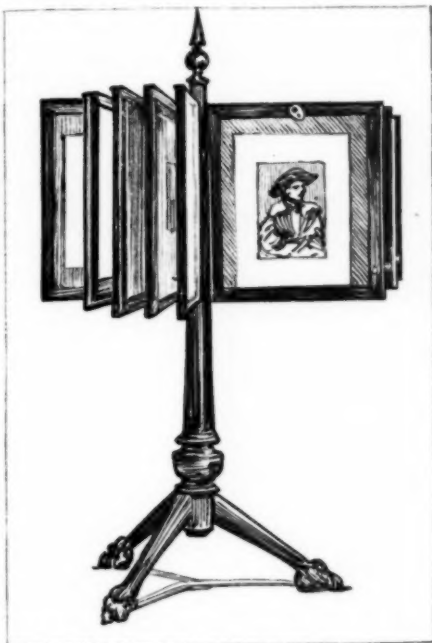


FIG. 8. A PRINT-STAND FROM SOUTH-KENSINGTON.

they sometimes do a very successful thing in mustard-yellow, but the true shade of this is rare.

Just a word more as to the color of the rugs to be employed. The Eastern designers know too much, or have too correct an instinct, to use much white in their designs; they get all the light and brightness they want without it, and even when they use white it is not pure white, but gray, and used with extreme economy at that; at least in all the successful carpets. It is true these Eastern carpets are sometimes found with what is called a white ground, and these are among the handsomest, especially when they come from Persia; but the white, in the first place, is not white, but some color that only looks white by force of juxtaposition (black it may be), and then what there is of it is used in so bold a way and so broken up, that all we feel, in looking at it, is, that it is cheerful and festive, whereas the Eastern rugs we are most used to seeing, and especially the Turkey rugs, are somber and rich rather than

gay. However, a "white ground" carpet is rather a holiday friend, and is not to be recommended unless the room it is intended for be a darkish one, or the character of the household be such that it will not be subjected to the ravages of children and husbands with dirty boots. Otherwise choose a thick rug with a pattern a good deal



FIG. 9. THE HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND.

broken, and with nothing very odd or noticeable in the design, and let it take its fortunes. If it be only used and not abused, it will improve with time, and outwear more than one Brussels carpet.

If people object to rugs, there is at least the comfort left them of knowing that they can get carpets better made than ever carpets were before, and with designs that can only be matched for elegance and beauty with those of Persian rugs. These are English carpets, designed and made by the house of Morris & Co., or by the other equally excellent but not yet so widely known house of Cottier & Co. In fact, these carpets are so handsome and so well made, that I am not sure but the true solu-

tion of the difficulty is to be found in employing squares made of them with the borders that always go with them, instead of hunting up Eastern rugs and having to buy them of the monopolists; for only the common sort are fairly in the market as yet.

There are, however, other and cheaper resources. They make in Philadelphia a pretty and serviceable rug out of the ravelings of fine carpets, and in Boston I have seen the same material. There is, of course, no set pattern, but a pleasant mingling of hues, and its texture makes it agreeable to the foot, though it is more comfortable as a rug over a matting in summer than as a sole dependence in winter. Still, it is something it is well to know of. They make in Scotland and in Holland a carpeting of a mixture of wool and jute, which is dyed a deep maroon, and is about the thickness of Brussels carpeting. A good way of using this is to make a square or parallelogram the size of the clear space of the floor when all the dowager and wall-flower pieces of furniture are in their places. This is laid down and held in its place by rings sewed to the under edge, and slipped over small brass-headed nails, driven down close to the floor. This makes a comfortable footing and is easily removed when necessary. Then in the center of the room, or before the fire, or in front of the sofa, lay down a bright-colored Smyrna rug.

After all, I suppose it is the cost of good rugs that keeps them so long from coming into general use. Yet, the gain of employing them is so considerable in healthiness and cleanliness alone, that I should think the time must come when they will be "your only wear."

But the reader will say: "The floor, the floor's the thing. What are we to do with our floors?" Of course if we are in Boston, and have a sound floor of narrow boards, each board well driven home to its neighbor,* and nailed through the edge as if it were an aristocratic hard-wood floor—if such luck as this ever fell to the unhappy hirer of a New York house, he would agree at once that with two or three good coats of dark paint and a shellac finish, any man with an eye ought to be satisfied; but the case isn't as plain with the wide planks, varied with knots and flaws, and "joined" with gaping

* And this, which is the every-day practice of Boston carpenters in laying all floors, is a thing unknown in New York, even in laying the floors of the costliest houses. I have heard of its being laughed to scorn by some noble bosses.

seams, that are the rule in New York. The handsomest thing to do is to lay down a parquet floor of what is called wood-carpet-



FIG. 10. CHINESE CABINET.

ing; but this, with a rug afterward, is enough to give pause to nine young married couple out of every ten, and is only to be thought of by those unhappy "rich people," in whom it is impossible for us to take any human interest.

The best plan is to meekly accept the situation, and sending for a house-painter who knows his business (and there are clever men in this business among us, their extreme skill having been developed by long practice in covering up the tracks of our miserable carpenters), sending for such a man, let him first fill up all the cracks, knot-holes, shrinks, seams, flaws, etc., with red putty,—it will take a good deal,—and then *stain* it (not paint it) carefully in a dark brown warmed with a little red, and over all a coat of shellac. If this be done well, and allowed to get thoroughly dried, it will last a long time; but, I believe when it needs renewing it must be *painted*, as the shellac

cannot be removed so completely as to admit of restaining. This makes a handsome floor, but when the rug is down and the furniture in its place, but little of it is seen.

The advantage of a hard-wood floor laid down originally, or of a common floor covered with wood-carpeting, is so great on the score of health and labor-saving, that it would seem as if only the prejudice that comes from old association could long keep up the fashion of carpets. But, however it may be in the case of a whole house, large or small, to be furnished with carpets, there cannot be much question as to the desirableness of rugs for rooms in flats. One who has tried them will never want to use an ordinary carpet again.

Our modern rooms, especially in our cities, are so small, and, as a rule, so ill-proportioned—too often long and narrow—that it is very puzzling to know how to furnish them so as to get in the things we need, and yet to have space left in which to move about. It is too much the fashion, especially here in New York, for the builders of houses (and it is, of course, only once in a thousand times that an architect designs a dwelling-house in New York) to put in mantel-pieces, doors, cornices, and all the moldings that are about the doors and windows, by a system of contract supply that takes no account of the differences in size of different houses. Mantel-pieces are got out for all the principal rooms of about the same dimensions, the only difference between

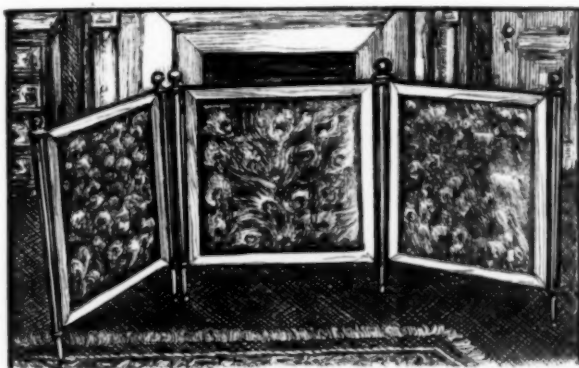


FIG. 11. ITALIAN FIRE-SCREEN.

those for the parlor, dining-room and library, and those for the main bedroom, being, that the bedroom mantel-pieces escape the overloading with badly designed and coarsely

executed carving that is bestowed upon the parlor mantel-pieces. Moldings as heavy, though not as handsome, as would be found in a cathedral, are run about the doors and windows of small rooms, and moldings no heavier are used in rooms of twice the size. Our houses are treated pretty much as are our State-prison convicts—clothes of one pattern and size are provided, and each convict takes his chance. The clothes handed out to him may happen to fit him, but, also, they may not. Here, in the room in which I am writing, a room seventeen feet wide by twenty-two feet long, there is a double door *six feet wide* opening out of a narrow passageway, and sliding-doors *nine feet wide* opening into a small bedroom. It is true these big sliding-doors are useful, because by their opening they supply all the light that the bedroom gets; but in the mind of the New York builder this makes no difference. It is usual in his city, and has been for forty odd years, to have a parlor open into the next room by folding-doors; and all parlors will continue so to open until this generation of builders shall have passed away. If these people could be persuaded to employ in designing their houses a man whose business it is to think what are the best ways to secure comfort and convenience, we might have every room supplied with just as much door and window as it needed and no more, and the mantel-pieces might be made of sizes

about doors and windows and in cornices reduced to proper dimensions, and even dispensed with altogether in some cases; but, as it is, none of these things are likely to be done or left undone; we must take our room as it is, and treat it accordingly.

Let us begin with the principle that every piece of furniture in the room must have a good and clear reason for being there. Nothing ought to be placed in the living-room to diminish the number of cubic feet of air needed for the support of the occupants, that cannot justify its presence by some actual service it renders to those occupants. There must be at least one sofa, one large easy chair, an ample table, a book-case, a cupboard and smaller chairs. It will be found good for the health, and conducive to the freshness and simplicity of a small apartment, to get rid of upholstery and stuffing in our furniture as far as possible. The wooden chairs, and chairs seated with rushes or cane of the old time, were as comfortable as the stuffed and elastic seats we are so fond of. And if we could consent to come back to something of the old-fashioned austerity, we should find it greatly to our profit in many ways. I do not believe a more comfortable chair can be found than a pattern once in universal use here, but now only seen in old country homes. The seat was of wood, hollowed, and curved as skillfully as if it had once been of soft material, and had been molded

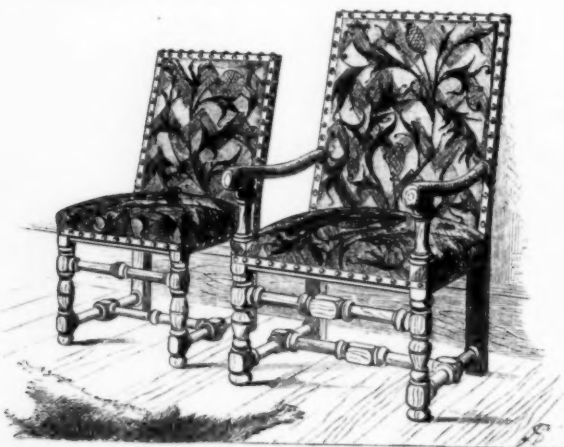


FIG. 12. OAK CHAIRS, EMBROIDERED IN SILK AND WORSTED ON CANVAS.

proportioned to the room, and might be put where they are needed, and where they will best suit the use to which the room is devoted. We might also see moldings

to its perfection by an owner of persistently sedentary habit. The seat sloped a little from the front to the back, as every chair seat ought; was of ample depth, and was inclosed by a slightly sloping back and gently spreading arms. The back was composed of slender rods, and the flat arms were a little broadened and rounded at the ends, offering a pleasant and soothing object for the hands to play with. The legs of these chairs flared considerably, but only so much as to give the necessary stability, and they were connected by rungs. Now these chairs, once in common use all over our Eastern country, and then despised in the growth of luxury and the desire for stuffed furniture, are come into favor again, and are bought up at

once wherever they are offered for sale. It is well known, too, what a prosperity the Wakefield manufacture of rattan furniture is enjoying, and it deserves it too. Whenever the designs obey the law of the material employed, and do not try to twist or bend it out of its own natural and handsome curves, they are sure to be pleasing to look at and serviceable to use. The Chinese make a picturesque and comfortable chair out of the large shoots of bamboo, and their reclining chairs, with a foot-rest that can be pushed out or in at pleasure, are almost indispensable to a house in the country. With such a chair and a good hammock a hermit might set up housekeeping. It would be hard for him to say what he wanted next. Diogenes would have said he wanted nothing but to throw away the hammock. And, indeed, the chair I speak of is bed and table and chair all in one.

A sofa that seems to me to answer all one's reasonable needs is shown in Figures 1 and 2. It has been carefully studied, for comfort and elegance combined, by Mr. James S. Inglis, of Cottier & Co., who has made this very pretty drawing of it, which Mr. Henry Marsh has engraved. The sofa is long enough to lie upon and take a nap, and deep enough and low enough to sit upon with comfort. The cushions are all movable at need, and in summer, if we choose, we can stow them away and use the sofa as a settee. As for the coverings of the cushions, we need not be at a loss, for there has not been in the last fifty years such a varied supply of excellent materials for this purpose: the stuffs themselves of first-rate make, and the designs as good as ever were produced at any time. Cottier & Co. have serges in colors whose delightfulness we all recognize in the pictures that Alma Tadema, and Morris, and Burne-Jones and Rossetti paint, colors that have been turning all the plain girls to beauties of late, and making the beauties more dangerous than ever—the mistletoe green, the blue-green, the ducks-egg, the rose-amber, the pomegranate-flower, and so forth, and so on, colors which we owe to the English poet-artists who are oddly lumped together as the Pre-Raphaelites, and who made the new rainbow to confound the scientific decorators who were so sure of what colors would go together, and what colors wouldn't. Whoever would get a new sensation, and know for the first time what delicate or rich fancies of delightful color and softness of touch can be worked with silk and wool, must go to

the Messrs. Cottiers' shop and learn for himself.

It may sometimes happen that a larger table than ordinary may be much needed when maps are to be consulted, or large books examined, or a collection of prints enjoyed by a company of amateurs. Yet,



FIG. 13. OAK CHAIR WITH PLUSH CUSHION.

the room is not large enough to permit of such a table standing in it all the time. The common ironing table of our kitchens, the "settle" of the old days, has served as a model for a piece of furniture which may be used either as a sofa or as a table.

"The bed contrived a double debt to pay:
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day."

Nos. 3 and 4 show this amphibian, though not exactly as I would have had it. This design was made by Mr. G. F. Babb, and was drawn by M. Alexandre Sandier, but the engraver has done scant justice to either of these accomplished gentlemen, and has made an uncomfortable botch of his work. This is one of the half-dozen blocks that were sent by us to France to be engraved, and put into the hands of the engraver who cut some of the best work in the "Dictionnaire du Mobilier," etc., of Viollet-le-Duc. But M. Guillaumot doubtless said to himself, as all Frenchmen do: "Anything is good enough for those barbarians, the Americans," and turned the work over to his boys to break their tools on, for practice *in corpore vili*, and at the same time asked full pay for the third-rate work. The only reason for sending the work abroad was that the designs themselves and the drawings had cost a good deal of money, and it was thought an engraver who had had a considerable practice in engraving the same

class of subjects would do it better than our own engravers, who had had no practice. Some of the best of our men were glad to have the experiment tried, and it was tried as much in the interest of our own school of engravers as in any selfish interest of our own, but it proved an entire failure. All the work done for us by Mr. E. Guillaumot is unsatisfactory to us, and discreditable to him. Mr. Babb's design is more suited to a hall or an office than to a living-room, for the reason that it does not look comfortable

good as the other; both of velvet, or both of chintz, or both of bed-ticking, but no shams. It was all well enough for handsome Charles Brandon to have one side of his horse-cloth of cloth-of-gold, and the other of cloth-of-frieze, with the motto on the former:

"Cloth-of-gold, do not despise,
Though thou'rt matched with cloth-of-frieze."

and on the other,

"Cloth-of-frieze, be not too bold,
Though thou'rt matched with cloth-of-gold;"

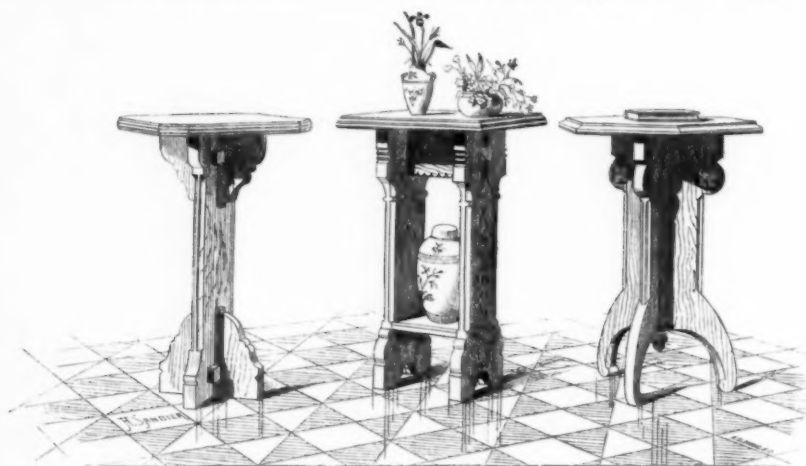


FIG. 14. SMALL TABLES FOR CORNERS.—USEFUL IN TEA-FIGHTS.

to sit on. The seat is too narrow and too high, nor do I like the way in which he has attached the cushions to the top. The round sticks at the sides could not be secured to the table-top, nor could the cushion be fastened to them, except by a fussy contrivance of a cord twisted about them. Both the cushion on the seat and that against the back are designed to be movable. The cushion on the seat does not need to be secured: its weight, and the depth of the box beneath (a good place for storing magazines, pamphlets, and newspapers) can be opened. The cushion at the back should be held in place by three broad straps fixed at their lower ends, but attached at their other ends to the table-top by means of a button or a buckle. The object of making this cushion movable is only that it may be occasionally beaten, and dusted, or turned; for my plan doesn't approve of wrong sides. Each side of these cushions ought to be as

but this was only a quip of the Renaissance time, to show his wit and veil his suit; and, besides, he showed both sides of his punning horse-cloth in the broad daylight of the tournament. I am sure I shall be upheld by everybody who will try the experiment, in my advice to have no "best side," and no belongings too good for daily use and service.

When this apotheosized ironing-table is not wanted to play the desk or book-table, as it will only be wanted now and then, it is designed to be a thoroughly comfortable seat, and should be supplied with a small cushion at either end. These cushions are omitted in the drawing, to show the construction of the sofa the better. So, in Figure 4, the two cushions of the seat and of the back are omitted, but this was not intended, for they, of course, remain in their places when the back is lowered to make a table. In the next of these articles, it is hoped there will be another and more successful design than the present, which is

only introduced here from necessity. Two other tables are shown in Nos. 5 and 6. The first was designed by Mr. Babb, and seems to me quite complete in its way. The little stool, No. 7, a good piano-stool, by the way, was designed by Mr. Sandier to accompany the table, and both were drawn by Mr. Sandier on the wood, and engraved by Mr. Marsh. It does not require a very accomplished eye to see the superiority of the American engraving over the French; yet the drawings were equally good to begin with, for Mr. Sandier can only draw one way, that is with exquisite delicacy and precision. Table No. 5 is intended for a center-table. No. 6 is rather a table to go against the wall, to write at, or hold the books and pamphlets that are being read, while the two shelves below will be found very convenient for folios and large print-books, atlases, etc., etc. A shelf at one end pulls out at need. The lower supports of this table are heavier than need be, and the lower shelf also much too heavy. This drawing was also one of Mr. Sandier's, but you see what the French engraver did for it.

The most troublesome member of the living-room ornaments, and yet the one we can least do without, is the portfolio of prints. It is always in the way, and if it is on a stand, the stand has to behave itself with great reticence and modesty,—keeping its back straight to the wall and turning its toes well in—not to be reckoned a perpetual marplot. As a rule, when the portfolio is introduced, all enjoyment of the prints it contains is at an end, for we are lazy creatures, the most of us, and, rather than drag out the portfolio stand or open the cumbersome book, we prefer to forego the pleasure of studying its contents. The print-stand No. 8 has been devised to help us in this emergency, and it certainly does help us effectually. The upright pole supports as many frames (attached in the simplest way, by hooks fitting into rings) as its circumference will permit, and each frame will hold two prints. Each frame is supplied with two pieces of glass, and the prints are fastened with drawing-pins to the sides of a panel that slips down between the glasses. If need be, the frames themselves can be locked to the supporting pole, and each frame secured by a padlock; but this is rather a necessity for public institutions than for our private rooms. The possession of such a print-case as this makes all the difference between enjoying the prints, draw-

ings, and etchings one owns, and not enjoying them. Besides, it saves a great expense in framing, and it unites the advantages of frames and portfolios. When we want to see our possessions, we can see them framed, and see them without trouble, and when we don't want to see them, we turn the print-frame away, and forget for a while what it holds.

Engraving No. 9 shows a pretty and convenient little movable, a combination of book-shelves, letter-pad, and cupboard, which Mr. Sandier has designed for me. His charming drawing of this has been, as usual, spoiled by the French cutter; but the intelligent reader can see that it must have been charming at first if it looks so pretty still after the mauling it got at the hands of Mr. Guillaumot's apprentices. The cupboard below is for books that are too valuable to be handled by everybody. It is capacious enough, however, to be found very useful for many purposes when one is in narrow quarters.

Every artist will appreciate the Drawing No. 10, made from an actual example by Mr. Francis Lathrop, and engraved by Mr. Henry Marsh. I don't know how it is coming out in the printing, but if the block-printer does any sort of justice to this, and also to the fire-screen, and the coffee-table and chairs (Fig. 15), the joint-work of the same artists, every wood-engraver who is an artist will recognize them as three little masterpieces. Mr. Lathrop's drawings on the block were so altogether delightful, that I



FIG. 15. COFFEE-TABLE WITH CHAIR, BOTH OF BLACK WOOD.

never could have made up my mind to have any one cut them if fortune hadn't brought Mr. Marsh to New York just in time to secure for the work of the painter an interpretation by the hand of a poet. Indeed it would have

been ingratitude not to have been made happy by such a combination as the house of Cottier & Co. coming over to show us practically what beautiful furniture means; Mr. Lathrop taking a flying vacation from the company of the young men who are bringing back the golden days of art in England, to draw these things for us; and Mr. Marsh—whose work is so precious, that it is no wonder he is hardly known out of a small circle—pitching his tent in New York for a while for no other end apparently than to see that justice was done to Mr. Lathrop's work.

No. 10 is a double cupboard, with two drawers between the upper and the lower, and drawers within the upper one, dividing it also into two. It is, I believe, a Chinese piece; the frame is made of a lighter wood than the panels, which, in the doors, are ornamented with ivory figures, fastened upon the wood. It is a little over a man's height, and is of a comfortable depth. It will hold a great deal, and a piece of furniture modeled on it would be found most convenient in any house where there are books of prints, or old china, or curios, or anything of which

it is not desired to make a display. It will be observed that it is of the simplest construction, and owes its picturesqueness greatly to the ornament upon the doors. But sufficient richness and elegance could be obtained by a combination of two woods, or even by one wood alone if the panels were selected by a carpenter with an eye.

I shall not be able to take up the subject of fire-places and mantel-pieces this month, but I insert a cut of the Italian fire-screen, No. 11, before alluded to. This consists of three frames, enclosing panels covered with some dark cloth or plush, on which peacock's feathers are laid, and the whole protected by glass. The frames are loosely united to one another, which gives a pleasantly familiar air to the screen, as if it were standing at ease on its own hearth with its hands under its coat-tail. It is the only fire-screen I ever saw that one could forgive for shutting out the fire. Nos. 12 and 13 are chairs which are plainly comfortable to sit on, though in the making of them they would bear being made somewhat less heavy in the wood-work.

A VISIT TO BENARES.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PICTURES BY NATIVE ARTISTS.

HAVING passed three delightful weeks in Calcutta, and having journeyed northward to High Asia—to the loftiest mountains in the world, and Thibet—I was now traveling by rail up the valley of the sacred Ganges to



THE MAHARAJAH OF BENARES.

Benares, the Hindu metropolis. About thirty miles from Patna, a very old city, and a stronghold of Mohammedanism, the railroad crosses the famous Soane bridge over the river

of that name—small and shallow in the dry, but swift and deep in the rainy season. The erection of this bridge was a most gigantic undertaking. It is nearly a mile in length, and the foundations are said to have been sunk to an average depth of thirty-two feet below low-water level. In the evening we arrived at Mogul Serai, the station for Benares, which is reached by a branch line six miles in length.

The Hindu capital is on the opposite side of the river (on the left bank), and at Rajghaut I left the cars and crossed the Ganges on a long bridge of boats. Unfortunately it had grown quite dark, and I could not see the splendid ghauts of fine Chunar stone, nor the magnificent palaces, a hundred feet in length, and four or five stories in height, with their little carved balconies, their oriel windows, and their gorgeously painted walls; nor the gilded temples; nor the stately mosques, with their lofty minars and graceful minarets. I had read about them, and could almost feel their proximity as I walked slowly across the

bridge, and then, having clambered up a steep bank, eighty feet in height, engaged a gharry, and was driven to the Victoria Hotel, a small one-story building, kept by a Hindu Christian, named James Ebenezer. The rooms were most miserable, and the table was only fair, but the European travel to Benares is small, and perhaps I ought to have been more grateful, since the hotel was much superior to a dāk bungalow. Two or three English officers were the only guests of the house, excepting a nawab and suite, who occupied rooms next adjoining those which were allotted to me. The nawab had his own cook with him, as, being a Mussulman, his religion would not allow him to eat anything prepared by a Hindu, nor could he dine with us at the table d'hôte. The nawab had come from some neighboring district to attend the races which, under English auspices, annually take place in Secrole, the foreign suburb of the city.

Benares is one of the oldest cities in the world; it is five hundred miles from Calcutta by the railroad, and is situated on the northern bank of the Ganges, which stream is here about six hundred yards in width. It is the capital of the Hindus; their political and spiritual center, as Delhi was that of the Moguls, and Calcutta is now that of the English. Benares has been styled the Athens of India, as in ancient times it was the chief seat of Brahminical learning and civilization. The Hindus delight to call their metropolis Kasi, or "the splendid," and the number of its magnificent temples, palaces, and ghauts, fully warrants such a title. Formerly its population, comprising natives of all parts of India, with numbers of Turks, Tartars, Persians, and Armenians, was estimated at not less than seven hundred thousand; at the present



THE HEIR-APPARENT.

day, however, the number would perhaps not exceed two hundred thousand, excepting in times of great religious festivals, when it frequently contains eight hundred thousand people. The city lies upon a cliff

than a palankeen. In the heart of the city the buildings of stone and brick are four and five stories in height, though the greater number are simply one-story huts of clay and bamboo, with thatched or tiled roofs.

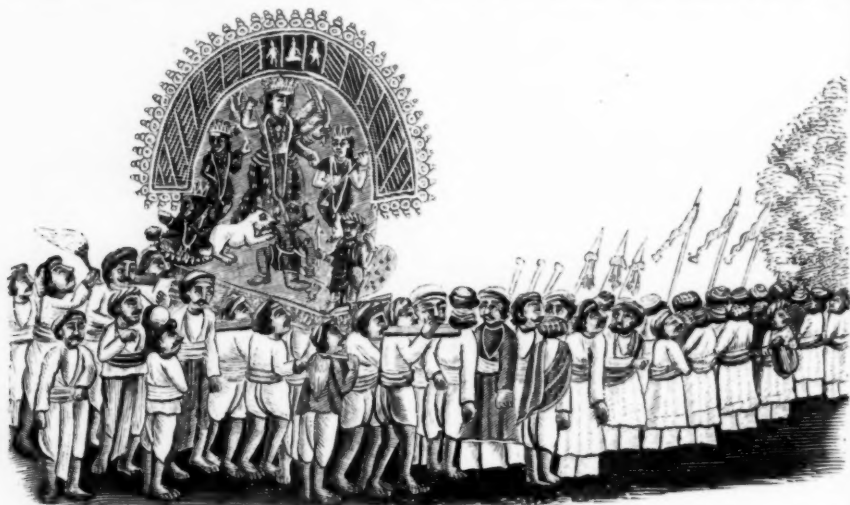


A HINDU PRINCESS.

Benares is the home of Hinduism; it is said to contain a thousand temples. The number of idols worshiped is immense: not less than half a million, says the Rev. Mr. Sherring, an English Missionary for some time resident here. This city is styled the type of India, and especially of the India of the past. It is to the Hindu what Jerusalem is to the Christian, Mecca to the Mohammedan, Rome to the Catholic, or Lassa to the Buddhist—a most sacred and revered spot. Seven-tenths of the people of Hindustan are professors of the Brahminical religion, and to Benares come hundreds of thousands of pilgrims from all quarters of India, patrician and plebeian, prince and ryot, priest and pariah, every year to worship and bestow alms; as many as ten thousand Brahmins subsist entirely upon the offerings of pilgrims and pious residents; and so holy is this city considered, that a residence of but twenty-four hours in it, or in the country for a radius of ten miles around, will secure eternal happiness to any one—Christian, Mohammedan,

infidel or pagan. There are many splendid palaces, temples, and gardens in Benares, which, belonging to distant-living rajahs and princes, are occupied only during certain festivals long enough to enable the owners to do penance for their sins. The great men, becoming purified, then return home. And during the remainder of the year these

by the Hindus. It is situated in the center of a small quadrangle, which has a corridor for the use of the Brahmin attendants and devout worshipers. There is a fine porch of carved pillars, said to be a recent addition, in the cupola of which is a large bell, used in the idolatrous ceremonies. The temple itself, the priest told me, had been



WORSHIP OF DURGA.

palaces are closed in the same manner as a summer residence at Saratoga or Long Branch.

The Hindus, not content seemingly with serving and bowing down to graven images, stocks and stones, even worship members of the brute creation, and among others, bulls and monkeys. In Benares, the "sacred" bulls wander about the streets at will, being welcomed, fed, and religiously protected by the natives as the representatives of the god Siva, to whom they are dedicated, and with whose "mark" they are branded. Some of these bulls are quite beautiful with their soft white skin, glossy black horns, and large, brilliant eyes.

There is also in Benares a "monkey temple," which I visited on the day following my arrival. At a little distance from a large tank, dedicated to the goddess Durga, the monkeys appeared, sitting demurely on the walls, clambering up the huge mango trees, or running about the road. The temple is a graceful building of pyramidal form, made of stone, and elaborately carved with figures of those animals esteemed sacred

built two hundred years. There were few people in the inclosure at the time of my visit, and hence there was a good opportunity to examine everything at leisure. In the temple, the presiding goddess, Durga, was placed in such a dark recess, or shrine, and so covered with jasmine blossoms, that nothing could be distinguished but a small hideous gilt head—appearing very much like those we used to draw upon walnuts at school—and several necklaces of English gold sovereigns. The face and neck were about a foot in height; there was no body.

The monkeys—there are nearly four hundred, "all living deities," belonging to the temple—were seen on every side. We fed them with some *kooe* (parched corn), and some fried rice, which our attendant Brahmin produced. We were soon encircled by an immense troop, and very sleek and fat fellows they were, of all ages and sizes, who scrambled and wrestled and fell over one another in the most ludicrous manner, eagerly contesting for the food thrown them. While we were looking at the idol, one of the Brahmins wished to put a necklace of

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jasmine blossoms, wet with Ganges water, upon my shoulders, but I objected, having heard that it would be considered by them as an act of homage and respect to Durgha—with whose walnut face it would be difficult to become much enamored—and, as a compromise, consented to carry the wreath in my hand. The Brahmins were fine-looking men, quite as sleek and apparently as well fed as the monkeys. They followed me to the gharry, crying *Bukhshish, sahib, hamen ko bukhshish do* (a gift, master, give us a gift).

The oldest building in the city is supposed to be the Man Mundil, or Observatory of Jai Singh. It is a large stone structure, situated near the river. On the roof there still remain some ancient astronomical instruments. These consist of an immense stone mural quadrant (eleven feet in height and nine in breadth), an instrument for ascertaining the declination and distance from the meridian of any planet or star, which occupies a space thirty-six feet in length by four and a-half feet in width; a large sundial; and some appliances used in astrology. The instruments are all marked with scales and characters which are not now understood.

Jai Singh, the founder of this Observatory, was a rajah of Jeypoor, who fought against several nations of the Deccan under the

—geometry, arithmetic, algebra, and trigonometry. In all of these they had made discoveries, and understood theorems which were unknown to the Greeks and Romans,



GANGES PLEASURE BARGE.

and many which were not found out by European nations until quite modern times.

The Vivishas temple, formerly one of the handsomest in the city, but now fast going to decay, contains a large stone bull, seven feet in height, which is worshiped simply by throwing upon it rice, flowers, and Ganges water. Bisheswar, or Siva, seems to be the most popular divinity in Benares. To "the Destroyer" is dedicated the Golden Temple, which is situated in a very crowded part of the city, and consists of three small rooms which are crowned with two gilt domes, said to have been overlaid with pure gold by Runjeet Singh, Rajah of Lahore. In each of the rooms of this temple is a small, plain, cone-shaped stone, called Mahadeo—the Adam of the Hindus—and representing the linga or creative principle. Near here was another temple of the same style as that of Durgha, above described, namely, a pine-apple-shaped spire, resting upon a square tower, containing the shrine and columned vestibule for the people, which was dedicated to Unna Purna, the Indian Ceres. A rajah and his suite were praying at the time of my visit, and I could not obtain a view of the idol. In the same inclosure were the stalls of a great number of "sacred bulls," who were being fed with milk by the natives, as a peculiarly meritorious and pious act.

During my stay in Benares, I spent several days in walking about the streets, and visiting the shops and mosques of the city, and in sailing up and down the sacred Ganges. The streets were always crowded with people, and my syce (groom) ran ahead crying out from time to time: "Make way for the



THE GODDESS DEVI.

Emperor Aurungzêbe, in the seventeenth century. In the earliest periods of Indian history, before the Mohammedan invasion, the Hindus had made great progress in literature, and the arts and sciences. Especially were they well versed in mathematics

English Lord;" while the interpreter followed at my elbow. The first shop visited was that of a noted silk merchant who had



THE MONKEY GOD.

received a gold medal at the Paris Exposition of 1867, for the superiority of his fabrics. In a large room, on the upper floor of a brick house, the proprietor spread before me the finest of his goods, which were worked with gold and silver patterns of leaves, branches, flowers, and odd figures. The silk comes from Bokhara, in Central Asia, and the gold and silver threads are manufactured in Benares, where also the interweaving is done by looms. The designs of many of the mats displayed great ingenuity and good taste. Benares is celebrated throughout India for its manufacture of *kinkob*—gold and silver thread embroidery.

There are various sects of fakirs or religious devotees in Hindustan, but they all seek to obtain merit, or perhaps everlasting bliss hereafter, in a future existence, by torturing the body in this present life. Hindus, even those who are in affluent circumstances, seem to be possessed with a strong desire to become fakirs; with some it is a crazy impulse, with others it is mistaken devotion, with others vanity, and with those who turn mendicant fakirs, it is simply laziness. "Some fakirs make a vow to keep standing for a certain number of years, generally twelve. The burning rays of the sun and scorching blasts of the hot simoom, the torrents of the monsoons, and the piercing winds of the cold season are alike unheeded by them. There is a class of them called *Paramhanses*, who are believed to be the

highest of all. These people observe no caste, and go about in a state of nature. They say their minds are so taken up with the contemplation of the Deity, that they cannot pay attention to sublunary things."

The practice of bringing the old or sick to the river's edge to die, is not in vogue among natives of the city at the present day, though this is sometimes done by people from the surrounding country—very cautiously, however, for the Government is as much determined to abolish this ancient and cruel custom, as it is to do away with *suttee* or widow-burning, and infanticide.

The city of Benares, from the river, has to the foreign traveler a look altogether strange and oriental. Massive stone ghauts or steps ascend to the top of the cliff, along which extends the line of houses four or five stories in height, very irregularly built, with small windows of different sizes, not uniformly placed. Many of these buildings are fast going to decay. From the river, also, one sees the temples and mosques; the palaces of princes who make periodical visits to the holy city; and the pagodas erected by wealthy men for the benefit of the pilgrims. Add to this brilliance, tens of thousands of natives in white and vari-colored garments passing up and down the ghauts, or bathing in the water; and the thousands of boats of every craft upon the river, and it is a scene not to be readily forgotten.

Near the eastern limit of the city, at the top of a very steep ghaut, stands the great mosque of Aurungzebe. It is a square stone building covered with three domes,



HINDU TOBACCONIST.

and has two slender minars rising one from either end, one hundred and fifty feet above the floor of the mosque, or nearly twice that height above the level of the adjacent river. It was built on the site of the Hindu temple of Vishnu, which the Emperor Aurungzebe destroyed, and the materials of which, to signalize the triumph of Islam over Brahminism, were used in the construction of this mosque. The graceful minars are but eight and a-quarter feet in diameter at the base, and seven and a-half feet at the top. They were formerly fifty feet higher, but, becoming unstable, it was found necessary to cut them

down to their present height. The ascent is by a stone staircase. From the top the view of Benares, the Ganges and the surrounding country is very fine. In clear weather it is said that even the Himalaya Mountains may be seen. From this point the city presents a very odd sight to an American accustomed to "cities of magnificent distances," as it seems like one solid mass of houses; and such, indeed, it may well appear, for a street four feet wide running between houses five stories in height scarcely forms a perceptible division. The dense green trees constitute a grand background to the picture, and the Ganges may be seen winding away like a silver thread for miles and miles in the distance. From the top of one of the minars, with a loud, shrill voice and a musical measure, the muezzin calls the faithful to prayers.

Once, in walking through the bazaar, I determined to taste the betel-nut—the tobacco of Asiatics—to the use of which the natives of India are especially addicted; so I bought from a tradesman, who dealt in nothing else, two little packages, each containing eight chews, for a pice, or one-fourth of a cent. The betel stains the lips a bright red color, and the prepared leaf of the piper-betel tastes very like the saffras bark or root; the Hindus call it *paun*.

The effect of the betel-nut and leaf upon the system is slightly exhilarating, but it is not so powerful a stimulant or narcotic as tobacco or opium. Princes and wealthy merchants are accustomed to chew leaves which have been soaked in rose water, and with which various rich spices have been mixed. The appetite for the betel increases with its consumption, and from chewing one of the little packages after each meal—considered a moderate allowance—the approach to a nearly continual use is rapid and easy.

Having seen about all of interest in the holy city, there yet remained a visit to the ruins of ancient Sarnath, which are situated four miles from Secrole. Sarnath was the birthplace, or rather the home, of Buddhism, which, for nearly a dozen centuries, was the dominant religion of India, and which, though now extinct in Hindustan, yet numbers in other parts of Asia 31.2 per cent., while Brahminism embraces but 13.4 per cent. of the human race. Sarnath was a large and mighty city ages ago, but at the present day there remains standing only a single tower. Reaching the site, I found about ten acres of brick mounds and ruins, and a

solitary round tower, about seventy feet in diameter, and ninety feet in height. This tower is thought to be at least fifteen hundred years old. It is built of stone, elaborately carved with geometric figures, scrolls, flowers, fruit, and human forms, which give abundant proof of taste and skill in their design and execution. The interior is of brick, and the outer stone casing is twelve feet in thickness. It is much dilapidated, and the sides and top are overgrown with grass and shrubs. There is a low and narrow passage of modern date which extends through and underneath the immense structure to its center, where there is a small hole admitting light from the top. This passage was the work of Major-General Cunningham, an English officer who made many excavations hereabouts in the year 1835, but found nothing of interest in the tower, excepting a few idols, and a stone with an almost meaningless inscription.

It was very dark in the passage-way, and I clung to the Mohammedan guide as we groped and stumbled along. From him I heard a singular account of the tower. "It was built," said the old man, "by a certain rajah of Sarnath many hundreds of years ago as a mausoleum for himself—to hand his



SIVA, "THE DESTROYER."

name and fame down to the latest posterity. When the English first came to Sarnath," he continued, "they found a stone tablet outside the tower, which informed them that by the outlay of one lakh of rupees (\$50,000) nine lakhs might be found somewhere inside; and so great numbers of coolies were em-

played by the credulous and avaricious foreigner for two years in digging a passage through the old tower, but alas! no hoarded wealth; nothing but a few stone images rewarded their pains and patience." Not far from Secrole the road passes the Barana River, on a bridge whose foundations are made of ruins transported from the old city of Sarnath, and tons of idols are said to have been excavated, and doubtless tons more remain still undisturbed by the unappreciative and unsparing hand of the foreigner.

One morning two snake-charmers called at the hotel. Around their necks huge boa-constrictors were twined, and each carried jars of smaller snakes, and one of scorpions. The performance consisted in taking the venomous snakes from the jars in which they lay coiled, and, in picking them up, the men placing their fingers in the reptiles' mouths—tantalizing them to a frenzy, and



A SNAKE-CHARMER.

then wrapping the whole about their heads and necks, where the hissing, writhing mass presented a frightful spectacle.

A cobra bit the finger of one of the men twice, and each time he immediately made

use of various charms—placed a small round stone over the cut flesh, smelt of a piece of wood resembling flag-root, and then used it for marking a circle about his wrist.



THE ROYAL EQUIPAGE.

This he told me would effectually prevent the absorption of the poison into the system. The stone draws out the blood, and with it, of course, the virus. It is generally supposed, however, and with much reason, that the poison glands of the cobra have been removed in the first instance by the crafty snake-charmers. Several times the cobras advanced until within a foot of my chair, but turned back at command of their masters. During the entertainment one of the men played at intervals upon a sort of flageolet. The scorpion *divertissement* consisted in stringing numbers of them together (as the whips of the Furies were made), which the men then hung upon their lips, nose and ears.

At Benares dwells for a great part of the year the Rajah of Vizianagram—a liberally educated native gentleman, who speaks English fluently, and takes great interest in all matters tending to ameliorate the condition of his people, morally as well as intellectually. But at the time of my visit the rajah was absent on some business at Madras, which was the more unfortunate, as an English gentleman, an old resident, would have favored me with an introduction. However, a very great pleasure and honor was now at hand; nothing less than being received as "a visitor of distinction," and being splendidly entertained at his palaces by the Maharajah of Benares—the spiritual and political chief of the Hindus at the present day.

Early in the morning I left the hotel to visit the rajah at Ramnaghur—a citadel.

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palace and town, all in one, which is situated on the left bank of the Ganges, about a mile above the sacred city. Riding in a gharry to a ghaut opposite, I crossed the river in a dinghy (native boat), and was received at the palace by the chief officer of the rajah, who, having conducted me up long flights of stone steps, left me sitting in the court-yard near the Audience Hall, while he presented to his royal master the letter of introduction which had been given me by my good friend, Moonshee Ameer Allie, of Calcutta.

After waiting some time in the court-yard of the palace, an aide-de-camp came and informed me that the rajah was then sleeping—being very tired on account of the festivities of the previous night while engaged in celebrating his son's birthday, and performing the religious rites customary on such occasions—and that now none dare awake him. But the officer added that the young prince would see me, and led the way to the Audience Hall—a large room with a lofty ceiling, handsomely painted, and stocked with European furniture, a Brussels carpet and some native portraits of the rajah's ancestors. In an adjoining apartment, the dining-room, there was a tessellated marble pavement, and a large rosewood center table, and the walls were hung with engravings of the English royal family, and of some native princes. In one corner, upon a small table, stood a beautiful ivory model of the celebrated Taj Mahal tomb at Agra.

embroidered satin robe and trousers, with velvet slippers, and wore upon his head a small turban, studded with jewels, and covered with gold and silver needle-work tracery. In his delicate ears there hung circlets of golden wire, strung with pearls



A NAUTCH GIRL.

and sapphires, and his fingers shone with costly gems. The prince was a bright-looking little fellow, who spoke English fairly, and understood also some Persian and Sanskrit. He told me he was just fifteen years of age; asked about my previous travels; wished to know my intended route from Benares, etc., and then sent for a rifle (an American "Henry" patent) with which he

had shot a large tiger in the jungle.

The rajah was still asleep, and no one wishing or daring to disturb him, I was invited to visit the palace gardens, and the royal temple.

A ride of about a mile in the rajah's own carriage, with its liveried coachman and grooms, along the river bank, brought us to the royal gardens, which cover about four acres, and are surrounded by a stone wall with an imposing gate-way. In the gardens



HINDU MUSICIANS.

Returning to the Audience Hall, I met the young prince—the heir-apparent—surrounded by a crowd of officers and attendants. His Highness was dressed in a gold-

were several large summer-houses built in the Indian style, and near by was an immense tank of clear water. Passing through one of the houses in which His Highness is

accustomed sometimes to entertain European guests, we soon reached the private temple, whose foundations were laid over a hundred years ago by the famous, or rather infamous, Rajah Cheit Singh, an ancestor of the present rajah. This temple is built upon a raised stone platform, and is nearly one hundred feet in height. There are also some smaller shrines and dwellings for the Brahmin priests, and the whole is surrounded by a high wall. The temple is built of Chunar stone, and is of the usual pine-apple shape, but differs from most others in the ornamentation of its sides, which are elaborately carved with figures of gods, goddesses, elephants, lions, etc., in middle relief. On the platform opposite, and facing the entrance to the temple, there are three marble figures—a bull, a *garud* (a figure in the form of a man with wings), and a lion, on which the goddess is supposed to ride when "out for an airing." A Brahmin comes to show us the idol, and, opening the small, highly polished brass doors, her deityship is before us. Durga, for such is her name, stands in a carved stone recess; her face is of gold and her body of gilded marble, and she is almost covered with flowers. While we were looking into the temple a messenger arrived, who said that the rajah was awake and wished to see me. In leaving the gardens I was presented with beautiful flowers and baskets of fruit; and soon after I alighted from the carriage at the principal gate of the palace, and proceeded at once to the dewan of the rajah.

His Highness, surrounded by a great crowd of princes and attendants, received me in a large pillared court, and, having graciously waved me to a seat at his right hand, asked if I spoke Hindustani, remarking that he could not speak English; but my interpreter was near by and served as well. The rajah was very plainly dressed, and was smoking a beautiful silver-wrought hookah. He seemed quite an old gentleman, of large and fleshy person, with a keen intellectual countenance, and very bland and pleasing manners. He first offered me refreshments of all kinds, and then wished to know how he could serve me. He inquired concerning my past travels; asked if I had seen Benares, and said that one of his elephants was at my disposal for visiting any part of the city whenever desired. On taking leave the rajah was good enough to present me with a beautiful silver-silk perfumed neck ribbon as a mark of his regard, and one of the officers gave me a bottle of

the priceless attar-of-rose, after the Indian custom. At the palace gate there stood a huge elephant ready to convey me to Rajghaut, where the gharry was in waiting.

Upon returning to the hotel one afternoon from a sail upon the Ganges before the city, I found Baboo Ganesh Chunder, the private secretary of the Rajah of Benares, awaiting my arrival with a note from his royal master proposing to give a nautch (native dance) in my honor at "Karnatcha Palace" (situated on the same side of the river as the city) in the evening at any time from eight o'clock to twelve, and wishing me to name the hour which would be most convenient. I gladly accepted the invitation, and promised to visit the palace at nine o'clock. His Highness spends a large proportion of his time in Benares, it being a more convenient place for the transaction of business than the citadel of Ramnaghur.

A drive of two miles brought us (my interpreter accompanied me) to the palace gate. Though it was quite dark, one could see beautiful gardens and glistening tanks and gayly ornamented summer-houses on the one side; and on the other the palace—a plain two-story building, with a narrow stone staircase which led to the upper floor on the outside, and which brought us to the reception chamber. The walls were decorated with paintings by native artists of some of the rajah's ancestors and friends, a native-made carpet lay upon the floor, and the room was lighted with chandeliers holding candles. Chairs having been placed, the officers informed me His Highness would not arrive until ten o'clock, being unexpectedly detained by important business, but that the nautch would proceed at once. Refreshments in the form of wine and cigars were offered as before, but after we had declined them all, the dancers and musicians entered.

The nautch girls were the rajah's private dancers, kept for his own special amusement, and who danced before him nearly every evening. They were dressed in wide-flowing trousers and long robes, or rather shawls, of heavy crimson silk, made perfectly stiff, with gold and silver thread embroidery, trimmings and borders. They were greatly overloaded with jewelry on the neck, arms, hands, legs, feet; large and curiously worked rings hung from the lobes of the ear, as worn in European countries, and, in addition, a perfect fringe of small rings dangled from holes pierced along their upper rims; there were dozens of armlets, bands of gold, two or three inches wide, set

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with various colored jewels; a half-dozen necklaces, some of them chains with gold coins attached; rings, four and six on a finger; anklets strung with little bells; and gold and silver toelets (they dance with bare feet). The distinguishable jewels were the topaz, onyx, carbuncle, agate, and carnelian.



THE GODDESS KALI.

The movements of the dancers were very slow—being much hindered by their long robes. They scarcely seemed to raise their feet from the floor, the performance consisting rather of posturing and singing than what we understand by the simple term, dancing. In fact, no people of the East indulge in dancing-parties as do the natives of the West; Orientals never dance themselves; it is not dignified, and they always hire others to dance before them. And so fond are they of the diversion, that the profession of a dancing-girl is both popular and lucrative, though it is not considered very respectable to thus appear before the public; and these girls, some of whom are possessed of extraordinary beauty, generally lead an irregular course of life. One of the officers behind my chair remarked that a rather fascinating girl who had been dancing for some little time was a splendid singer, the celebrated —, but I confess never to have heard such extraordinary *screaching* in my life. She sang at the extreme limit of her gamut, with not the slightest attempt at expression or modulation, and with short intervals for recuperation, as long as her strength lasted, when she was relieved by another, and afterward another, and so the torture proceeded.

The musicians, four in number, stood behind the dancers, and followed their most eccentric movements. The instruments em-

ployed were two violins or guitars—one with steel wire strings—a tom-tom or kettle drum, and a pair of cymbals. The guitars, shaped very like crook-neck squashes, were held before the body, supported by the waist-band, and played upon with bows closely resembling those in use in European countries. The tom-toms were two in number, fastened to a belt which was strapped about the performer, who played by drumming upon them with his fists and fingers. The cymbals were made of brass, and, in action, would answer, perhaps, to our triangle and castinets combined. The guitars were melodious in themselves, but the music produced was entirely without tune, and hence rather monotonous, the same strains being repeated again and again.

On either side of the dancers and musicians there were torch-bearers, who followed them forward and backward in their evolutions, and who were stationed so that the light exhibited the gorgeous dresses of the nautch girls to the best effect. These torches were made simply of greased rags, and emitted a thick oily smoke, which soon filled the room and almost suffocated us. Nautch dancing, to my mind, is like the famous attar-of-rose essence peculiar to this country,—a very little goes a great way.

After an hour or so of the Terpsichorean and Euterpean performances, the rajah and suite entered. His Highness was dressed in a magnificent cloth-of-gold suit,—vest, trousers, and tunic,—the latter embroidered with a beautiful palm-leaf pattern; on his feet were silk slippers; a jeweled armlet clasped one arm; massive rings glistened on his fingers; and his cap was of purple velvet, covered with rich gold flowers, leaves and vines. In his hand he carried a gold-headed cane, more for support than ornament, for he is quite an old man. The young prince, his son—Koor Perlho Narain Sing Bahadoor—was not present, having remained at Ramnaghur in charge of the citadel during his father's absence. The nautch proceeded at the rajah's request, while a splendid silver hookah was brought for His Highness to smoke.

This hookah well merits a description. It rested upon a solid silver tray, two feet in diameter, and its stem (a pliable hose called *nicha* in Hindustani), twenty feet in length, was covered with red velvet, wound with gold and silver thread. The bowl of silver, with fantastic embossed cover, held the tobacco and the lighted charcoal (balls composed of powdered charcoal, mixed with

water, and baked in the sun), and was mounted on a silver pillar, or rather tube, about three feet in height, the whole artfully modeled, and covered with arabesque engraving. At the bottom of this tube was a large bell-shaped vessel, containing rose-water, to which the hose was attached, and through which the tobacco smoke is drawn, cool and perfumed. The nicha terminated in a beautiful mouthpiece of amber and silver.



HINDU JUGGLER.

"How long will the hookah of Your Highness remain lighted?" I asked; for the natives do not smoke continuously, but sit and gossip, and read, and sing for hours at a time with the nichas in their hands, with only an occasional puff.

"All night," answered the rajah, and added, with a merry twinkle of the eye, "My hookah is stronger than myself, for I am so fatigued at night that often, while smoking,

I fall asleep; but my faithful hookah is never tired, for I always find it lighted on awakening in the morning."

This may be explained by the fact that the greater part of the sleep of a wealthy native is taken at noon and in the early afternoon—during the great heat of the day;—they seldom retire at night before eleven or twelve, and rise always by five o'clock in the morning, or at daylight, thus making it four or five hours only at the farthest, during which the rajah's hookah remained lighted.

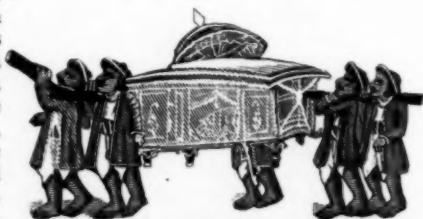
We then had a full half hour of the nautch, during which time I talked almost incessantly with the rajah through my interpreter, the dialect employed being Persian—the court language of Hindustan, and with which most educated natives are familiar. His Highness had recently been absent on a visit to Allahabad, where he also owns a palace and gardens. He had made the excursion for religious purposes, and told me, laughingly, that he had lost his moustache on that occasion. Allahabad, being situated at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna rivers, is regarded as a holy city, and thousands of pilgrims visit it every year. The hair and beard are cut at the junction of the rivers, and for every hair which there falls into the sacred flood, a million years will be

granted in paradise—and hence the rajah's visit.

The nautch had ceased and after refreshments, two musicians were ordered to enter. The one carried a been, and the other a very long-armed and small-bodied guitar. The been is a most singular and primitive instrument, which was used thousands of years ago in Hindustan. It consists of two large hollow pumpkins, which are joined by a bamboo cane two or three inches in diameter and perhaps six feet in length; over this are stretched seven wire cords of different sizes, resembling those of a piano, and upon these the performer plays with the tips of his fingers. Both of these instruments were like the guitars, harmonious in themselves—that is, capable of producing good music; but the men kept thumming a half-dozen strains or chords over and over again in the most monotonous manner, and with a nearly unbearable effect.

Apropos of Hindu music, Fitzedward Hall has said of it very tersely: "Hindu music is, in truth, a fearful thing, being simply an alternation of roars, screams, croaks, and squeaks; and the more volume there is of them the finer is the music. Once, when present at the playing of a regimental band, on my asking a certain rajah which of the instruments he preferred, I was in nowise surprised at my majestic friend's reply, 'the bass drum.'"

During the evening, I exchanged photographs and autographs with the Maharajah, and had the gratification of seeing myself placed in the distinguished company of Lord Mayo and some other officials of the British-Indian Empire in his superb pearl-covered album. His Highness presented me with a letter of introduction, written in Persian, to a friend residing at Umritsur, and said he would willingly give me others, but that Agra, Lucknow, Delhi, and Lahore



A PALANKEEN.

were all Mohammedan cities, and he, being a Hindu, had no acquaintance in any of them, at least no person with whom he was

sufficiently intimate to ask favors for an American or Englishman. The rajah would serve me further, and promised to send me a hookah to smoke, and an elephant to use in seeing some interesting parts of the city on the following morning.

Previous to taking leave, His Highness requested me to write him concerning my further travels, which letter he would answer, and added: "If, while you are in any part of India, you are in trouble or in want of anything which it is in my power to grant or bestow, a written request from you alone will be necessary to obtain it." The rajah also placed upon my shoulders one of the silver embroidered neck ribbons "of regard" before mentioned, and sprinkled some attar-of-rose essence upon my handkerchief, doing all with much kindness and apparent sincerity. "Good-bye," said the rajah, using, doubtless, the sole English phrase of which he had command; "*Palagan Maharaj*" (I respectfully bow before you, honored sir), I returned with my broadest Hindustani accent. It was after midnight when we left Kamatcha Palace, and rode back to the hotel by moonlight through long avenues of glossy peepul, feathery weem, and gnarled mango trees.

The next morning two men, one of them the Rajah's own *hookah-buridar*, or pipe preparer, came to the hotel with the promised hookah, and shortly afterward the arrival of the elephant was announced. The hookah resembled the one already described. The smoke was of a very mild but agreeable flavor, cooled and purified by its passage through the water. The tobacco is not used pure and unadulterated, but several other plants and some spices and molasses are added. In appearance it resembles opium or thick pitch, and is called *goracco* (smoking paste). I obtained an account of its preparation from the pipe attendant. In the first place, he said, the tobacco leaves (tobacco is extensively grown throughout Hindustan) are pounded and chopped very fine; then molasses, bananas, and cinnamon are added, and the mass, being well mixed, is kept in the sun until fermentation ensues, when a little musk is added, and the paste, being of the consistency of soft clay, is made into lumps the size of a man's fist, in which state it will keep for years. Sometimes for flavoring the smoke rose-water is poured into the "snake" or *nicha*, or the water in the bowl is perfumed by the addition of some fragrant oils. Tobacco and hookahs of good quality are sold in

the bazaars very cheap, and all natives of India—Moguls of every grade, and Hindus, from Brahmins to pariahs, are great smokers, and, consequently, must use very mild tobacco. Pipes sell at various prices. The ryot (peasant) pays but two pice (one-half a cent) for his *neriaul* (cocoanut water-pipe), while the jewel-studded, gold-mounted hookah of His Majesty the King, or His Highness the Rajah, often costs as much as a thousand rupees.

The entire morning was spent in riding about the city. The elephant, in passing through the bazaar, would occasionally help himself to a piece of sugar-cane, or a



HINDU OX-CARRIAGE.

few guavas or vegetables from the shops, to the disgust of the traders, but to my intense amusement. It was quite a novel sensation to move along, mounted so high as to be able to gaze into the second-story windows of the houses. Some of the streets were so narrow that the flanks of the animal touched the shop-awnings on either side, while others were even of too slight breadth to admit his huge body. During the ride we visited two palaces belonging to the Rajah of Benares. The are situated in *Secrole*—the European quarter—on opposite sides of a broad street. His Highness entertains his foreign guests in them, the one containing sitting and sleeping apartments, and the other banqueting and ball-rooms. The Duke of Edinburgh and suite occupied them on his late visit to India, and Lord Mayo and other notabilities were domiciled therein whenever they visited the holy city. The buildings are of brick, stuccoed, two stories in height, with broad verandas, and surrounded by extensive "compounds," laid out in level lawns and beautiful parterres. The palaces contain large and lofty rooms furnished in European style, but are overstocked with paintings and engravings of little merit, and

trinkets, and ornaments, and fancy clocks; and the carpets, of native manufacture, had the appearance of old rugs, owing to their dull color and thick plushy substance.

Returning to the hotel, the driver of the elephant caused her to perform some tricks. But few elephants can be taught them, and the rajah, thinking to please me, sent this particular one, she being a "trick" elephant. At command the animal would raise her trunk high in air and make a profound salaam or bow in correct style, accompanying the motion with a loud snort. She would also walk and dance upon two feet, lie down and rise up at command, and smoke from a hookah. The stick pointed with iron which the driver carries is called a *haunkus*; it is about twenty inches in length and is usually made of iron, though some have wooden handles; the tip has a sharp point, and some six inches above it is a semi-circular hook about four inches in diameter; and with this, as a means of enforcing his commands, he pricks the elephant's head on both sides. When they

become very restless or obstinate a full half-inch of the haunkus is inserted, and always on the day following that on which the animals have been used a healing oil is rubbed into their wounds.

Benares was for many centuries the metropolis of the land of the Hindus and "the intellectual eye" of India, and is still the seat of much learning, culture, and power, though it is no longer, as formerly, the capital of an immense independent State. The early condition of this city, its connection with ancient Buddhism, its antiquities, its famous temples, holy wells and tanks, its numerous ghauts leading down to the Ganges, its manufactures and commerce, its inhabitants, the ceremonies of the idolater, the religious festivals, and the gorgeous displays of the native courts—combine to make it to the Western traveler one of the most interesting spots in all India. A few days after my grand reception at Karnatcha Palace I reluctantly left for Allahabad, the capital of a province of like name, about one hundred miles from the sacred city of the Hindus.

MY OPEN POLAR SEA.

AS THOSE who sail in quest of quiet seas,
Supposed to sleep about the sleeping pole,
Eternal halcyon waves, the term and goal
Of hazard, and, of hope, and hope's unease,
Deep bays, bright islands, happy haunts—as these,
Whatever chances breasting, armed in soul
To do or suffer, so to know the whole—
Steer toward the Arctic up the steep degrees,
Nor daunted, though a frozen continent
Thwart them with sheer obstruction, coast along,
And seek and find somewhere the straitening rent
That yields them grudging entrance, right or wrong;
And still they strive, on their high aim intent,
And strive the more, the more the perils throng:

So sails my soul for that pacific sea,
The pole and vertex of her different sphere,
Where equatorial sway and swift career
Are charmed and changed to fast tranquillity:
Beyond where storms can beat she there shall be,
Safe locked in blissful calms through all her year;
Unquiet hope no more, unquiet fear,
Can vex her perfect peace and fair degree:
But she must tend her sail, and smite her oar,
And take meanwhile the buffet of the tide;
Nor, when she hears the rending icebergs roar
Upon her, tremble, but, abashed, abide
To enter that strait gate and dreadful door—
This portal passed, lo, havens free and wide!

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A FARMER'S VACATION: III

DUTCH FARMING.

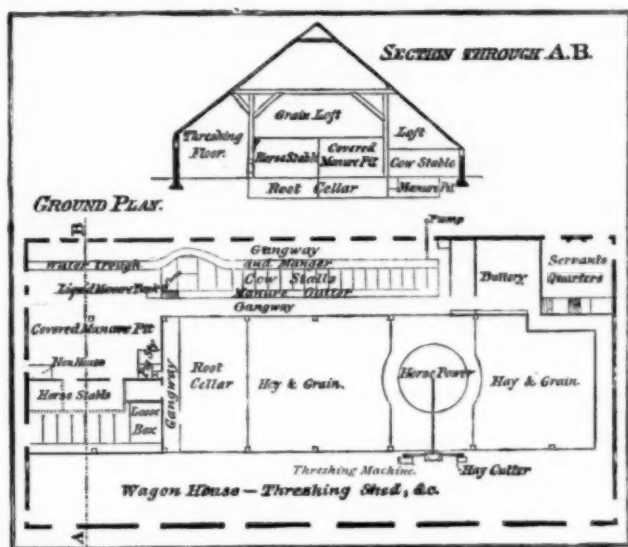


FIG. 1. PLAN OF BARN, ETC., ON A SMALL FARM.—LENGTH, 150 FEET: WIDTH, 72 FEET.

UNDER what influence man first halted and took root on the submerged lands of Holland it would be difficult to determine. Certainly the agricultural attractiveness of the country could not have held him. The soil was one on which it was possible neither to walk as on the land, nor to navigate as on the sea. There were no materials for building; no iron, or other metals; no stone. The country seemed to the ancients like the vague end of the habitable world. There were only a few families, living on fish, and on the eggs of aquatic fowl, and taking refuge at high tide on artificial mounds, or in their cabins built upon piles.

Allusion has been made in previous articles to various destructive floods, which made the chances of this country seem almost desperate, but the following account from Motley is so graphic, and shows so clearly the dangers to which the population was constantly exposed long after the occupation of the country, that it may well be repeated here. He refers to the inundation of November, 1570:

"Not the memorable deluge of the 13th century, out of which the Zuyder Zee was

born; not that in which the waters of the Dollard had closed forever over the villages and churches of Groningen; not one of those perpetually recurring floods by which the inhabitants of the Netherlands, year after year, were recalled to an anxious remembrance of the watery chaos, out of which their fatherland had been created, and into which it was in daily danger of resolving itself again, had excited so much terror, and caused so much destruction. A continued and violent gale from the north-west had long been sweeping the Atlantic waters into the North Sea, and had now piled them up on the fragile coasts of the provinces. The dikes, tasked beyond their strength, burst in every direction. The cities of Flanders, to a considerable distance inland, were suddenly invaded by the waters of the ocean. The whole narrow peninsula of North Holland was in imminent danger of being swept away forever. Between Amsterdam and Meyden the great Diemer dike was broken through in twelve places. The Hand-bos, a bulwark formed of oaken piles, fastened with metal clamps, moored with iron anchors, and secured by gravel and granite, was

snapped to pieces like packthread. The 'Sleeper,' a dike thus called, because it was usually left in repose by the elements, except in great emergencies, alone held firm, and prevented the consummation of the catastrophe. Still the ocean poured in upon the land with terrible fury. Dorp, Rotterdam, and many other cities were, for a time, almost submerged. Along the coast, fishing vessels, and even ships of larger size, were floated up into the country, where they entangled themselves in groves and orchards, or beat to pieces the roofs and walls of houses. The destruction of life and property was enormous throughout the maritime provinces, but in Friesland the desolation was complete. There nearly all the dikes and sluices were dashed to fragments; the country, far and wide, converted into an angry sea. The steeples and towers of inland cities became islands of the ocean. Thousands of human beings were swept out of existence in a few hours. Whole districts of territory, with all their villages, farms and churches, were rent from their places, borne along by the force of the waves, sometimes to be lodged in another part of the country, sometimes to be entirely engulfed. Multitudes of men, women, children, of horses, oxen, sheep, and every domestic animal, were struggling in the waves in every direction. Every boat, and every article which could serve as a boat, was eagerly seized upon. Every house was inundated; even the grave-yards gave up their dead. The living infant in his cradle, and the long-buried corpse in his coffin, floated side by side. The ancient flood seemed about to be renewed. Everywhere—upon the tops of trees, upon the steeples of churches—human beings were clustered, praying to God for mercy, and to their fellow-men for assistance. As the storm at last was subsiding, boats began to ply in every direction, saving those who were still struggling in the water, picking fugitives from roofs and tree-tops, and collecting the bodies of those already drowned. Colonel Robles, Seigneur de Billy, formerly much hated for his Spanish and Portuguese blood, made himself very active in this humane work. By his exertions, and those of the troops belonging to Groningen, many lives were rescued, and gratitude replaced the ancient animosity. It was estimated that at least twenty thousand persons were destroyed in the province of Friesland alone. Throughout the Netherlands, one hundred thousand persons perished. The damage done to property, the

number of animals engulfed in the sea, were almost incalculable."

The coat-of-arms of one of the Dutch provinces shows a lion rising out of the waves, with the motto, "Luctor et Emergo." This device, indeed, might have been taken for the nation itself.

Reference was made in the article on Dutch Draining to the manner in which the flat country of the Netherlands grew from the accumulation of the sands of the sea, mingled with the silt of the Rhine. A Dutch Professor found in the debris of the Bernese Oberland the same mica that he had found in the silt of the Ijssel. Each year the pastures of the Alps are diminishing, and the soil of the Netherlands is increasing.

In the provinces of Friesland and Groningen, and all along the North Sea, on the alluvial soil, there are seen, at frequent intervals, little mounds, from 12 to 20 feet in height, on which the ancient villages were built. These mounds are called "terpen," and their erection has unquestionably been the work of man. When they are dug down, their upper parts are found to consist of layers of manure and rubbish, and they contain utensils which reach back to the bronze age, and perhaps even to the stone age. Carthaginian antiquities found within them indicate that at some remote time the hardy navigators of that nation must have landed on this distant shore.



FIG. 2. HOOK AND SICKLE FOR REAPING.

These terpen were undoubtedly places of refuge for the people and their flocks during times of flood. The original structure was of clay taken from the neighborhood—the depressions left having been long since filled

with the silt of the floods. They consist of a calcareous clay, mixed with layers of manure, and have been impregnated with manurial matters for their whole depth by long ages of decay and filtration. Recently their earth has been used with the best effect as a fertilizer. The material has now come in great request, and sells for forty cents a cubic yard, about thirty-five cubic yards being a dressing for one acre. The use of the terpen material has caused almost a revolution in agriculture. The grass-growing farms farther to the south take this earth, and give in exchange fresh manure, to be used on the cultivated fields—an exchange that would be practicable only in a country where water transportation reaches to the side of every field.

Since the days of the terpen-builders things have bravely altered, as is sufficiently shown by the description of the country traveled through, in the previous article, on the general aspect and condition of the country. My opportunities for observing were, it is true, limited, but they were sufficient to confirm the impressions received from descriptions given by other and more careful travelers, and to satisfy me that I had nowhere else seen a community in which industry and prosperity, skill and success, went so constantly hand in hand. On every side there exists the most abundant evidence of comfort and civilization—indeed, of an almost universal prosperity and widespread wealth.

Laveeye speaks of the farm-buildings, especially in the northern provinces, as being of an unequaled size, and surrounded with evidences of wealth and taste. "Between the road and the dwelling-house there is a pleasure-garden planted with exotic trees, and whose lawns are interspersed with groups of flowers. At one side vegetable garden and fruit orchard furnish a good variety for the table. The house is imposing, with the great extent of its façade, and the large number of windows in the two stories. Within, the embroidered curtains, the furniture of American walnut, the piano, the books of the library—these all indicate large wealth and habits of life that imply a

superior condition. Behind the dwelling of the farmer, but attached to it, rises a building, high as a church and long as a covered ship-yard. Here are found the cow-stable, the horse-stable and the barn, all under one



FIG. 3. A DEEMSTER LAUNDRY.

roof. On entering, one first sees an enormous space, sufficient to shelter the harvest of two or three hundred acres, and a large collection of improved implements; next, sometimes sixty or seventy cows in a single row; and, again, from ten to twenty superb black horses.

"The farmers of Groningen have preserved the simple manners of their ancestors. Although often possessing several 'tons'* of gold, they put their own hands to the plow, and take the immediate direction of all the work of their fields. They are much richer than their brethren of Zeeland and Friesland. Their sons are frequently educated at universities, a matter of no small cost, for in this rich country habits are fastidious, and it is estimated that each son while at college costs 2,000 gulden per annum.

"These farmers are the leading men of their country; there is no class elevated above them. From their ranks are chosen nearly all the members of the different elective bodies, and even those who go to represent the province in the States-General. The care of their farms does not prevent them from taking an active part in political life and in the duties of public administration. They follow not only the progress of the art of agriculture, but also the movement of modern thought. They maintain near the city of Groningen an excellent

* 100,000 gulden.

agricultural school with fifty pupils, and perhaps nowhere else is education so universal in country districts. In fact Groningen passes for the most advanced province of the Netherlands. It is a sort of republic, inhabited by rich and enlightened peasants completely emancipated from the spirit of routine. One sees nowhere here the turrets of the feudal castle overlooking the trees of great parks, and one would search in vain for the aristocratic condition of which Brittany is so proud. The fine houses of the farmers are the only castles, and they all resemble each other. Property is quite evenly distributed, and almost all that the land produces remains in the hands of those who cultivate it. Wealth and work are everywhere associated, idleness and opulence nowhere."

The mode of life is simple and inexpensive, and, since of late years butter and cheese have almost doubled in price, prosperity is greatly increased. Many farmers, not content to have table service of silver, use this metal even for heavy kitchen utensils. There are those even who are only satisfied with table service of gold. Aside from this, the accumulations of Dutch farmers are a very large source of the investment fund with which Holland is so well supplied for all manner of foreign stock buying. One is surprised everywhere in the smaller towns with the number and richness of the jewelers' shops, with sumptuous silver ware, and, especially, coral necklaces of the finest quality, and worth hundreds of dollars.

Although Holland took its first impetus from commerce, this has sadly fallen away, but agriculture has on all sides filled the gap. Many towns, formerly thriving with commerce, have been destroyed by the silting up of the rivers and bays; but the reclaiming of the overflowed lands has given them another and firmer hold upon prosperity.

Agriculture in this country grew up only as an incident to the life of its commercial people. The application of tariffs and the competition of England combined lessened very much the importance of Dutch commerce, while the agriculture has steadily increased. Little by little, without the knowledge of the rest of the world, and almost without the knowledge of Holland itself, the Netherlands have gone silently and quietly forward, until they have become one of the most advanced agricultural nations of Europe, exporting more of the products of the soil than any other; while

the prudent, domestic habits of their forefathers still prevail among the people, and cause their wealth to accumulate to a much greater degree than among any other agricultural people.

In 1860 there were sold		
in Alkmaar,	9,600,547	pounds of cheese.
" Horn,	6,341,883.8	" "
" Purmerend,	3,897,051.4	" "
" Medemblik,	1,711,743	" "
" Enkhuizen,	1,627,533.6	" "

If one will look at the map of that part of North Holland lying north of the IJ, comparing it in size with other districts of Europe, the force of this statement will be clearly seen. The whole province of North Holland produces about 26,000,000 pounds of cheese per annum, and nearly the whole of this is made north of the IJ.

Other provinces are far from being behind this in wealth of production. I have no statistics of the colza product of Groningen, but it must be enormous.

Zeeland is the richest agricultural province of the Netherlands. Of its 428,000 acres only 24,000 are unproductive; 196,000 are in cultivation, and 162,000 in grass. 45,000 acres produce an average of 23 bushels of wheat per acre; the annual product of the province is 17,000,000 guilden. The average annual production of each acre of the cultivated land is about one hundred dollars of our money.

The country seems, so far as I could judge, to be given to special local industries, more or less depending on each other. One of the most curious instances of this is to be found in the bee-keeping of some of the provinces. In order to take advantage of the flowering of the colza, which takes place in the earliest spring, but far away from the heather and buckwheat fields which supply them later, the hives are carried on boats or on long wagons arranged for the purpose. They may frequently be seen on the roads and canals of the Northern provinces, traveling to one or the other of their sources of supply. Their product is very variable, depending much upon the weather. In 1859, Drenthe exported over a million pounds of honey; in 1860, only about 10,000 pounds.

Old customs and old employments have maintained their hold with great persistency, and nowhere is there more of the thoroughly quaint and of the apparently awkward to be seen. The grain harvest was in full operation during our visit, and I thought it a pity that there could not be a general introduction of our "grain-cradle." I described it

to a farmer and urged it upon his attention as a great improvement; he was of a contrary opinion, and insisted that the hook and the sickle (Fig. 2.) must be better. There is no use in arguing such a question with a prejudiced mind, but these tools appeared to me to be particularly awkward and inconvenient. The hook is held in the left hand and is used to push the grain along toward the left as it is cut by repeated blows of the long-handled sickle.

When enough for a gavel is cut, it is lifted aside by the sickle and hook together and laid in its place. The swath is cut toward the standing grain, not away from it as with us.

As has been before stated, an immense interest in Friesland and Groningen is based on the cultivation of colza,—a cultivation which must date back to the earliest arrival of the Germans, for the chaff of colza is found buried twelve feet deep in the terpen.

One of the curious customs of the country is connected with the threshing of this grain. It shells so readily that when a stack is attacked, the threshing must be completed within the same day, requiring more force than the farmer himself has at his disposal. The work is done by traveling gangs, each under its *tesck-graaf* or "Count of the Threshers." A huge sail-cloth is spread upon the ground, and the work is inaugurated with some remnants of ancient formalities that distinguish it. But, even in Holland, steam threshing machinery is driving out old customs, and it is no longer *de rijsuur*, as it once was, that the *tesck-graaf* should immolate a ram with a knife decorated with flowers, his band devouring the flesh to the cry of *Ram! Ram!* that the girls who were to pass the sheaves to the threshers should first wash their faces in spring water strewn with flowers; nor that after the subsequent banquet, where the farmer and the *tesck-graaf* presided, and where strong drinking prevailed,—at the ball which closed the day's exercises,—the waltzers should turn, not round and round as is the modern custom, but over and over each other as they rolled upon the ground.

Another thing which cannot fail to strike a stranger, is the universal water transportation for all manner of traffic, large and small. In the Beemster, all farm transportation is by water. It is by means of boats that manure is taken out and hay brought in, and that the milk is brought each morning from the pastures, where the cows pass

the entire summer. Roads are generally used only for personal communication with the market towns.

Not satisfied, as the rest of the world is, with comfortable housing and ample feeding for their cows, the farmers of Holland, as though eager to recognize the all-important aid they derive from them, frequently cover them with linen blankets, tied in place, to guard them from the attacks of insects, and to shelter from the frequent raw sea winds. It is usual, too, to set up in the pasture fields convenient scratching-poles against which the cattle rub their sides and necks with evident advantage.

Domestic customs vary from the standard to which we are used as widely as do those of the farm itself, and the minutest detail that one is permitted to observe of the mode of life of the people is full of a strange interest.

At each farm-house and cottage in the drained district, there is fixed at the side of the canal a curious kneeling-box, with a platform projecting out over the water, where the family washing is mainly done. (Fig. 3.)

The proverbial Dutch tendency for scrubbing prevails as much in farm-houses as in others, and adds to the attractiveness, as well as to the value, of the products of their dairies. Here, as elsewhere, the duty of repeated cleansing claims a large part of the time. In other countries, in the houses of workmen and small farmers, we usually see only the coarsest furniture, and untidy and worn utensils. In the Netherlands, even in the humblest cottages, all the wood-work is perfectly painted, rubbed, polished, and dusted; utensils of copper and tin shine like gold and silver. There are few households which do not preserve some antique fragment of the time of the republic, two hundred years ago, and porcelain from China of the same period.

Temple says: "From what they are able to spare, after the necessary expenses of the house, they use one part to augment their capital and revenue, and the other to embellish and furnish their houses, and, in this way, not only accumulate the fortune of their families, but contribute also to the beauty and ornamentation of the country."

The cow-stable in summer is often the show-room of the house; the one in which most pride is taken. The little windows in the outer walls are covered with curtains of white muslin. The ceiling, and the partition separating the stable from the hay-barn,

are of pine, glistening with cleanness. The floors of the stalls are covered with white sand, swept in fantastic figures. On tables and dressers are sometimes displayed pieces

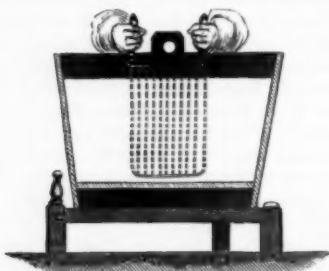


FIG. 4. MANNER OF USING CURD KNIFE.

of silver ware and old Japanese and Chinese porcelain, which have been carefully handed down from father to son for generations. Many of these objects would delight an amateur. There are pots of flowers and well-polished implements, and everything about the great hall (for it seems more like this than like a cow-stable) indicates a combination of pride and of loving tenderness that bespeak an attachment to the home which one bred in a more beautiful country, and under a more genial climate, does not readily comprehend, when applied to the flat lands of Holland.

Dutch farmers have not been slow to realize the fact that good roads are important accessories to good farming, but it must have been a difficult problem which presented itself to the early inhabitants of a marshy country where neither stones nor gravel could be had. Fortunately, the prevalent clayey deposits make excellent bricks,—so hard, that they ring like metal when struck together,—whence, their name of "klinkers." The roadway is raised well above the level of the water in the adjoining ditches, graded to a proper form and paved with these little klinkers (smaller than our bricks), set on edge. Grass grows to the edge of the roadway, and even in the spaces between the bricks. Its roots, doubtless, help to bind the whole together, and it grows luxuriantly from its frequent drenching with road-wash. There is no mud, and no dust. For light traffic, these roads could not be improved, and all heavy traffic goes by water.

In the low country, where wind-mills are largely used for all purposes, grain-mills are not specially dissimilar from the others, but

on the higher lands, where, in country neighborhoods, the rude grinding of rye and barley is the principal work to be done, one sees only small mills, of which the whole structure turns on a pivot like the mere hood of the larger ones. One of these, into which I went, and which is the type of its class, is shown in an illustration of the first article of this series. In the Northern provinces, hay is kept almost entirely in large barns, built in connection with the cow-stable and cheese-room. More to the South, however, what we well know as the "Dutch hay-cover," prevails quite generally. This is familiar to most of us as a square roof supported by four poles within which the hay is piled, the roof being lowered from time to time as hay is taken out or as it settles, being supported by pins through the corner posts on which it rests. These covers in Holland are usually very much larger than with us, and frequently have a stable or wagon-house for a foundation. The roof, which is sometimes twenty or thirty feet above the ground, is well thatched, projecting far enough over at the sides to shelter the hay from rain. It is, apparently, not lowered, nor is the hay taken off the top as with us. The first taking seems to be by a square cut at the side, near the eaves, carried far enough down to make a low door-way through which the hay in the interior is thrown out, the outer walls standing until the last of the season. The method is simple, inexpensive, and very convenient, and hay certainly could not be kept in better order than that in some two-year-old stacks which we examined.



FIG. 5. CURD KNIFE.

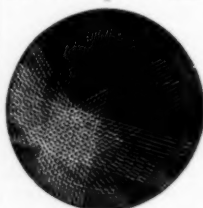


FIG. 6. MANNER OF CUTTING.

were mainly confined. Our people generally are disposed to regard the whole kingdom as a reclaimed morass. On the contrary, more than half its area is high and sandy. Commencing at the south, in North Brabant and Limburg, the sandy region reaches with little interruption throughout the provinces of Gel-

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derland, Over-Ijssel, and Drenthe, and passes on through Germany to the Baltic Sea.

I saw but little of this region, but whatever it has to offer of agricultural interest, however important it may be, must necessarily be of a different order from that which we find in the submerged countries. From the accounts that are available of its local agricultural practices, it must be very largely poor and unpromising land. To show how vastly different the sandy district is from the rich country of Groningen, I give Laveleye's account of the people of Rouveen and Stap-horst in Over-Ijssel:

"These are people of austere morals, strict and pious Calvinists, formal, adhering rigidly to all the ancient institutions in matters of faith as in matters of farming; and, for the rest, the hardest workers in the kingdom, adding to the cultivation of their farms several little industries which procure them a comfortable wealth. They weave baskets; with the wood of the elders, which form their hedges, they make shoe-pegs; they even knit their own stockings, and they have such a horror of idleness, that when the rulers of the village meet in council, they all bring their knitting with them. Rising before the dawn, they work bravely at the cultivation of their large fields, which often run in narrow strips several miles long. Up to this time they have resisted all innovations, even that of the chimney, thinking, like the farmers of Drenthe, that the smoke dries the grain, gives to the buckwheat a finer taste, and helps to preserve their pork and hams.

"A few years ago there was no modern building except the school-house. There are no drinking-shops in their villages. In fine, notwithstanding their antiquated ideas and customs, these pure descendants of the

wealth, few wants, and a great taste for work, which permits them to satisfy these easily."

The same writer thus describes the antique farmstead of Drenthe:

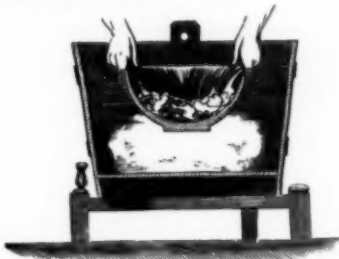


FIG. 7. DISHING OUT THE WHEY.

"It is a vast wooden building, covered with thatch, with no interior division—a sort of barn, where everything is united in the same space—the crops, the implements, and the family of the farmer. The horses are on one side, and the cows are on the other; between these run the pigs, the chickens, and the children. At one end a sort of cupboard encloses the beds. There is no chimney, and not even an opening in the roof. In the middle of the building a turf fire is constantly burning, whose smoke escapes through the interstices between the planks, after having dried the sheaves of rye and buckwheat piled upon the cross-beams and quite to the roof. It is claimed that the grain thus receives an exceptional quality, which commerce apparently recognizes, for the rye and buckwheat of Drenthe are especially sought after."

Most of the country traversed in my journey from Amsterdam to Arnhem, and a vast extent of territory stretching away to the

north and east of this line, is as barren and unpromising as any land that I have seen. It is covered, as far as the eye can reach, with purple-blossomed heather, interspersed here and there with meager farmsteads and a few crops of the poorest description. It offers nothing instructive to the agriculturist. It is only as a matter of curious interest that the farmer cares to travel through this desolate region. He finds the whole agricultural attractiveness of the country to be concentrated in

the artificially drained lands lying along the sea and the rivers.

One of my early trips was to the Haarlem

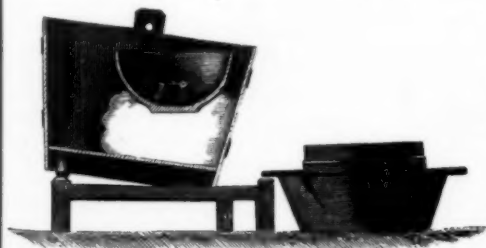


FIG. 8. DRAINING THE CURD.

ancient Frisians, who never marry out of their villages, are distinguished by severe morals, some education, a certain moderate

Lake polder, just within the edge of which, near the village of Sloten, an hour's ride from Amsterdam, we visited "Badhoeve,"* the farm of Mr. Amersfoort. This is a very fine, showy farm, large, and replete with all the appliances of improved modern agriculture, including Fowler's steam plowing apparatus, steam threshing machine, railways for conveying feed, and a perfect museum of minor implements.

Evidently, expense has been but little considered in arranging the whole establishment. The farm buildings are ample, well arranged, and of the best sort. The cattle and horses are as fine as could be asked, and all the appliances of stable and dairy are models of perfection. It is a superb example of "English" agriculture here in the bed of the old Haarlem Lake.

I could not learn that its proprietor makes any special effort at profitable farming, and probably the establishment is well worthy of the adjective "fancy." As an example of prudent, practical, economical farming, it is perhaps of not much value; but as an experimental farm, where all interested in farm operations in Holland can see and judge for themselves the processes most in vogue in the modern phases of the art, it must exert a very wide and beneficial influence. So far as I know, there is nothing of the sort in America at all comparable with it in any way.

The business of the farm lies largely in the production of butter, and of a peculiar sort of

der fell into a car standing on a track which leads to all the stables, turning at right angles into the different passages and gangways. At the turning places the center space is paved with large flat stones, and, as the short car is swung round the angles, the flanges of the outer wheels roll over the smooth surface.

In the dairy, the milk is cooled in deep cans immersed in water, and is then stood to cream in large copper pans.

Mr. Amersfoort has taken a great interest in the drainage operations of the country, and has in his library a capitally made model in plaster of the bottom of the Zuyder Zee, showing its various depressions and the character of the soil. He is a firm believer in the wisdom of the enterprise for its reclamation.



FIG. 10.
CHEESE MOLD.

The agricultural undertaking which has perhaps most interested foreigners, among all the well-drained and well-farmed polders of the country, is that of the Wilhelmina polder, in the province of Zeeland. In 1809, twenty-three merchants of Rotterdam bought from the State at public sale, for 700,000 gulden, the marsh that had formed between the islands of South and East Beveland. The diking (which united the two islands) cost 550,000 gulden. This suppressed an arm of the sea, and reclaimed 1,068 acres. This is all rented to a single tenant, and constitutes one of the finest agricultural enterprises in the world. The surface is

divided into regular fields of twenty-five acres by rectangular roads. The dikes, and about two hundred and fifty acres of the lower and rougher land, are in permanent grass. All the fields are surrounded with hedges. Six sets of farm buildings are placed at regular intervals. There are model stables and barns of unheard-of size, large manure yards, the best farm machinery of England and America—steam threshers, clod-crushers, etc. The village of Wilhelminadorp is situated along the canal, near the center of the polder. Its church, school, workmen's houses, and little shops are all well kept and in order. The

live stock is a cross between the Zeeland cow and the Durham bull. The surplus is sold at high prices to German farmers. The sheep are not less remarkable. Both beef and mutton are sold in the London market. The polder is drained by the receding tide. The rotation covers twenty-one years, includ-

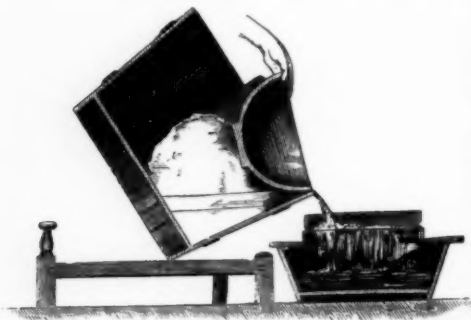


FIG. 9. POURING OFF THE LAST OF THE WHEY.

skim-milk cheese, flavored with cummin seed. At the time of our visit, forage was being cut by a large chaff-cutter, driven by one of Fowler's engines; from the machine, the cut fod-

* "The Bath Farm," so called from occupying a former bathing resort of the people of Amsterdam.

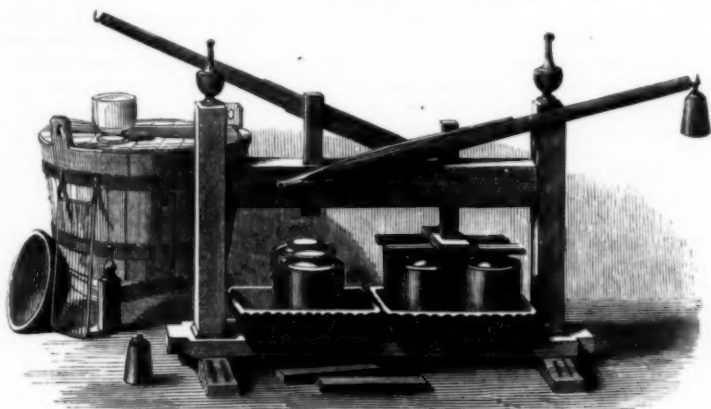


FIG. 11. THE CHEESE PRESS.

ing wheat, peas, beans, barley, flax, madder, oats, clover, beets, and turnips. The shares, which originally cost 18,000 gulden, were worth, ten years ago, 34,000 gulden, and paid six per cent. on that price, notwithstanding that the profits of exceptionally favorable years were spent in permanent improvements, such as paving, draining, planting trees, etc.

In one of the latest numbers of the "English Agricultural Gazette" there is an extended account of this polder, showing the minuteness and care with which all its accounts are kept, and the business-like way in which it is made to yield its utmost profit. It is also stated that Fowler's steam plowing engines (English) are now being used, notwithstanding the very low cost of horse labor under its former system.

That which most interested and instructed me in connection with Dutch farming lay in the old North Holland polder called the Beemster.

At Purmerend we called, as is always wise, upon the leading bookseller of the town, and found him much interested in agricultural matters, and exceedingly polite in giving us information. By his advice we drove some three miles into the Beemster to the capital old farm of Wouter Sluis.

Mr. Sluis is a middle-aged, clear-eyed, wiry, Yankee-looking man, who spoke English sufficiently well for us to converse with him readily. He is of an old Beemster family, and his farm has been in cultivation since the first draining of the polder two hundred and fifty years ago. He is one of

the good farmers of the region, but did not appear to be, nor did he claim to be, better than scores of others whose places we saw. In fact, the Beemster, which contains nearly 18,000 acres, pumped out in 1612, is one vast succession of strikingly good farms. The land lies at a uniform depth of 16 feet below the level of the sea. Its rim dike is over twenty miles long, and upon it are perched fifty-four pumping wind-mills of the largest class. As stated in a previous article, there are frequently weeks together in winter when much of its land is too nearly overflowed for the best results, and draining by steam is seriously considered—at least the use of steam-power as an accessory during the wettest times.

At the time of our visit we found the farm force busy with a horse-power threshing machine threshing out mustard seed. Caraway seed is also largely grown, yielding about 1,800 pounds per acre, and bringing about eighteen cents per pound. The land is divided as follows, the rotation occupying about ten years: twelve acres under the plow, fifty in meadow, and sixty-six in pasture. The meadows are also pastured after mowing. I was not able to get at the yield of hay per acre, but I should be very glad to see anything like such a mow full of fine, early cut, sweet-flavored, green-looking hay from my own fifty acres of meadow land.

The stock carried by this farm—no food of any sort being purchased—is the best evidence of the quality of its soil. There were twenty-five immense Dutch cows, nearly as large as Shorthorns, but deep in the flank, large in the udder, and with con-

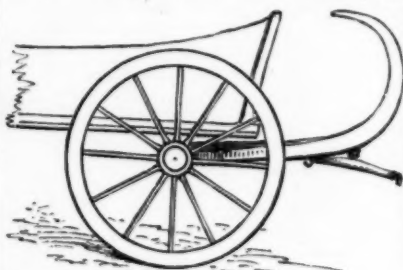


FIG. 12. THE SALTING CUP.

spicuous frames, the type of great milkers; twenty similar cows, dry, and being fattened for beef; twenty-four heifers of two and a-half years and less; one hundred and sixty sheep, crossed with English Lincolns; five horses and forty swine. I estimated the whole stock at the equivalent of ninety cows of the largest size.

The cows are fed in the stable from November 15th to May 1st; the rest of the year they are in the field day and night. The mowing is done between May 15th and July 15th. The cows give an average of sixteen to twenty-four quarts of milk per day. Four and a-half quarts of milk make one pound of cheese. The bull was a fine specimen of the breed, quite as good as the best of those of his race in this country, where, on the "lucus a non lucendo" principle, and with our curious facility for calling foreign animals by their wrong names,

is a type of this thorough-going Dutch oddity. The horse is attached by a whiffletree to the under part of the hook which replaces



DUTCH WAGON.

the pole, and all that is asked of him is forward propulsion; there are few hills to descend, only the gentle slopes down from the dikes and bridges. When any holding back

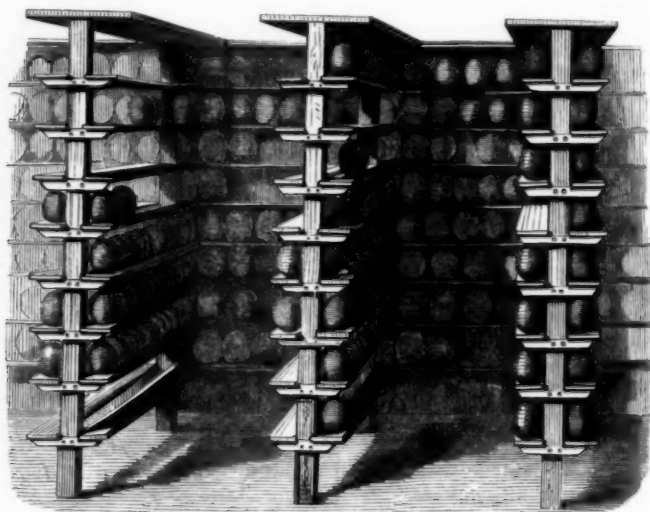


FIG. 13. CHEESES SHELVED FOR DRYING.

as they do *not* come from Holstein, they are known as "Holsteins;" just as Jersey cattle are called Alderneys.

The threshing machine, and many of the larger implements in use, are, as they are all over Holland, of English manufacture; but the plows, reaping instruments, wagons, and all the commoner utensils, are of the true Dutch type; probably unchanged since the first civilization of the country.

The wagon, which was similar to all common wagons which we saw in the flat country,

is necessary, the driver puts his foot against the horse's rump and makes his stiffened leg a substitute for breeching. One foot is always resting in the forward part of the hook, and all turning to right or left is effected by a lateral movement by main force of this leg. My suggestion that the almost universal shafts or pole would be an improvement, was received with a superior smile that can be equaled only in our own remotest farming regions.

The fields are divided by ditches, or,

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rather, by canals wide enough to accommodate a boat larger than an ordinary wagon body, and all the interior transportation, except the spreading of manure when the ground is frozen in winter, is by water. During our visit the cows were being milked in a field adjoining the farmstead, but when they are farther away the milk is brought home in a boat. The animals born and bred on the place understand the treachery of the slimy banks of the canals and keep at a safe distance, but the imported English pigs and sheep can never be trusted alone; several valuable animals have been lost by miring in the mud. In one pen we saw a Lincoln buck and five Lincoln ewes, bought from the flock that had taken the first prize at the Islington Show in London, in 1872.

A week later, in Rotterdam, I met Mr. Sluis about embarking for England to make further purchases.

The water in the ditches stood about three and a-half feet below the level of the land, as in the province of Groningen, but they were not so neatly kept as those, and evidently are more often flooded. Too little drainage was indicated also by the fact that the surface of the whole farm was plowed into ridges or lands.

I was especially interested to find that in showing his cows, and describing their merits, Mr. Sluis laid especial stress upon the escutcheon or "milk mirror," of which our ideas in his country are vague and tentative. He discussed the different "orders" and "classes" as shown in his own animals, very much as an American dairyman would

dilate upon those points which are here regarded as of especial excellence; not merely showing as good or bad those escutcheons which were large or small in their general area, but attaching great importance to the most minute details of the

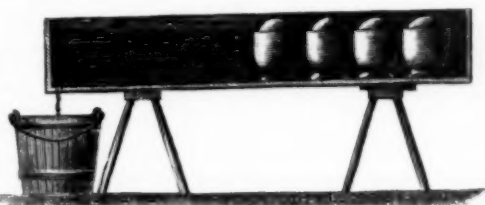


FIG. 14. SALTING CUP TRAY.

system of Guenon, whose illustrated Manual, translated into Dutch, he had, and had evidently thoroughly used. Both he and his son were very clearly of the opinion that all who question the value of the system are only smatterers, who seek for indications in general features which can be truly read only in details. Conversation with others in Holland and elsewhere in Europe made it seem clear that we have paid far too little attention to this means of determining the value of dairy animals.

After looking over the farm we were taken toward the house, and entered a large door leading into an enormous room, the like of which we had never seen. The walls were neatly whitewashed. The little windows were hung with white curtains. Along each wall was a strip of clean brick-work, and next to this a whitewashed gutter; then came, for a width of about six feet, a flooring of handsome old Dutch tiles, well laid;

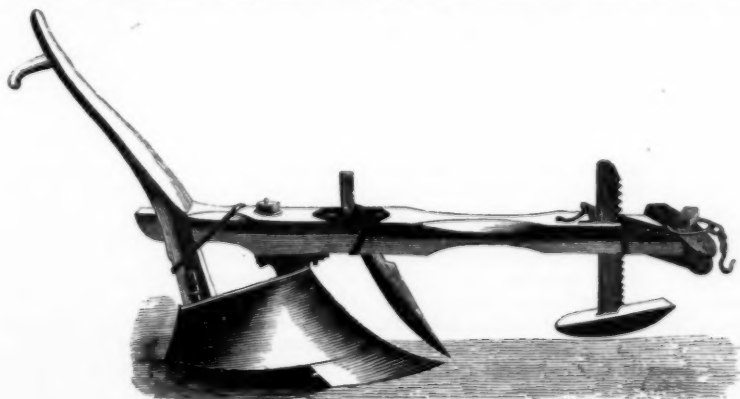


FIG. 15. AN IMPROVED DUTCH PLOW.

then two rows of upright posts, the use of which was not at all obvious. Between these rows of posts was a wide passage-way leading the whole length of the hall. There were several tables, on which were bright utensils and some handsome articles of pot-



FIG. 16. A DUTCH GRAIN FORK.

tery. We congratulated ourselves on seeing the largest and cleanest dairy we had ever met with, but, on a second look, the absence of milk, and of the evidence of daily use, led us to inquire, and, we found to our surprise, that we were in the cow-stable, which had been put in order for the summer. Except for the stanchions and tying-poles, and the gutter behind the stalls, there was nothing to indicate the use intended.

Like all Dutch cow-stables of the old style, this was in summer the show-room of the establishment. The tiles are considered a great luxury; but few families use them. Generally, their place is taken by neatly broomed white sand. The central alley is floored with bricks, and just in front of the tying-posts there is a depression or gutter, also of brick. These drinking gutters slope very slightly from one end to the other. Water is pumped in at the upper end, and is let off at pleasure at the other. The cows stand on a raised earthen floor, supported by a brick wall at its rear end. It is this cattle floor which is in summer covered with movable tiles; the manure trough is quite deep, and contains the solid droppings until they are removed in a barrow. The urine flows off to the underground receptacle which collects all the liquid refuse of the establishment, and which has a pump for filling the tank-cart by which the meadows are sprinkled.

In the loft over the stable, the cheeses are seasoned and prepared for market. Back of this part of the building are the cheese-factory, horse-stables, wagon-house, tool-sheds, etc. Leaving these, and returning through the cow-stable, we passed through a glass door into a sitting-room with some handsome articles of old furniture, and ample evidence of neatness and comfort. At one side of this we entered a little office or library, where we were shown handsome scientific books and various old

objects of interest, and were requested to inscribe our names in the visitors' book, which had been well filled by travelers from all parts of the world. In the larger room, opposite the glass door spoken of, is a fireplace, and over this a large mirror. Here, Mr. Sluis showed us how he sits in winter toasting his shins before the fire, and looking up from his paper now and then to enjoy the reflected view of his two rows of fine cattle, which seem almost members of the family. We saw nothing further of the house, and I am therefore unable to refute or to verify the stories that are told of the absurd cleanliness which is said to be inseparable from Dutch housekeeping. So far as we did see, everything was neat and after its kind tasteful, and in good wholesome humble order. The farmer and his son were not distinguishable in appearance, education (save in languages), or general intelligence, from the better class of New England farmers.

Off from one corner of the cow-stable is a dingy, cleanly, sweet-smelling room where the cheeses are manufactured by a burly bare-armed Dutchman,—clean in his person, and very active and business-like in his movements. The making of round cheeses, which we know as Edam or Dutch cheese, is the great industry of all North Holland, and especially of the Beemster polder. Wouter Sluis's farm is probably as good a place as the world offers to study the process, which is sufficiently important, and sufficiently distinct from all other cheese-making, to be worthy of detailed description; it is the agricultural feature of Holland, which, after its drainage, is, perhaps, the most notable.

In the center of the room stands a large tub on a three-legged stand. This is large enough to hold the whole product of each milking, which, immediately upon being brought in, is carefully double-strained into the tub. Its temperature varies, according to season, between 86° and 99°. When it is as low as 86°, the tub should be stood near the fire, and the doors and windows closed to prevent further cooling. When, on the other hand, the thermometer plunged into the milk marks from 95° to 99°, which happens only during the warmest summer weather, it is cooled by adding from two to four per cent. of pure cold water; the best temperature seems to be for summer 89° to 93°, and for winter from 93° to 96°.

The conditions of straining and temperature being correct, there is added a certain quantity of rennet colored with a certain

quantity of annatto; then, after stirring for a moment, the tub is covered. The amount of remet to be used depends on the season, on the richness of the milk, and on the temperature; its determination is very much a matter of experience.

When all goes well, the milk is curdled in from eight to fifteen minutes. If a longer time is required, a reduction of temperature interferes with the success of the work.

Much importance is attached to the amount of cream to be left in the milk. Too large a quantity makes the cheese too soft, so that it settles from its round form and fails to keep well. To avoid this during the latter part of the season, the milk is allowed to stand until one-third, and, later, one-half its cream has risen; this is removed, and the work proceeds as before described. The curd having formed, it is cut in all directions with a curd-knife (a sort of gridiron), shown in Figs. 4 and 5. The strokes are first at right angles, then diagonally, and then circular, as shown in Fig. 6. This cutting is done as soon as the coagulation is complete and the mass homogeneous. Between each series of cuts—parallel, diagonal, etc.—two or three minutes are allowed to elapse. The cutting has to be managed with much prudence, for, if too rapidly done, it causes most of the butter to pass into the whey. Ordinarily, the cutting occupies from four to seven minutes. If the external air is too cold—say below 60° —the tub is covered after the cutting and allowed to stand two or three minutes.

The curd is now reduced to a multitude of little crumbs, which settle to the bottom of the tub. These are now worked into a ball by means of a wooden bowl which is worked slowly, parallel to the sides, for two or three minutes. If this is skillfully done, the crumbs of curd, which have a tendency to adhere under the influence of the elevated temperature, form a compact mass, that is easily separated from the whey. This latter is first drained off from the top by the use of a bowl as shown in Fig. 7. When no more can be removed in this way, the tub is tipped on its edges as shown in Fig. 8, and the curd is compacted by the hand into one mass, and is slightly pressed by the wooden bowl, in which is placed a weight of from thirty to forty pounds, as shown in Fig. 9. After five or ten minutes, the whey pressed out in this manner is removed. This operation is repeated four times successively, from fifteen to seventeen minutes being employed in all.

The curd has now become hard, elastic, compact, and cracks slightly between the teeth—in the condition, in fact, to which, in nearly all countries, curd for cheese-making is brought. The subsequent treatment determines whether we make Chester, Glosster, Edam, or other esteemed varieties.

The operations now to be described are peculiar to North Holland.

The mold used consists of two parts, and is shown in Fig. 10. A couple of handfuls of curd are rubbed and kneaded with the

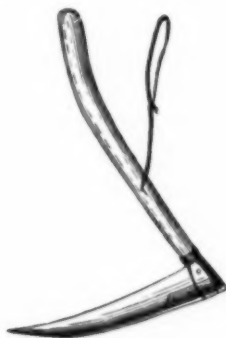


FIG. 17. A DUTCH SCYTHE.

hands until they are reduced to a soft unctuous paste, which is pressed into the bottom of the mold; then more is compacted in the same manner and packed on this, and so on until the mold is sufficiently filled. During the packing, the mass is removed several times from the mold, turned, and again pressed with the hands. This work should be very rapidly done to avoid cooling, which is always prejudicial to good manufacture. When sufficiently pressed, the cheese is plunged for one or two minutes into a bath of whey, raised to a temperature of 130° in winter, and 125° in summer. It is again well pressed in the mold, and then is very carefully wrapped in a linen cloth, thin enough to allow the moisture to escape, and folded neatly about the ball. Mr. Sluis's trademark was made by a peculiar folding of this cloth, which made a star-like figure at the top of the cheese. The cap of the mold is now put on, and these are placed in the press. There are many varieties of cheese presses in use, but all are simple, and will be sufficiently understood by reference to Fig. 11. The pressing is continued in the autumn from one to two hours; in the spring, from six to seven hours, and in winter and summer, about twelve hours.

When taken from the press, the cheeses are removed from the molds, unwrapped, and placed in salting-cups, as shown in Fig. 12. They are then classed according to date, and placed in boxes disposed about the

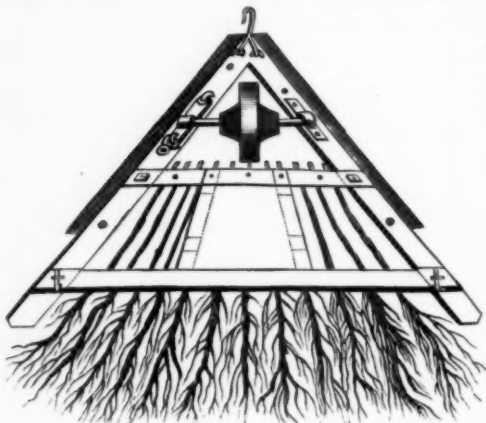


FIG. 12. TOP VIEW OF DUTCH BRUSH-HARROW.

walls, Fig. 13. On the first day of their being placed in their molds, a pinch of salt is placed at their top, and they are left until the next morning. They are then taken out and rolled in a wooden bowl of damp salt, and are then reversed in their molds. This treatment is continued until the experience of the manufacturer shows that the salt has reached quite into the interior of the cheese, this having, in the meantime, lost its elasticity and become extremely hard. The salting lasts on an average from nine to ten days.

On being taken out of the salting boxes, the cheeses are immersed for some hours in brine; they are then washed, dried, and finally placed on the shelves of the store-room, where, as in the salting box, they are classed according to their ages, Fig. 14. This finishes the manufacture, strictly so-called. The store-rooms must be dry, wholesome, well lighted, and kept always in the cleanest possible condition; the temperature should never rise higher than 72° , nor fall lower than 45° . If it is necessary to open the windows in warm weather, special care must be taken not to allow an easterly wind to strike upon the shelves. Damp winds, fogs, and an unventilated atmosphere are all pernicious. If these precautions are not taken, the store-room is invaded by a golden-yellow mold which is extremely destructive.

The cheeses placed upon the shelves of

the store-room are turned daily for four weeks; after that, every second day. When they are from three to four weeks old, they are placed for an hour in pure tepid water (60° to 70°); are washed with a brush, and dried in the open air when the weather permits. As soon as they are thoroughly dried they are placed upon the shelves. Two weeks later they are again bathed, washed, and dried, and are well greased with linseed oil. They are then placed upon the shelves to remain until sent to market.

In Holland cheeses are generally marketed at the age of from six weeks to two months, and their subsequent treatment is at the risk of the merchant. If prepared for the foreign trade, they must be lightly scraped with a sharp knife that removes all the inequalities of their surface left by the mold, by folds of the cloth, or any other cause. As they come from the hands of the scraper, they are as smooth and polished as an egg. If they are intended for the English or Spanish market, an orange color is given to them by rubbing them with a few drops of linseed oil containing annatto. For France and some other countries, they are made red by rubbing them with butter colored with rouge.

A well-made cheese (before scraping) soon covers itself with a light, dry, mossy efflorescence of a greenish blue. This indication is much sought after by the Dutch merchants. It was very marked in some fine specimens which we brought home from Mr. Sluis's farm, and with which we frequently renew our recollection of the instructive afternoon passed there.

It was already twilight, and the swans in the ditches were nestling themselves away for the night as we drove from the farm and rattled over the klinker road toward Purmerend. As we rose over the dike, a thin fog seemed to fill the Beemster to its brim;—seen in the dim light, it was easy to imagine the old waters returned, and all the life, activity, and prosperity, with which we had but now been impressed, to be a creature of the imagination. It was really easier to contemplate this vast hole in the ground as a filled lake than to realize the marvelous change that Dutch energy and ingenuity had wrought in it.

The plow used on Mr. Sluis's farm is similar to the one shown in Fig. 15.

The implements used by the best Dutch

farmers, some of which have been engraved for this article, are almost invariably English or American, but among those peculiar to the country, there is a very good brush-harrow, which is better for the use for which it is intended than anything of the sort in use in this country. It is shown in Figures 18 and 19.

My examination and study of Dutch farming were all too short, and too much mixed with other sight-seeing (too vacation-like), to be of very great practical utility. They have produced, however, a strong conviction that much more than a simple vacation tour would be well rewarded, and that there is no country to which an American farmer could give time and careful study with more real advantage to his practical operations at home than to this very Hollow-land, where wealth is gathered as in no other agricultural region, and where, more than anywhere else, it remains in the hands of its producers, giving them a fuller measure of comfort, and even of luxury, than we at home are wont to associate with the idea of a farmer's life.

The interest manifested in the drainage of Haarlem Lake, described in the preceding article of this series, makes it seem worth while to communicate the following concerning the manner in which the earth-work was done, and the sanitary and social conditions existing during the early days of the improvement.

The earth-work was done by a class of men called "polderjongens," who are to be found throughout the country wherever drainage is being carried on, operating in gangs, as sub-contractors, under the chief undertaker of the work.

They are men habituated from their childhood to the work, and to the life of the swamps and morasses, and hardened against sickness and fatigue; strong, robust, and active men, because the weak cannot stand the severe toil, and the indolent are driven from the gangs. They work in bands of from eight to twelve men, each band under its own chief.

The band lives in a hut made of straw and rushes—light in summer and heavily covered in winter—which is built in a few hours, and is taken down and rebuilt as the work progresses. A woman takes care of the house and maintains order; she is often the temporary wife of one of the men, the marriage being respected by all.

These men are provided with strong boots with heavy spiked soles, to give footing on the slippery planks over which they

drive their wheelbarrows. They are dressed from head to foot in red flannel. They live upon an abundant diet of pork, potatoes, and good bread. They sometimes drink beer, but more often tea or coffee—seldom water. They are rarely members of temperance societies, and they end their hard week's work with a long carouse; at noon on Monday they return to duty, and for five days and a-half work as long as there is light, often spending the evenings in dancing to the sound of the violin. If their work is threatened with inundation even the night does not interrupt them, and if the summer is too short to finish their task it is continued in winter. The main canal between the Leeghwater and the Lijnden was not completed until the last night of the year, when the opposite parties came together with mutual hurrahs; and these men of iron, covered with sweat and mud, in the open air, on a freezing night, in the midst of this immense plain of morass, prolonged their songs and their libations into the opening of the new year.

Viewed from the moral stand-point these polderjongens are not admirable, but one can but admire the vigor, the efforts, and the courage of men who have made such enormous works possible. Early precautions were taken to provide for the treatment of those who might fall sick during the work of improvement, and pamphlets were written by scientific physicians prescribing rules to be followed. Much importance was attached to the planting of trees as a guard against malaria, but this was met by the proverb: "When the tree has grown the planter is dead." There was no time for precaution beyond the provision of ample hospital facilities, which, fortunately, were in little demand.

During the early stages of the work the acidity of the water in the ditches was so great that a single drop contracted the lips. After a short time the water became drinkable for animals, even in the lowest parts of the polder, where now one sees only broad grass fields pastured by the finest cattle.

Care had been taken in the Haarlem Lake to make ample provision for filtered water, but the workmen rarely slaked their thirst except with cold tea and coffee; when water was used, it had always been previously boiled. Beer was not wanting, and they all had means with which to procure it. There were but few cases of fever, and a few diseases resulting from excessive dissipation. At the worst season, among one hundred and eighty men working in the lowest part of the

lake, under the most unwholesome circumstances, but two were ill when the medical officer made his inspection. Some years after the drainage, in 1858-9, after very warm summers, fevers were very general throughout Holland, but the new polder, and the adjoining country, were not worse off than the older drained districts. There was suffering everywhere, especially where the water, reduced below its ordinary level, left the marshy banks of ditches and canals exposed. The result was pestilential miasma, such as always exists under similar circumstances, not only in Holland, but in other marshy countries. The unhealthful conditions about the Haarlem Lake were considered only temporary, and were no argument against the execution of the work. The fear of malaria has never influenced the people against undertaking new operations of drainage. Under certain circumstances they have been for the time disadvantageous, but most generally no such effects have been observed. If this were not the case, what would be the condition of Holland, where nine-tenths of the soil has been reclaimed?

After the drainage-work had been completed, the lake was formed into a new Commune, which began its life with a population of several hundred persons, and twenty-five electors. Two villages were established in plan; one, being near the center of the polder, and in its lowest part, had to be raised with sand to a sufficient height for safe building.

These villages were laid out, and their building was begun under the direction of the Commission. Streets and parks were provided, and two churches, one Protestant and one Catholic, were established for each community. Trees were planted at the sides of the streets and canals, but were destroyed for want of a sufficient police. The northern village, especially, grew rapidly, and there soon appeared a doctor and apothecary, a mechanical bakery, a blacksmith, all manner of mechanics, and subsequently a fine school. The Commune is now thriving and growing, and constitutes the best field in all Holland in which to study the various aspects of Dutch Farming.

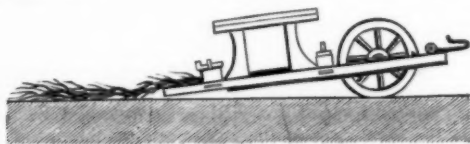


FIG. 19. SIDE VIEW OF DUTCH BRUSH-HARROW.

SOME OLD LETTERS.

PART V.

"LONDON, June 4th, 1833.—Wednesday we went to see the King's pictures, which are very beautiful, and Friday X., Jekyll and I went to the Marquis of Westminster's (formerly Lord Grosvenor) to look at his gallery of pictures, which is one of the finest in England. He has an income of a million pounds sterling annually. Leslie painted a picture for him, and he tried to induce him to take £500, instead of 500 guineas for it.

"We called then upon Miss Fox, Lord Holland's sister, at 'Little Holland House.' It is a delightful place. We had luncheon under the trees. Sydney Smith's beautiful

eldest daughter, Mrs. Hibbert, was one of the company, with her little girl. Sydney Smith came up to me laughing, with the child by the hand, and said: 'Mrs. X., this little girl wants me to help her catch a butterfly. Imagine me in the pursuit.' Mrs. Sydney Smith and Miss Smith were there, Lady Phillips, and a niece of Lady Lansdowne. Miss Fox is about sixty, a very sensible, amiable, and delightful person. We have had kind messages from Lady Holland. She has been waiting, I believe, to beg X. to bring me to see her, but finding that he does not, she desired Lady Mary Fox to say that she should call as

soon as she had recovered from the influenza, and that she was 'very much distressed at not having been able to call before.' It is all humbug, but she is an odd sort of person. I suppose you have heard her history. She ran away from her husband, Sir Godfrey Webster, with Lord Holland, with whom she lived for a long time, and had a son, Charles Fox. Lord Holland afterward married her. She is a sort of person whom X. would hardly wish me to see, but I want to see Holland House. * * *

'Yesterday we came to Redleaf (Mr. Welles's country place). * * * Mr. Welles's carriage met us at Watt's Cross at half-past one, and we arrived at Redleaf (five miles) soon after two, and found Mr. Welles alone and expecting us.

'Opposite the door, in the parlor, hung a full length portrait of a stately dame by Rubens, in a black gown and with a ruff around her neck. 'This,' said Mr. Welles, leading me up before it, 'is the lady of the house.' In the same room hangs a Magdalene by Guido.

"You can imagine nothing more beautiful than Redleaf. The house is the most tasteful place I ever saw—old fashioned, full of beautiful pictures, old china, and carved furniture, and with different shades of brown and drab about the house. The grounds are charming. It is the most famous flower-garden in England. There are no less than seven hot-houses about the grounds. One of them is like a Gothic cottage, and next to it is a dairy of the most beautiful stone, china, and marble. The billiard-room looks like a picturesque cottage, and the pillars and roof are covered with vines and roses. All about the grounds are seats, made of the trunks of trees and

old branches, and at every turn you see something new.

"On the first floor of the house there is a large entrance hall, a music-room, a library, a dining-room with three bow windows, a drawing-room with three bow windows, a picture gallery, a breakfast-room, Mr. Welles's bed-chamber, and the servants' hall. There is one little room filled with Dutch pictures, next the dining-room. Here hangs a cage with a little bullfinch that sings 'God Save the King' admirably. The place is a little paradise. * * *

I keep out of doors all the time, and have my bonnet in the hall. * * * The place is three miles in length, and about six or seven miles in circumference. He has upon it nine cottages, which he has built, in which servants of his live free of expense. Two gardeners with their families live in two, his carpenter in another, his under-carpenter in another, etc. He gives them tracts of land about their cottages, and increases them as they improve them. The people and children around him look so happy and content, and greet him as he passes them with such appearance of certainty that it will be acceptable—it was quite a picture of a Man of Ross.

"At Christmas, all the country people around about assemble, and Mr. Welles gives blankets, shoes, garments, etc., according to the different wants and merits, and Mr. Dodd, the clergyman of the parish, is present to talk to them. We are going down at Christmas to witness the scene."

"JUNE 16th.—Mr. Welles gives all the women within three miles baby linen, and he told me that he gave to about fifty-six annually, and, as he left out those who were not deserving, and above want, he concluded that there were one hundred chil-

Dear Madam

*A Thousand Thanks for what
I take to be beautiful Specimens of American
Produce, a kinder Present of Apples than the
first Lady gave to the first Gentlemen
y^r very truly*

Joseph Schuyler.

dren born every year within three miles of Redleaf.

"Most of his pictures are old masters, but he has two rooms devoted to modern artists. His household bears the same character with everything else. His butler has been with him twenty-seven years; his footman, seventeen; one of his housemaids, twenty; and none less than seven. He keeps a lady's maid to attend to the ladies who stay with him, and she, at other times, makes baby linen and clothes for poor people, and attends to the house linen. His table is always simple, though luxurious, and he has a beautiful profusion of china. We had a different set of dessert china every day, and we were there eleven days.

"He took me through all the offices, into his dairy, cellar, pantry, and the neatness of them is wonderful. Outside the dairy door there was a row of small tin pails, which are filled every morning with skimmed milk, which the cottagers take for their children.

"Mr. Welles dresses very plainly and neatly—white linen or nankeen gaiters; light pantaloons, brown coat, and white hat—almost like a Quaker. Every morning I found a bouquet of fresh flowers on the breakfast-table, placed there for me by Mr. Welles.

"After writing to you Wednesday morning, June 5th, Mr. Welles proposed to drive over to Tunbridge Wells, eight miles, to see Mrs. Tighe, a lady whom I met at Mrs. Hallam's, an old friend of X. and Lord Dudley. She was not at home, and we drove down to the promenade, the wells, and the repository of Tunbridge ware, which is famous all over England. It is a mosaic of various-colored woods finely polished.

"It rained hard as we came home, but cleared toward evening, and Mr. Welles took us to a neighboring cottage to see the operation of making cricket balls. The maker, by name Duke, sends these balls to all parts of the world. The trade has been in his family more than two hundred and fifty years, with the patent. * * * *

"Every evening we wandered about the grounds. A South American 'poncho'—a red cloak, made of a square piece of cloth, with a hole in the center, through which I put my head, and a Chinese wrap, made of blue crêpe, with a long red tassel, both belonging to Mr. Welles, constitute my picturesque Redleaf walking-dress.

"Mr. Welles has, among other things, a beautiful collection of shells, which has cost him about £800. He is very wealthy, and

spends all his income, as he has no children or family. He spends from fourteen hundred to fifteen hundred guineas a year in pictures, or has done so for many years past. He is exceedingly modest and diffident, though very proud, and dislikes general society, but is very genial and hospitable. He has a choice library, and is also a good deal of a sportsman.

"Friday morning I took my work, and sat in the balcony of the billiard-room, while X. and Mr. Welles played. In the evening we took a delightful walk along a path which Mr. Welles showed us for the first time. It is cut through the trees, and is quite wild in contrast with the rest of the grounds. In one part of it is a summer-house, built with branches of trees, and made into a sort of mosaic, and thatched, where we rested for some time. A quarter of a mile further, the walk for about two rods was cut through a rock, and we came to another rustic summer-house, in the center of which a spring flowed into a basin cut in stone, and again, a quarter of a mile further was another rustic seat, called the umbrella seat, the top of it thatched.

"The whole walk is about a mile and a-half in length, and though a quarter after nine when we got home, it was quite light, and we drank tea without the candles.

"Saturday Mr. Welles ordered his little open carriage at one, and X. and I drove to Penshurst, the former seat of Sir Philip Sidney, a half a mile from Redleaf. It is, or rather was, a fine old castle, and there are yet remnants of the old basement hall. It was worth seeing more from association than any beauty. We saw Sacharissa's walk, and the old oak which is famous for bearing 'the date of noble Sidney's birth,' and on which Waller and Ben Jonson carved their names.

"The present Sir Philip married a sister of Lady Mary Fox, and the King is building a wing to the castle, and repairing other parts of Penshurst for them. The Sidney stock has most unhappily degenerated. The present Sir Philip is a great fool, I believe.

"Sunday we went to Penshurst Church, the village church, and heard a very sensible, straightforward sermon from the clergyman, Mr. Dodd. After church Mr. Welles took us into the parsonage, a neat, cheerful, pretty house, which Mr. Dodd told us owed all its decoration to Mr. Welles.

"After lunch Mr. Welles took X. and me about with him in his weekly visits to the cottages. He talked with them about their

Dear — Miss Fildes has been
kind enough to sketch a few designs for a be-
lance of music I am about to publish, and
as she wishes to have the advantage of some more
"technical eyes" than her own to see that she has
committed no faults in drawing, she it occurred to
her that you perhaps would oblige her as much as to
undertake the part of her critic before the designs
go into the hands of the lithographers. If any
inadequacy or blemish be visible, an annotation as
short, of all the painters I know you are the one I
should choose for my judge. — so long, be hers.

Have you heard of Irving's letter? I remember
being amazed to hear ^{that} he was as if a letter ought
to be so long to speak of the way to heaven!

Yours, my best
Thomas Love

affairs, asked the children about their school, looked at the birds' eggs they had collected, and made a visit to the village school mistress, who lives in one of his cottages—a nice, bright-looking woman, with a fine healthy baby in her arms. Mr. Welles once asked her if she had ever been obliged to give up a child on account of its stupidity. She said, No; but the Parkers were very stupid children, and she thought she *should* be obliged to give up Jane Parker; but Mrs. Dodd begged her to have patience, and after three years the child did come round, but it was very difficult to get her into plain reading.

"Mr. Welles has in his dining-room a beautiful Murillo, representing Christ healing the sick.

"We made a visit to the billiard-room and to Mr. Welles's lumber-room, which was quite a curiosity. Piles of cotton shirts baskets of thick shoes of all sizes, calicoes, chintzes, coarse linen, nice linen, pieces of toweling, etc., etc., besides some beautiful china, glass, and curiosities. Mr. Welles gave me a beautiful china bowl.

"Friday was a beautiful day, and we left Redleaf with many a regret. Mr. Welles's carriage took us seven miles to Watts's Drop, where we met the coach. When we

My dear Mrs _____

London, Dec^r 20, 1833

Your Vase has arrived & is much
the most splendid thing in my House. It shall
be always in my sight, while any remains to me;
— not to remind me of You, for I can never
forget You — but to convince others that there
are some people in the world, whose friendship
is not to be affected by Time or place;

Yours every
J. Rogers.

(Reduced fac-simile.)

were about ten miles from Redleaf a man on horseback overtook us. He came from Mr. Welles's with some luncheon for me, and a fresh fish, 'a jack,' which had just been caught in the river which flows through his grounds. * * * * Yesterday we had a delightful note from Moore. I copied a waltz that he admired, and X. sent it to him before we went into the country:

"Thanks, my dear X., to Mrs. X. and yourself, for the pretty waltz, which I play over often, to remind me of that agreeable evening, and those sweet Transatlantic tones in which,

"Like a wizard, by a spell
Of my own teaching, I was caught."

I am afraid I shall have no call to take me within reach of Marlborough street this year.

"Yours, very truly,
"THOMAS MOORE

"Sloperton, June 11th."

In another place we find an anecdote peculiarly illustrative of Rogers's fastidiousness, and Moore's unconventional, easy manner:

"The other morning Moore put his head into our breakfast-room door, saying gayly: 'May I come in and breakfast with you? I'm engaged at Rogers's, but I am a little nervous this morning, and I was afraid I should spill my egg.'"

On one occasion, when he had brought his son with him to town, a youth of fifteen, he sent him to the X.'s with this note:

"MY DEAR X.: Will you let the bearer join our party at dinner to-morrow? I should not billet him upon you, but that I do not know how else to dispose of him for the evening?
Yours ever,

"T. MOORE."

"JUNE 23d, 1833.—We went in the evening to Dr. Fergusson's. * * * * When we came home, we found a note from Mr. Rogers, asking us if we should like three or four tickets for the British Gallery Monday evening, but I had one which Mr. Welles sent me, and X. has, of course free admittance; no one can be admitted except by a Governor's ticket or as an Academician. We went on Monday evening. There is an exhibition of the works of the last three Presidents—Mr. West, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. The Gallery is lighted every Monday evening, and people go in evening dress. It is a gay scene.

"The pictures of Sir Joshua are exceedingly beautiful. Mr. West shines out very brightly, but Sir Thomas Lawrence is very much abused. He was greatly admired during his life, but people seem to be repaying themselves for admiring him too much by undervaluing him now.

"Here I saw the famous Lady Blessington, and was much disappointed in her appearance. She was stout, red, and inelegant-looking, dressed in blue, uncut velvet, and a white hat and feathers. She was leaning on Count d'Orsay's arm. He was much decked with rings and chains, and, though handsome, didn't look like a gentleman."

"TAPLOW LODGE, July 7th, 1833.—We have been here, spending a few days with the Tunnos. Yesterday we all went over to 'Dropmore,' Lord Grenville's country-seat. Lord Grenville is a retired politician, rather a pedantic old man, and as he made no great figure in political life, imagines himself a sort of 'Cincinnatus,' as a consolation. He has lost the use of the limbs by gout, and is wheeled about his place, in which he is constantly making improvements. He employs twenty-four men to keep his grounds in order." * * * *

"JULY 26th, 1833.—The day before yesterday, old Lady Affleck came to see me. She has been very ill, and it was the first time she has been out. It was very unexpected to me, as she is eighty-five, and seldom goes out. But she said she came to see me in my new house, which she heard was very tasteful, and she moved about and looked at everything, and finished her visit by telling me that I was 'a very nice girl.'"

"AUGUST 5th, 1833.—Sunday, X. and I went to see Mrs. Calcott at Kensington. She is a great invalid; and has not been out of her gate since two years ago last March.

* * * * She is dying slowly; her case is quite hopeless. She was Miss Maria Graham; married a Captain in the Navy. She wrote a book about India. After her husband's death she went to the Brazils, and lived with the Empress, who was a friend of hers, and undertook the charge of the children, but the maids-of honor became jealous of the influence she acquired, and persuaded the Emperor that she was interfering with the religion of the Princesses. He exiled her, and she made a sacrifice of all her property and lived among the mountains there for some time, until Lord Cochrane, who was then with an English fleet, brought her back to England.

"About seven years ago she married Calcott. You will remember that he is the landscape painter. She is rather a masculine woman, but very much softened by her illness." * * * *

"AUGUST 11th, 1833.—Thursday, to our surprise, Moore was announced. He had

come up to London for a day or two, and wanted to know how we were. I was lying on the sofa, but he came in and sat with us for half an hour, and was very agreeable.

"I had just received your letters of July 7th, and read to him what you said of taking him and Horace with you into Maine, to 'drown the hum of mosquitoes.' It was just the thing to delight him.

"I drove with Mr. Rogers in the Park, and, seeing a flower not familiar to me, got out of the carriage and picked it. 'What is its name, Mr. Rogers—the botanical name?' I said, and he answered: 'Ah, my dear child, I love flowers too well to call them names.'

"He has re-arranged his pictures, with lights above and reflectors. He told me the other day, that when Sydney Smith dined with him he gave it as his opinion that it was 'all very well for the pictures above, but below darkness and gnashing of teeth.'"

"OCTOBER 4th, 1833, TAPLOW LODGE.—I have been to-day listening to the most wonderful musical genius. He is a child of Sir Gore Ouseley. He is only seven years old, but seems to have a gift without the power of defining it. He seats himself at the piano and improvises in the most delightful manner, so that he completely arrests your attention; and when he cannot reach all the notes with his little fingers, he presses his palm upon the keys. He has composed an opera, many waltzes, marches, and songs, and modulates from one key to another like a master, and it is all by nature. He seems to forget everything about him, and to be entirely absorbed in his music. Sometimes a thrill appears to pass through him irresistibly. Otherwise, he is very like other bright children, with excessively high animal spirits."

Since the publication of the third part of these Letters, the "Ianthe" there referred to by Moore, to us a mere phantom, suddenly and strangely takes on a personality. Her daughter sends us a copy of Moore's letter, which we give below. "Ianthe" was Mrs. Emma C. Embury, daughter of Dr. James Manley. Her collected poems were published by Hurd & Houghton in 1869, and her prose works had many admirers.

"SLOPERTON COTTAGE, May 8th, 1831.—I should have long before now acknowledged your most welcome gift and letter, had I not, unluckily, the very day after I received them, been summoned up to town, and in my hurry leaving your letter behind,

Iriachs

next Sunday at St Pauls
at 3 o'clock. — but I shoud. God me
your N. attempt coming. The
cold is intense — You may just be
well to in the open air —

Many thanks for the Book

ever very truly Yrs.

Sydney Smith

Nov 25. 1833

been thus deprived of the means of ascertaining your address. I avail myself, however, of the first moment after my return to express to you hastily, but warmly, my gratitude for the kind terms in which you have addressed me—terms which from any ‘Young American’ would have been grateful and flattering, but which from one whose own writings display so much feeling and genius, are peculiarly welcome. Having some suspicion that my friend Washington Irving might be the author whom you allude to as knowing your real name, I mentioned to him, while in town, both the circum-

stance of my having received the volume, and the admiration which it had excited in me; but not being able to give him any other clue word than ‘Ianthé,’ I was made no wiser by my communication with him. The inclosed scrap of Byron’s writing (which is one of the very few now left me) will, I trust, be sufficient as a relic. You really ought, as a sister in song, to remove the veil that is between us. In the meantime, I shall take the liberty of saying that I am, my dear Ianthé,

“Very much yours,
“THOMAS MOORE.”

THE SONG OF THE SAVOYARDS.

FAR poured past Broadway's lamps alight
 The tumult of her motley throng,
 When high and clear upon the night
 Rose an inspiring song;
 And rang above the city's din
 To sound of harp and violin;
 A simple but a manly strain,
 And ending with the brave refrain—
Courage! Courage, mon camarade!

And now where rose that song of cheer
 Both old and young stood still for joy,
 Or from the windows hung to hear
 The children of Savoy;
 And many an eye with rapture glowed,
 And saddest hearts forgot their load,
 And feeble souls grew strong again,
 So stirring was the brave refrain—
Courage! Courage, mon camarade!

Alone with only silence there,
 Awaiting his life's welcome close,
 A sick man lay, when on the air
 That clarion arose;
 So sweet the thrilling cadence rang
 It seemed to him an angel sang,
 And sang to him, and he would fain
 Have died upon that heavenly strain—
Courage! Courage, mon camarade!

A sorrow-stricken man and wife
 With nothing left them but to pray,
 Heard streaming over their sad life
 That proud, heroic lay;
 And through the mist of happy tears
 They saw the promise-laden years,
 And in their joy they sang again
 And caroled high the fond refrain—
Courage! Courage, mon camarade!

Two artists in the cloud of gloom
 Which hung upon their hopes deferred,
 Resounding through their garret-room
 That noble chanson heard;
 And, as the night before the day,
 Their weak misgivings fled away,
 And with the burden of the strain
 They made their studio ring again—
Courage! Courage, mon camarade!

Two poets who in patience wrought
 The glory of an after-time,
 Lords of an age which knew them not,
 Heard rise that lofty rhyme;
 And on their hearts it fell as falls
 The sunshine upon prison-walls;
 And one caught up the magic strain
 And to the other sang again—
Courage! Courage, mon camarade!

And unto one who, tired of breath
 And day and night and name and fame,
 Held to his lips a glass of death,
 That song a savior came,
 Beseeching him from his despair
 As with the passion of a prayer,
 And kindling in his heart and brain
 The valor of its blest refrain—
Courage! Courage, mon camarade!

O thou with earthly ills beset,
 Call to thy lips those words of joy,
 And never in thy life forget
 The brave song of Savoy!
 For those dear words may have the power
 To cheer thee in thy darkest hour;
 The memory of that blest refrain
 Bring gladness to thy heart again!
Courage! Courage, mon camarade!

CONCERNING MAXIMS.

"Come hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws."—"Twelfth Night," III, 4.

THE best definition of a proverb is that of Lord John Russell—"the wit of one and the wisdom of many," and the best description of its elements is that of Howel—"sense, shortness, and salt." Lord Bacon thought that the genius, wit, and spirit of a nation could be discovered in its proverbs, but he must have referred to their form rather than their substance, since those of any marked significance are to be found amongst all nations, varied by climate, customs, and social condition. Aristotle held that they are the remnants of some ancient system of philosophy, from the wreck of which these bits of wisdom have floated down, but Aristotle was too much of a system-builder to be able to realize the spontaneous generation of wisdom in the common mind, nor had he the data for observing that in the early eras of national culture, the every-day wisdom of the world inevitably shapes itself into certain handy forms, which, instead of being parts of a philosophy, are the substitutes used by those who are not yet ready for a philosophy. The proverb, in its origin and use, belongs to an early period in mental culture—after the habit of observation and generalization has set in, but before it has reached what may be called the qualifying or critical habit. Hence, they cease to be formed after the midway period of culture is reached. Ray's collection, published more than a hundred years ago, is so complete that it requires but easy re-editing to make it the most nearly perfect work of its kind. But few proverbs have been created in our country since Franklin, and scarcely any that have gone into general use, unless it be some sayings of President Lincoln, nor in any other country are they so little used. We began our national life at too high a point of culture to feel the need of them as substitutes for thought, or to be tolerant of forms of truth so general as not to be serviceable in our complex state of society. Trench, indeed, contends that their disuse is due to fastidiousness and false refinement, but his statement does not seem to consist with their little use at present, which cannot be said to be an age characterized by these qualities. Neither in literature nor in society do they find much place, and the reason is that they do not agree with

the present thinking, which, in its chief features, is analytic, while the proverb is general and wholesale.

But the fact that proverbs have fallen into disuse does not imply that we have given over the use of maxims, and precepts, and formulated principles of truth and morality. If we mistake not, there is a growing tendency, due to the formal habit of thought induced by science and its reaction upon religious faith, to throw the mind back upon mere statements of truth—maxims, precepts, rules, in short, upon abstract and formulated wisdom as compared with that which is taught and inspired by the ever-acting Source of truth.

In offering some criticism upon this tendency, we may seem to go beyond the apparent limits of our theme, but closer observation will show that we are tracing to its logical conclusion an influence that is already bearing heavily down upon moral life. It is not too early to inquire if the scientific habit of thought now prevailing, is not, in ethical things, taking us backward rather than onward, and especially if, in respect to moral and spiritual guidance, it is not substituting the lower and imperfect methods of the past, for those higher and truer methods brought in by faith in the Personal God.

We take our theme at once into the region of practical illustration. Is the apothegmatic sermon, however crisp and sententious, better than one that, in however obscure ways, somehow makes us feel that there is a God in Heaven? Does the College President do better for his pupils in giving them a string of wise maxims, or in surrounding them with a spirit of nobility and enthusiasm that lies without the scope of words? We recall with mingled feelings of veneration and amusement the "advice" that the late Prof. Silliman used annually to give to the young gentlemen just entering Yale College (he was himself too true a gentleman to call us *Freshmen*). It was very wise and as skillfully balanced as were his own acids and alkalis, and was precipitated upon his hearers with a genial eloquence, but we did not remark that it bore much fruit in the demeanor of those young gentlemen. The not obscurely hinted fact of the good Professor's mercifulness in Faculty meetings to offenders, had

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more influence to secure the advised decorum, than did the recollection of his precepts.

Doubtless, maxims have a certain useful function, and Trench's admirable eulogy of them is quite just within a certain range of life. Macaulay, doubtless, goes too far when he says that "every one who has seen the world knows that nothing is so useless as a general maxim. If it be very moral and very true, it may serve for a copy to a charity boy. If, like those of Rochefoucauld, it be sparkling and whimsical, it may make an excellent motto for an essay. But few indeed of the many wise apothegms which have been uttered, from the time of the Seven Sages of Greece to that of Poor Richard, have prevented a single foolish action;"—which, if it be excessive as criticism, still is to be respected as indicating the general opinion of a wise observer of men. They do a kind of moral hack-work that is needful in every-day living; they are what their other name implies—adages—helps to action. They often bridge difficulties, though not seldom they let one through into the flood. They offer, in portable form, the garnered wisdom of the world, but commonly they have something of the worldly taint. It is undoubtedly well to remember that "honesty is the best policy," but it is better to remember that there is an honesty above all policy. They are mechanical in their nature—levers and valves and regulators used to govern the human machine, and, for that very reason, imply that man is in the mechanical category. Being formal, they yield a formal life. Being legal, they impart a legal tone, and so subtract from that freedom which belongs to spiritual life. The maxim may be true, and call for a high exercise of the mind, but the fact that it is formulated tends to take spontaneity out of the action, and the spiritual exercise or moral act called for degenerates into formalism and legality.

The example of Jesus Christ may be quoted as looking in an opposite direction. It is true that he often met a false or imperfect maxim with a true one, but it was more than an exchange of one for another—of error for truth; it was an exchange of action for spirit, of conduct for life. "Forgive thy brother seven times;" that is a rule of conduct. "Forgive thy brother until seventy times seven;" that is a spiritual teaching. Even the two great precepts of love were put by Christ himself into the category of the law, and were, in a sense, superseded by

the new commandment given by him: "As I have loved you, that ye also love one another;" in which there is a plain transition from sharply defined conduct to the measureless expanse of his own spirit, into which it was his aim to bring his followers.

But our chief criticism of this formulated wisdom of which the world has had so much, and which, in the evanishing of faith, threatens again to become the world's teacher, is, that it does not cover life. It may be very useful in the market-place and the forum, but, happily, existence is not summed up here. Life is not always every-day life. For every man there are crises when all things are in balance, and no precept of human wit can tell him into which scale to throw his will and decide his destiny. There are depths into which we are driven, either by the smittings of Satan or by the Divine hand of chastisement, the darkness of which no candle of worldly wisdom can dispel. Whatever the main argument of the Book of Job may be, it would seem that it was an incidental purpose of its author to show the futility of formulated wisdom. His friends uttered the most unimpeachable truths, but he was neither convinced nor comforted by them. Precepts about righteousness and the Divine justice failed to reach his case; it was God himself that he needed, and when the voice spoke out of the whirlwind, the tumult of questioning passed from his soul; hearing by the ear could do nothing for him; seeing with the eye brought peace, for then the personal man came to know the personal God, and in that knowledge alone is the soul ever really taught. The complement of mind evermore is mind, and the mind of man will never respond with power to anything that does not come from a mind of power, nor will man ever wholly yield himself to truth that does not come from a Being who inspires him with a sense of his Divine Personality.

Shakespeare did not commit the blunder of making Polonius offer his excellent maxims of behavior to Hamlet instead of Laertes; they were very well for his son, who was going to France, but Hamlet had a mightier question to decide than how a young man should conduct himself in Paris. "To be, or not to be," was the problem that overtaxed his reflective brain, and crushed him into a despair that left him swinging on the tide of chance. It was not advice that he needed, but a Lady Macbeth to inspire him, instead of the gentle Ophelia singing over her flowers—a personal in-

fluence instead of the meditative wisdom that his own teeming brain supplied.

It is interesting to notice in this connection the value that Shakespeare, and other great literary artists of human nature, have put upon the utterance of precepts and maxims. Shakespeare has contributed much of this sort of wisdom to literature, but himself seems to have had a contempt for it, indicated by the characters that utter it. Trench, speaking of proverbs, says that Shakespeare loved them well; doubtless, but what that concerned humanity did he not love well? Still, we must be careful how we infer Shakespeare's critical opinions from his tastes, or his personal convictions from the form of his dramas. Their very perfection as works of art veil the real opinions of the author, so that, while one of the most prolific of writers, he is one of the most mysterious of men. If anything can be adduced from his dramas as to his critical estimate of maxims, it looks in the opposite direction. Not the frequency, but the manner of his use, reveals his intellectual valuation of them. It would be unfair to suppose that because an author introduces oaths, he loves profanity; if his characters are profane, he must make them speak profanely. Nothing could be better than the precepts offered by Polonius to his son; he puts the quintessence of wisdom into the perfection of form. The passage is too familiar to require quotation. One might imagine Shakespeare saying to himself after writing it: "There is advice worth heeding;" but the myriad-minded man treated his superb words with a deeper truthfulness, and placed upon them the stamp of *vanitas* by putting them into the mouth of "a tedious old fool"—"a foolish, prating knave;" and, as if to deepen his sarcasm upon his own wisdom, represents it as utterly wasted upon the shallow Laertes, and Polonius himself as treating flippantly the very vices of his son against which his precepts had been aimed.

George Eliot puts her wise sayings into the mouth of the keen, worldly-minded Mrs. Poyser, whose main object in life is, that the butter and cheese shall be well made—not into the mouth of the great-souled Adam Bede, who had a matter on hand in his love-tragedy wholly without the compass of maxims, however suitable to his case.

It may be laid down as a canon of criticism, that a great author does not put his apothegms upon the lips of his great characters, nor of those who have great matters on hand, but of side-characters,—separated in

sympathy from the drift of the drama or tale,—lookers-on, and often incapable of taking any part in the events before them, other than a formal summing up of their meaning in witty generalizations. In the *Idyls of Tennyson*, it is not Arthur, but his fool, who moralizes; and in *Don Quixote* it is the squire, rather than the knight, who "cannot open his mouth but there drop from it almost as many proverbs as words." On the other hand, it is only inferior writers who make their great characters talk sententiously and quote maxims for their guidance. We feel a sense of weakness in those books, the chapters of which round out into moralizing,—with a moral announced in the preface, and a moral tagged on as a colophon. We infer that the author is not strong enough to make the characters speak for themselves, and that, being unable to create a battle, he introduces a herald to rehearse it. The ground of this criticism is, that we want *life* instead of its interpretation, and that if one is given, we do not need the other. A great writer depends upon the inspiring power of his characters, rather than upon formulated deductions from their conduct. We search in vain at the close of the great tragedies of Shakespeare for any moral that the reader can transfer to his note-book and walk away with. The moral is in *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*, and *Othello*, themselves, and cannot be detached and formulated.

We would refer only with utter reverence to whatever is found in the Holy Scriptures, but it must be confessed that the Book of Proverbs suffers a constant sense of abatement as to its practical value, when the character of the author is considered;—if its precepts could do so little for him, can they do much for others? is the inevitable suspicion. It is very needful to tell men that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge," but a man fearing the Lord is a better teacher than the precept. Doubtless "a wise son maketh a glad father," but a wise son making a father glad does more for his generation than by informing all generations of the abstract truth, and himself violating it. The Twenty-third and Fifty-first Psalms have done more for the education of the world than all the maxims of Solomon. The one yearning cry of David after "the living God," supplies a stronger motive power in civilization than do the three thousand proverbs of his son. The harp that gave forth the single strain of blessing and prayer was mightier than the pen of him who was wiser than Ethan and

Heman, and Chalcol and Darda. The reason is simple: one drew his knowledge so directly from God that it was filled with the vital power of God, and therefore was strong enough to keep him from idolatry and the abominations of Moab; the other, by the very act of formulating his knowledge, and by virtue of the very perfection he was able to give to the form, transferred to it somewhat of his faith, between which and the formal precept there was no true correlation, and he was left without moral support. Such precepts may yield a framework strong enough to support an intellectual conviction, but one which breaks down when the whole weight of the temptable nature is cast upon it. Hegel has said that "Solomon would not be possible in the Gothic world;" by which he meant that the freedom of spiritual life that Christianity has wrought in the Western nations would not admit of a character framed out of elements so formal as maxims. James I., the weakest monarch that ever sat upon the British throne, might have been accounted a wise king in the Eastern world.

But it is not so much with the maxims of the past that we quarrel—the home-made wisdom of the world (though many of them that pass current at the world's counter are fit to be classed with William Blake's, which he plainly calls "Maxims of Hell;" such as that of Franklin—"If you would bind a friend to you get him to do you a favor;" as with the threatened prospect that formulated wisdom is to become our chief teaching. When our friends of the Positivist school have demonstrated and scorned us out of faith, and inspiration, and direct teaching, and accountability to a personal God, what moral guides do they propose to give us instead? What can they give us but moral precepts drawn from the present theater of human life and action? What more can they say than that it is well to act and feel thus and so? These prescriptions of conduct and feeling will, of course, be compounded with the exactest analysis, put up in the most elegant form, and dispensed with the utmost profusion. At the risk of being considered out of order, we would offer a motion from the other side of the house—that, in view of the coming era, it is wholly unnecessary to frame new precepts, as competent scholars can produce them by translation from the Chinese, of sufficient variety and number to embrace all the phases of life that society will be apt to assume for some time to come. They are

quite free from any taint of spirituality; they are strictly wise, and carry prudence so far as actually to exalt it into religion; they leave no part of life unregulated, but, with scientific thoroughness, provide guidance for all possible circumstances. In fact many of these maxims are said to be nearly identical with the leading precepts of Christianity, and to indicate their origin and first use. It may indeed occur to some that there is a possible connection between these formal precepts that underlie the entire life of the Chinese nation and its actual condition—fettered by forms, devoid of all freedom, incapable of inspiration, without the conception of progress, repeating the ages with such exactness that history has no field, mere copyists from their crafts to their worship, the faculty of invention fairly expunged from their nature. The condition and characteristics of the Chinese nation furnish an exact exponent of the working of formulated wisdom dissociated from the Divine Will. The excellence of the precepts does not alter the result. The stringency with which they are enforced and obeyed but strengthens the bondage to which they conduct, since it shuts their subjects more and more within the rigid confines of law, and therefore without that freedom which is to be found in the recognition of an Eternal Will.

We advert, in passing, to a theory now much urged in certain quarters, of the similarity between the Confucian and Lautszean maxims and the precepts of Jesus Christ; but when, on the one hand, the maxims yield a Chinese civilization, and, on the other hand, are connected with that of Christendom—"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay"—it indicates that the true power of the maxims consists in their relations, and not in themselves; in other words, that only as they are connected with an intelligent Divine Will, and so are changed from formal rules into spiritual teaching, do they conduct men to free and exalted life. The secret of human society is not to be found in the golden rule, but in God who teaches and inspires men with its truth. By itself, wisdom is nearly the weakest element in the education of the race, as it was almost the first product of the race. Before men could plow the soil or sail a ship, they had put into form the leading moral duties of mankind. Not a savage tribe is dragged into light by the ethnologists but is found to possess a very respectable set of maxims—quite good enough to have saved

it had they possessed saving power. We make no issue whatever with the scholars who are finding the precepts of Christianity in the more ancient literatures; doubtless they are there, and many more of rare truth and purity. The special power of Christianity does not lie in its precepts or formulated truths, but in the revelation of the living God by his Son, whose precepts were the merest incidents and fractions of his all-revealing Life. Words that by themselves signified only bondage, became, when uttered by him, signs of freedom, because they came from the will of God, which alone can make men free.

As we said at the outset, there is a tendency to bring society under the teaching of mere formulated wisdom—maxims, precepts, and the like. It must be admitted that the sense of the personality of God as a Being in constant and intelligent relations to the race is growing weaker,—not indicating a final result, but a swing of the pendulum to the other side,—due to the prevalence of the scientific habit of thought. It is the province of science to ascertain and define truth, and it is fulfilling its vocation with wonderful fullness and accuracy. It has got nearly all of the universe at hand down upon its maps, in its formulæ of quantities and proportions, classified and labeled with such astonishing skill that the world is fast getting down on its knees in adoration. The special feature of science is the precision with which it ascertains and defines law, and its pentecostal season seems to have come since prayer has been required to submit itself to mathematical tests. All this might be very well in itself if it did not induce a similar process in the region of the moral nature, which is not well; it is inducing a habit of formulating the laws and duties of man as a moral being out of the phenomena he presents as a mere dweller upon the earth. If the process goes on, we shall soon have all the moral functions and duties of man clearly tabulated; he will not need to search for the kingdom either within or without; his phenomena have been exhaustively analyzed, the content of his nature fully determined, and the *Q. E. D.* of his conduct follows as a matter of course. In short, there is prophesied a scientific millennium; the friction of doubt will pass away; the heretofore boundless expanse where the soul was often lost in the mazes of its own liberty will be carefully explored and walled about; the heavens will receive a firmament of nothingness save astronom-

ical spaces, and formulæ will be framed for solving every question of duty! We trust our friends who indulge in these glowing anticipations will not consider us intellectually reprobate if we do not share in their hopes. We prefer for a time longer to retain the privilege of at least doubting if there be not a personal God, of sinning and repenting after the old fashion, of holding on to a liberty so wide that no law, scientifically ascertained, can cover it. We will still dream that our nature is too deep to be sounded by any plummet dropt by the hand of science, and that its very glory is that it cannot be so measured.

"But," it is urged, "if our nature cannot be explored and its phenomena brought under observation, what basis is there for truth? what certainty will there be in conduct?" We reply, that a scientific basis for moral truth, and scientific certainty in morals, are just what we do not want; that the rigid certainty of science applied to the moral nature would be as mildew upon it. Shall we then have no certainty as to moral truth and conduct? Yes, but not such as science offers and demands. If it be urged that there is no other, that certainty can only come from phenomena, and that these must be ascertained by science, we take refuge in regions called superstitious by our friends, with the words of Elihu upon our lips: "Days should speak, and multitude of years [that is science] should teach wisdom. But [for all that] there is a spirit in man: and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." If they fail to follow us, with the plea that we are beyond the limits of science, it is what we desire—that they shall not follow us unless they leave behind them their tests, chemical and otherwise named, and whole apparatus of comparative anatomies and the like, and put themselves with us in the way of knowing that man is the child of the infinite God, and therefore cannot at all be comprehended within their finite measures.

There are two things that science cannot manage in a scientific way—*life* and *will*. We are told that the laboratories are being worked very industriously at present with a view to compounding the former, and that sanguine hopes of success are entertained; but we have not learned that a plan has been suggested for the creation of a *will*. It might save a waste of material in experiments in that direction to remember that the will, in its nature, is unscientific. Whatever law is, that the will is not. The outcome of law is phenomena measurable by

science, but the outcome of the will is free acts in no way measurable by science. It has no test, or gauge, or formula, that it can apply to them. There is a vast world of reality into which science can no more enter than a man can walk through the depths of the sea. We regret to observe that rather than face it, and confess its inability to measure it, it turns its back upon it.

Now, because we cannot recognize what is called the scientific way of measuring the contents of human nature, and because the will lies utterly without the scope of science—the zenith of its nadir—we have little regard for abstract, formulated wisdom that obtains in the shape of precepts, maxims, and sharply defined principles. However wise and suggestive, just so far as they are regarded as decisive and unquestionable, do they become, sooner or later, snares and fetters in the way of true and full life. However broad and deep, they cannot measure the variety often required in human conduct, and so may hold it back from the noblest and wisest action. Life is corre-

lated, not to formal rules, but to spirit and inspiration. Hence, any attempt to swedge the conduct within the scope of maxims or fixed principles will result either in dwarfing the subject or bursting the grooves. They make no allowance for the insolvable mystery of life, for freedom, for inspiration, for the action of that witness which is in every man, that answers to the voice of God.

The first and last rule in the treatment of a moral being is to make him free, and this can only be done by making him subject to a spirit in distinction from a rule. Concretely—we would leave him open to the teaching of the ever-acting spirit of God, rather than subject him to any set of principles inductively drawn from his phenomena as a mere dweller upon the earth. Still more concretely—true moral freedom can be maintained only by living unto and in the personal God—life to life, spirit to spirit, in eternally constituted relations, which, because they are ever acting, and therefore forever changing, cannot be measured and formulated.

A MEMORY.

A LONELY garden sloping to the ledge
Of rugged cliffs that overhang the shore;—
Its broken terraces, its unclipt hedge
Weedy, run wild; its pleasance tangled o'er
With wanton vines;—there, in the evening gray,
Dew-drenched, the clustering white roses sway,
That, veiled in tender dusk of purpling light
Like fragrant phantoms, glimmer through the night.

There, spicy-breath'd carnations fringe the walks;
There the chaste asphodels their chalices
O'erbrim with sweetness; drowsy on their stalks
The scarlet poppies nod; a fitful breeze
Heavy with scents of balm goes wandering on—
Trist that so soon the loveliest days are gone,—
To die upon the shore where broken, faint,
The melancholy surges sob their plaint.

Deep hid within a bosky alley nigh,—
Where at hot noontide still cool shadows fall,
And still in purple-hearted pansies lie
Dew-drops at noon; where sings his madrigal
The nightingale unto the rose near by,
When shine the stars;—white from her pedestal,
An innocent-faced Psyche droops above
A shattered column, and a ruined Love.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES SUMNER.

THIRD PAPER.

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

THE rumor of the assassination of President Lincoln came to Mr. Sumner when he was dining with Senator Conness of California. On receipt of the news, doubting its truth, he jumped into a carriage and drove at once to the White House, where the tidings had not yet been received. Robert Lincoln, of whom inquiry was made, accompanied Mr. Sumner, and his driver was so impressed with the necessity for haste that he galloped his horses all the way to the theater. They found that the dying man had been carried to the house opposite, and then Mr. Sumner joined the circle around the death-bed.

When all was over he started for Mr. Seward's. Gen. Halleck offered to drive him over. They stopped only to warn Andrew Johnson not to leave his house (Kirkwood's Hotel) without a guard, and in this way announced to him that he was now President.

General Halleck left the Senator at the house of the Secretary of State. Soldiers met him at the door. They knew him to be one who was familiar with the inmates, and readily admitted him.

"No, you cannot see Governor Seward; he is dangerously hurt."

"But, Mr. Frederick."

"Oh, sir, he is dying."

"But you can send my card to Mrs. Seward or Miss Fannie; they will wish to see me."

This was done. Mrs. Seward sent for him to come to her. She met him on the stairs in her night-dress. "Charles," she said, "they have murdered my husband—they have murdered my son." All that he, the long-time friend, could say to console her was said, but he went away with those words ringing in his ears: "They have murdered my husband—they have murdered my son." When he next saw that face it was at peace; Mrs. Seward died soon after. She never rallied from the shock of that night.

It was nearly eight o'clock when Mr. Sumner reached his own lodgings. He found his house surrounded by a guard. The officer in charge informed him that the soldiers had been stationed there for his protection,

and told him of the anxiety felt at his absence from home, and that, while some friends were seeking for him in every direction, others were waiting his return in his rooms.

That terrible morning! As the Senator sat stern and haggard over his untasted breakfast, friend after friend came in to assure themselves of his safety. Their tone was gloomy; some were almost hopeless as to the future. But Mr. Sumner was steady in mind and unshaken in courage. In that atmosphere of terror, when so many lost nerve, he remained calm, and had the full use of his powers. To one who feared that all was lost he said:

"No; nothing is lost, all is assured. This last dying throes of the rebellion has cost us inexpressibly valuable lives, but it will separate from the lost cause its best men. No fear of a second rebellion. Those who fought us are soldiers, not assassins. Once there was danger that the sympathy of the unthinking might go with the defeated. That is past. Rebellion, successful, would, as revolution, have received the welcome of the world; but defeated, and degraded to assassination, it has covered itself with the world's contempt. These lives have given us back the South. Those who carried the sword will revolt at the knife. The work of last night, much as it has cost us, has won more for us than any battle-field. I tell you it has shown the South where treason leads, and what is its spirit. No fear of a guerrilla war now. Our soldiers defeated their armies; but the culminating crime of the rebellion has destroyed their cause."

"Yet," said one, "our leaders are gone."

"But the republic remains," replied the Senator. "While all are useful, who is indispensable? A successor always appears, whoever falls."

And so he reassured the faint-hearted, and comforted those who were weak in the faith.

As days passed, the city settled down to its daily work. It was found that the conspiracy had expended its full force, but still the soldiers were kept at Mr. Sumner's door. Always annoyed by such precautions, he was doubly annoyed now. He sent for the officer of the guard and asked

that the attention be discontinued. It was replied that they were there by order, and must stay while the order continued in force. But would the officer give his compliments to his Colonel with his request? Certainly, was the answer. But the next day Mr. Sumner was informed that the Colonel was powerless in the matter, as the orders came through the Provost Marshal from the Secretary of War. The request was forwarded to Mr. Stanton, who curtly declined to remove the guard; and the declination was coupled with the assurance that the guard was necessary to the Senator's personal safety. A sharp note from Mr. Sumner, to the effect that he would be responsible for his own person, only elicited a sharper one from the War Secretary, to the effect that the responsibility could not be transferred from where it belonged, coupled with an intimation that Mr. Sumner's courage exceeded his discretion.

This time of irritation seemed to make even Mr. Sumner irritable. He so fretted and chafed under the presence of the guard, that for a while the relations between the Secretary and the Senator seemed to be actually endangered. Hoping to arrange affairs, I obtained permission to see Mr. Stanton in relation to the matter myself. As I knew his habits, I called at the War Department between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, and was allowed to see the Secretary. He received me kindly, and seemed much annoyed at the Senator's persistency in desiring the removal of the guard. On learning that the Senator did not credit the statement that he was or had been in danger, Mr. Stanton went into the matter at some length. It appeared that the secret agents employed by the War Department ascertained that the original design of the conspirators had been to capture, and carry away alive, if possible, the President, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, and certain other leading men, among whom was Mr. Sumner himself, and that it was feared that the plot which had so changed in a moment, that the President's life instead of his liberty had been taken, might change again to Mr. Sumner's injury in the absence of proper precaution.

But the most singular part of the matter, and the one which made care in the Senator's case more than usually necessary, was the evidence that an attempt had been made to reach him on that night of terror, which had been defeated by his absence from his house. Simultaneously with the murder of

the President, two rough, stalwart men had gone twice to Mr. Sumner's rooms, and their suspicious demeanor had so frightened the women-servants who saw them, that no concurrent story had been obtained from them as to the appearance of the intruders. The servants had been carefully examined and their every word had been phonographed; drawings of the suspicious visitors had been made by artists from the description shown to them, and altered again and again until they could no longer suggest any change in form or feature. Photographs of these had then been placed in the hands of the detectives, but up to this time no tidings had been gained as to the persons sought. They might have come up from hell and then gone back there, for all he could learn, the Secretary said. But so long as they were undiscovered,—or at least so long as their identity was not known, Mr. Stanton thought it absolutely necessary that some care should be taken of Mr. Sumner, so notoriously careless was he of his own safety. On hearing these details, Mr. Sumner ceased to demand the removal of the guard, though he jocosely professed to be more afraid of them than of those they were to defend him against. Perhaps he had reason, for the soldiers had refreshments each night at his expense, and the kind of refreshment was left to the selection of the Sergeant. But when the lady of the house permitted her cook to give the soldiers coffee and sandwiches in the kitchen at midnight, instead of having the refreshments served from the neighboring restaurant, the guards were less dangerous to their friends.

Who the two men were that so frightened the servants at Mr. Sumner's lodgings and by their singular actions gave point to the suspicions of the Secretary of War, was often a subject of conversation among the very few of the Senator's friends to whom the incident was known. They naturally watched the developments made during the trial of the conspirators, but no conclusion was reached. It remained as one of the unraveled tangles of affairs until after the Senator's death, when I accidentally came upon the trail which led to the discovery of the identity of the suspicious characters, and I received from their own lips, they having little idea of the commotion their course had caused, an account of their visit to Mr. Sumner's rooms on that eventful night. They were Members of the Massachusetts Delegation to Congress,—one the late Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, now Mr. Sumner's

successor in the Senate, Henry L. Dawes; and the other his friend Mr. Gooch.

The facts were thus detailed: Mr. Dawes and Mr. Gooch had been to Richmond, and returning to Washington, had made a tour of the battle-fields about Manassas, reaching Washington on the night of the fourteenth of April, 1865, about sunset. After supper they started out for a walk, joking each other as to their appearance. And well they might. Their clothing was rough, travel-worn, dusty, and even mud-stained. Their hands, faces, and necks were much sun-burned, in spite of the wide-brimmed hats they wore. Each carried a stick or, rather, a cudgel, cut as a souvenir on some battle-field, and the hair and beard of each were longer than usual. Thus accoutered, they concluded to call on Mr. Sumner. He then had chambers at the corner of F and Thirteenth streets; they knew the house well; so, without ringing, they mounted the stairs and rapped at his door, using their sticks. When it appeared that the Senator was out they left his house, and, passing on, concluded to call on the President. There again they were disappointed, for it appeared, when they rung at the White House, that Mr. Lincoln had gone with some friends to the theater. On their way back to their hotel, they stopped again at Mr. Sumner's lodgings, and again went up to his rooms, and rapped at his door. The noise they made brought a servant to the foot of the stairs. They leaned over the balustrade and questioned her. When did the Senator go out? Did he say when he should return? Would it, they queried between themselves, be worth while to wait? And then they laughed at the evident fear the servant had of two such rough-looking customers. As they were quite fatigued, they went back to their hotel, and in the morning woke to learn that while they were last at Mr. Sumner's lodgings, the shot had been fired that took the life of Mr. Lincoln.

ANTI-SLAVERY LITERATURE.

Mr. Sumner had many books in various languages bearing on the question of slavery. The pamphlets he had gathered were bound, in thirty-two volumes. The books were geographical, statistical, and biographical, rather than philosophical, while the pamphlets were largely made up of speeches, essays, and tracts published in this country, France and England. This collection filled two shelves in his widest book-case, and was

always kept together. With every speech he made, he had added to their number some rare old work—some original source of information—exhumed from some antiquarian book-store, or imported through Westermann of New York, or Pennington of Philadelphia. Almost every book represented some especial stroke in his fight against slavery; and, as he would look over his arsenal, he could point to the particular work done by each weapon.

During the winter of '72-3 he had been much secluded by ill health. His physician had forbidden labor, so he was restricted, as he said, to browsing among books, instead of actually reading them. Thus he had gathered new works about him until every table, chair and lounge was groaning under their load, and heaps so encumbered the floor, that navigation among the piles was difficult, if not dangerous. At last he consented to have them reduced to some order. They must be put on the shelves, and room must be made for them by the removal of books that could be best spared. "But which are they?" I asked. He demurred to each suggestion until it appeared that he would consent to the removal of none. Then we went over them again, and when he was shown that the removal of the anti-slavery books would make much more room, he consented to send them to a closet. "Their day has gone by," he said. "They may be hung up as curiosities, like the cross-bows in the Tower. Their places must be filled with the weapons of the time. But keep them together; who knows what turn affairs may take? It sometimes looks as if the old fight were to be fought over again."

THE ALASKA PURCHASE.

While the question of confirming the treaty with Russia, relative to the purchase of Alaska, was under discussion in the Senate, Mr. Sumner made a speech in Executive Session in support of the measure, so thorough and exhaustive, that it was deemed desirable that it should be published, and to this end the seal of secrecy was removed from the proceedings so far as the speech was concerned. The Senator had expended much labor in informing his own mind, and in making up an opinion on the subject. As Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, he had access to all the information, in print or in manuscript, that the State Department could furnish. The facts in possession of the Russian Legation were

placed at his disposal. Whatever could be found on the subject in the Congressional Library was opened to him. But all this was insufficient. So he had recourse to such original papers as could be found in the Smithsonian Institution, which had come from our exploring expeditions, or had been acquired through the Institution's system of exchanges with other scientific societies and foreign governments. Here, too, he found much that had been learned by the explorers in the employ of the Russian and American Telegraph Company. As the papers thus unearthed were mostly memoirs on particular subjects, the labor of separating the matter he wanted from that which he did not care for was great, and the result was an immense mass of undigested material, a large portion of which was in other languages. But he found that much of the technical language employed was incomprehensible, even with the help of lexicons. So he called scientists to his aid, and with their help brought order out of chaos. Mr. George Gibbs, who was with him at Harvard, helped him in his ethnological inquiries. Professor S. F. Baird, Assistant-Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and now Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, gave him much assistance in his examination of the fauna and flora of the new purchase. Professor J. E. Hilgard, of the Coast Survey, was appealed to on the physical features of the country; and Mr. Theodore Poesche, of the Treasury Department, searched many books and manuscripts in German and kindred tongues for all kinds of information. With these facts before him, the Senator was able to make up his own mind on the subject, and, when on his feet in his place in the Senate, to give the reasons for the faith that was in him. Yet when he was requested to prepare the speech, thus delivered, for publication, he found he had much work still before him. But he went at it with his usual energy and patience, and when he had it in type, sent the proof-sheets of such portions of the speech as related to their several specialties to his various scientific friends, with request that they would alter anything that was wrong, no matter how trivial the point. When his wishes in this respect were carried out, the printers had a season with the proofs that bore heavily on their patience. The second proof being ready, Professor Baird was consulted on the work as a whole. It now appeared that different geographical names had been incorrectly used as synonymous, and, as the Professor said, that the Senator

"had got his whales in the wrong places." There was something of comic despair in the Senator's tone as he asked, "Must I go all over this work again?" But he did go over it again and again until it was pronounced "good" by his scientific advisers, and that, too, under heavy pressure of other work. When the speech was finally published, it was found to be so accurate and complete an account of our new purchase, that the Coast Survey Bureau published it in several editions, with its own map folded therein, as the authoritative description of Alaska.

The only place at which the speech can now be obtained, except in the volumes of Sumner's Works, is at the office of the Coast Survey. Although the country has since been largely explored, this speech is even yet spoken of by the geographers and scientists as singularly full and exact.

SUMNER'S BOOKS AND AUTOGRAPHS.

Mr. Sumner's love and appreciation of poetry was intense, and his knowledge of the best, ancient and modern, was large and varied. It has been said that he could have reproduced Milton's Sonnets were every copy destroyed, and that he could largely contribute to the reproduction of "Paradise Lost." I was much interested in a lady's account of a conversation with Mr. Sumner at an evening party when he was a young man. Her brother, the eminent Judge Walker, had been his classmate at Harvard. He had come from the West to Cambridge to deliver a Phi Beta Kappa oration. This lady, his sister, had accompanied him. She met Mr. Sumner at the house of Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis in the winter of '49-50. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" had just appeared in England, and the rumor of its great beauty was exciting attention. Conversation turned on it, when it appeared that Longfellow had received an advance copy from Tennyson himself, and that Mr. Sumner had read it to or with Longfellow. Of course he was questioned, and it was found that he could not only describe the poem, but that he could quote largely from it, and this he did again and again on request. "Tennyson," he said, "has done for friendship what Petrarch has done for love."

His books of "letters received" contain replies from many poets, especially the young, showing how much they were touched and aided by his kindly appreciation and genial criticism. If his biographer can only obtain the letters he wrote to them, he can make a

long and interesting chapter. Those I remember most vividly are his letters to Jean Ingelow. Among the presentation volumes which adorned his shelves were many which contained graceful little inscriptions acknowledging the encouragement and aid the authors had received at his hands. In some of the books the letters transmitting them were pasted, but more lately the letters were inserted, for greater safety, in his letter-books. But those presentation volumes contain characteristic and valuable autographs. They have all gone to Harvard, and in due time will be accessible to the public.

His books were not as numerous as might have been supposed. They may be divided into three classes: tools, rarities, and author's presentation copies. Books for his own reading came from the great libraries, he so well knew how to use. Among the tools may be classed his dictionaries, Webster, Worcester, Pickering, the French, German, Italian, and Spanish, the Cyclopedias, and the various annals of Congress, together with the documents published by Congress. The rarities consisted of such works as could not be found in the libraries, because of their great value and scarcity, and of beautiful or singular editions of the works of his favorite authors. It is impossible to say how many editions of Milton he had, but certainly there were twenty. The editions of Burke's Works were even more numerous. He was a connoisseur in binding as well as in typography, and many books, highly valuable for their contents, would not have been found on his shelves, but for the exquisite tooling of their covers. In most of these volumes can be found some extract in the Senator's own hand, copied from some other work relative to the peculiar beauty of this particular edition. Sometimes an extract from the catalogue, pasted on the inside of the cover, will give the description. But oftener there is nothing to draw the attention of the unskilled. Old Mr. Lycett, the finest binder in Washington, who had made his fame in England, and who died here one of the acknowledged artists in binding, would consult the Senator's taste in cases where his best skill was involved; and Mr. Roberts, the able foreman of the Government Bindery has many anecdotes of the hours passed with Mr. Sumner, while listening to monologues on his art, illustrated by the production of books showing precisely what was suggested.

Among these books were many choice volumes of the classics. Of the editions of

Aldus there were more than fifty volumes; of the Elzevirs, more than a dozen; there were at least two Lions, and a pair of twin Diamonds,—the Prince Regent's edition of "Horace,"—which could only be read with a magnifying-glass, and, as was remarked, were so small, one must put on glasses to find them at all.

The books on vellum, the illuminated manuscripts and missals, illustrated with colored initial letters, and head and tail pieces; the books of the middle ages that were in old times secured with chains to the desk on which they were exhibited; such books as Bunyan's Bible, Milton's *Pindar*; bound autographs, such as Burns's "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," abounded in drawers, and were shown to those who thoroughly appreciated them, when the Senator was in the mood. These filled four boxes, and were valued separately by experts as they were packed, and still many of the books that might have gone into that list were scheduled with the Library proper.

The ancient autographs, those prior to 1688, such as Queen Elizabeth's, Leicester's, Strafford's, and others of like age and value, were scheduled with the above; but the four cases of modern autographs were not. The ancient autographs were fragmentary and unclassified, but the modern were arranged alphabetically, and classified with skill and taste. Among these were letters from Madame de Sévigné, the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, John Sterling, Earl Spencer, Robert Southey, Mary Somerville, Miss Martineau, Sydney Smith, Mrs. Shelley, the author of "Frankenstein," Thackeray, Dickens, Noon Talfourd, Wilberforce, Professor Whewell, Wheaton, Webster, John Wilkes, Basil Montagu, Macready, Monckton Milnes, Miss Mitford, Tom Moore, Robert Morris, Daniel O'Connell, Procter (Barry Cornwall), William H. Prescott, Timothy Pickering, the poet Rogers, and Josiah Quincy.

Many of those from contemporaries were addressed to Mr. Sumner, but much more valuable ones can be found in his letter-books.

Beside the portfolios of royal quarto size, were twelve octavo bound scrap-books filled with franks of British Commoners. These were evidently acquired in form, as very few were addressed to himself. They are simply envelopes, or letter-backs pasted upon the leaves; but on most are a few words, sometimes in the Senator's own hand, indicating the history of the writers.

Among the books, presentation copies are very numerous and valuable. They

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came from authors in all fields of literature: romance, poetry, law, philosophy, medicine, theology, architecture, painting, sculpture, including almost every subject on which thoughtful men have written. Nearly every English or American name known to modern fame, has found a place on his shelves. Not only American authors, but English, French,

German, Spanish, Italian, and Russian have sent him their works. Scarcely a book among all these that is not valuable as an autograph; scarcely an autograph that is not characteristic of the author, and when it is considered that such presentations always elicited a reply, some idea can be had of the price paid for the collection.

(To be continued.)

BIRDSALL OF MAPLETON.

"MABEL, don't you want to come for bitter-sweet?" said Birdsall as he took her hand, keeping an eye on his horse at the gate.

"Yes, indeed, Will," she answered merrily.

"Well, get your hat and shawl, then."

Down the long-winding hill they drove, and through the village street beneath the arching maples, all aflame with their autumn splendor. Mabel's eyes fairly glistened as she looked and exclaimed:

"Oh, Will! isn't it splendid?"

And he, with his face turned toward the reflection of all that shining vision in her eyes, and cheeks, and hair, replied:

"Mabel, you look like a saint in a painted window."

She laughed and looked up with a pretty toss.

"But I'm not much like one when the sun is down and the maples burnt out, am I, Will?"

Then the horse's feet rang on the bridge, scrambled up the steep hill, trotted away a mile or two through fields green as spring-time, and cedar-lined by-ways, till the spot was reached where the vines hung on the trees full of the scarlet berries. Mabel had chattered as much to herself as to Will, of the stream and the squirrels in the fence-rows, the grace and tenderness of the Indian summer weather, and had hardly noticed that her companion was less full of gay spirits than herself, was stiller and soberer than usual. They gathered the vines, and she wound the sprays about her hat as they rode homeward in the tawny sunlight.

"Will," she asked, looking back, with a touch of soberness in the midst of her merry humor, "how long is it since you first brought me here?"

"A long time, Mabel," he answered, looking at her. "We have had many happy days together, haven't we? We have been after bitter-sweet every fall, but we have only found the sweet of it so far. I hope we are not going to find the bitterness yet awhile, Mabel."

"Oh, Will," she said, with a swift flash-like regret and a moisture in her eyes, "I wish we could go back and begin again. I wish this was the first time we ever came here."

"Then you are engaged to Chris Markham?"

She turned with a flash of anger in her cheeks and eyes.

"Then" she retorted. "What do you mean?"

"I'm very sorry," he said, in a low tone.

"You have no right to be sorry," she continued, and she flung away the spray she was twining. "I believe you are jealous, Will."

"Do you think so?" he asked.

"Oh, no, I don't, Will," she answered, changing back as abruptly to a gentle manner, and taking hold of his arm deprecatingly. "You're a good boy," with a touch of her natural archness, "a great deal too good for me. No, I know what you mean; you think Chris is not a model young man, and I know he is not. But I'm no angel myself, as you know very well, and Chris is a good-hearted fellow. It's his generosity and good-heartedness that lead him astray; people know he can't say No, and impose on him and lead him into trouble. He has too much money and too little will, and I will relieve him of the one and supply him with the other," she laughed, shaking her curls at him, and adding: "You know I have

enough and to spare, Mr. Will, so you had best say no more."

So he drove along in rather rueful silence, until she made him smile in spite of himself by her chatter, merry and spontaneous, and unreasoning as a brook's; by her comical, graceful play of figure and features, and the bubbling laughter of which she was full, that had a touch of pathos for him withal. As he lifted her out at her door she laid her finger on his lips an instant, and looked into his eyes and said:

"Mind, now, you're to be a good boy and not meddle. And promise me, Will, that, whatever comes, you will not let anything come between you and me."

And he answered:

"Mabel, I will be your friend as long as you let me."

Then he drove homeward with a mingled soreness and sweetness in his heart, and the feeling of her hand upon his face.

Mabel was the motherless child of an unsuccessful man. She was willful and light-hearted and handsome, quick to laugh or to cry, fond of pleasure and beautiful things, and impatient of restraint and poverty. She had tried to help her father after a butterfly fashion, and Will believed her failure was one incentive to her acceptance of Markham.

They were married in the spring and traveled all summer. Then Mabel was occupied a long while with laying out, remodeling and furnishing the new place, and when that was done there was endless coming and going and festivity, and Mabel bloomed out into splendid beauty and spirit that made Will's heart ache, though he hardly knew why. He had not seen a great deal of her in this busy time, though she never saw him without coming to him in her old frank manner, and often reproached him for keeping away; though, indeed, it was hard to find her at any given time. Will went alone that season and gathered the bitter-sweet one gray, chilly day in early November, having waited for a chance to see if Mabel would care, until the berries had already begun to shrivel on the vines. When he took her the sprays some days later, he found her and Chris together in the early evening, with bright lights and a glowing grate fire, looking very pleasant and homelike.

"Why, you good-for-nothing Will!" she cried, when she saw what he had. "What do you mean by going for bitter-sweet without me? I won't take it; you must come and take me the first fine day."

"I'm afraid it's too late, Mabel," he answered. "I got this last week, and you see the berries were shriveling then, and the weather is colder since. I came to speak to you about it two or three times, but you were out."

"Oh, yes," she retorted, "you always make things out to suit you. But I don't care; I think you're as mean as you can be. You never come to see me any more, or come always when I'm out, which is the same thing."

Will laughed, and answered:

"Or you're always out when I come; which is it?"

Chris was lounging on a sofa, looking at a paper, and he threw it down.

"Birdsall, you're right," he broke in. "We are always out, by George! We're going all day and all night; we work harder than Mike, the gardener, by Jove, we do! We never stay home without we've got a crowd of folks that only care for a fellow's victuals and furniture. I say, Mabel, I wish you wouldn't go to that thing to-night. Birdsall is better company than anybody there, and we can have a good, cozy time."

Mabel laughed at him.

"Oh, Will, you wouldn't believe how domestic Chris is getting," she said. "And, by the way, I am sorry to go and leave you, Will, but we're promised, and I know you won't mind; but come in to-morrow, and come oftener now, or I shall scold."

So they went, with no good grace on Markham's part. He made no great ado about it, but that was the beginning of a difference between them that widened slowly yet surely. I am not going to try to detail the gradual estrangement; enough to say that it went on growing until the two foolish, quick-tempered children, found out what Will thought they might have seen at first—that the greatest folly they could have committed was to marry one another. The only things about poor Chris that were tolerable to Mabel were the dash and brilliancy the command of money gave him, and the childish pleasure the command of his money gave her. For their sakes, she blinded herself to his ignorance and roughness, and her natural repugnance to them; and Will thought that distaste of his company was really, unknown to herself, an additional incentive to her love of gay company. So, by and by, when matters had gone the length of plain speaking between them, and Chris had made her understand what he expected of her, she showed him her aversion for the

plain, ungilded Chris Markham pretty plainly, and matters were not mended thereby, as may be guessed.

Will went in a good deal, and by a clearer vision than either of them possessed, and the use of all his tact, he often smoothed matters, or cleared up a threatening storm without showing his hand, but often came away sorry enough after talking and laughing them into good humor. He wondered till he was tired how the unhappy affair would end, and he could not see; but time and fate unraveled the tangle in their own efficient way.

All Mapleton knew before the winter was out that the Markhams were not living happily. Chris took to frequenting his old resorts in the taverns of the neighboring town, and brought home company whom his wife held in open scorn. One night he made the acquaintance of a clever fellow named Griffiths, good-looking, and something of an artist. Each had what the other wanted—one money, the other brains. Griffiths made himself very agreeable, and Chris took him home one afternoon and introduced him to Mabel in a defiant kind of way, as much as to say, "Turn up your nose at him!"

This handsome, soft-voiced, neat-mannered new-comer was somewhat different from Chris's usual companions, and he took a comfortable place in the house with easy assurance, and kept it. He dressed well without having any regular business or known resources, his pictures being few and strangely undervalued by the dealers. Mabel could not help liking him, and indeed few people could when he laid himself out to please. He went shooting and fishing with Chris, and was at his house a great deal. He played the violin, of which Chris was very fond, and he drew caricatures, and scribbled verses, of which Chris understood little and cared less, but which amused Mabel. She tried her own hand at the pencil, and surprised herself and her friends by her success, and Griffiths undertook to instruct her.

Will did not like Griffiths; the first time he met him at Markham's he treated him so brusquely that Mabel took him to task the next day.

But matters went more smoothly in the Markham house, and sorry as Will had been before, he wished the rougher time back now. He cut Griffiths when he met him with his utmost scorn, but only got easy complacency in return, and behind his back ridicule and the name of a prig and a boor. Will so despised poor Chris for not seeing

the fellow as he did, that he unconsciously made him share the scorn meant only for Griffiths, and a coldness grew up between him and Chris also, which, we may be sure, Griffiths helped as much as he dared.

Will knew that whispers of evil already crept about, linking the name of this good-for-nothing with Mabel's, and he burned with resentment, not the less that he was impotent to prevent or combat them. Nobody started them or could tell where they came from, but the ones most concerned were the only ones who did not hear them. Will drugged away at his little weekly "Mapleton Messenger," and wondered rather bitterly that he should be at odds with Chris and Mabel, while he felt nothing harder than pity for both, and for no better reason than that he would not dissemble his dislike for a scamp.

One day in later spring he was writing in his little office, when the door opened and Chris came in.

"Birdsall," he said, in his high, clear voice, with a quaver in it that was new to Will, "there's nothing between you and me, is there? If there is, I take my part back."

"That's all right, Chris, sit down," he said. He saw there was something new the matter.

"Thank you, Will, you're a good friend;" then, with sudden vehemence, "you're the only friend I've got, I believe; by Heaven, you are! Look here, I found this in my hall. They're always sketching and fiddling, and lally-gagging about art, and the devil knows what. I didn't half know what they were talking about, but I want to know what this means."

It was a clever little sketch that he showed Will. A mounted knight had paused at a castle gate, and drank from a cup which a pretty lady handed him, while her fat, stupid-looking lord showed in the background. Now the lady's face, without being at all a likeness, at once suggested Mabel's. Under the drawing were these lines:

"O lady fair and sweet
And gracious, at thy feet
My thanks I render.
Would it were mine to stay,
And to thy graces pay
An homage tender.

"I hear the battle's call;
The warder on the wall
Bids me not linger.
Yet more than hot affray,
Than warning, more I weigh
Thy taper finger.

"And should it bid me wait,
I'd dare the worst of fate,
Palsy or blindness;
For love of thy dear grace,
Dishonor, death, I'd face,
And count them kindness."

When Will had read them, he said:

"That's Griffiths' writing?"

And Chris answered:

"Yes, and that is Mabel's face. What does it mean?"

"It means that Griffiths is a scoundrel, and that you are a fool if you don't tell him so the first time you see him. I suppose you can see that."

Will spoke harshly, and Chris cursed Griffiths, and swore he would teach him a lesson.

"And look here, Markham," Will continued, "that is all it means. Do you understand? It doesn't mean anything about Mabel. I've known her all her life; I believe I know her better than any one else, and I know that what I say is true. You believe that, don't you?"

And Chris answered "Yes, yes," and broke out crying.

Will went and locked the doors.

"She don't care for me. I don't believe she ever did," Chris complained, sobbing and swearing together. "I meant to do right by her; by —, I did! I don't know what I'm going to do."

Will had always held Markham, beyond a shallow liking for his good nature and free-handedness, in but ill-disguised contempt. But when stress of circumstances brings us down to first principles, as they had Chris, an inch or two more or less of height is no great matter. Will reached across and pushed back Markham's head, until he could look into his eyes, and spoke to the despised fellow with greater frankness than he ever had to another.

"Look here, Chris, don't be a baby. Listen to me. You are not the only man who has loved Mabel and suffered on her account. Do you understand?"

He spoke quickly, and his voice trembled as he talked. Markham looked at him and was quieted, perceiving an emotion as strong as his own, if more restrained.

"Yes," he answered querulously. "I suppose you have. Is it you that she loves, then? Did you ever ask her?"

Will got up and thrust his hands in his pockets and frowned, with his head bent, but not looking at Chris.

"No, I never asked her; I never thought

of it. We grew up like brother and sister. I don't believe she ever thought of me otherwise, and I did not think of it till it was too late. But I found out when you came between us, and I could have killed you for it."

He stopped and ground his heel into the floor, and then turned toward Chris.

"But it's no use quarreling about has been or might be. We're not children, and we've got to take things as they are. I've got to stay here and scratch away alone, and you've got to go back and make the best of your bargain. It's no good kicking against fate; you only bruise your feet and don't make the path any smoother. When you've kicked out that scamp, there's only two things you can do—humor her, and make her at least respect you, by walking straight. Don't be a fool and try to drive her; she never would do a thing that they tried to make her since she could walk alone. And don't make her loathe you as a companion of sots and blackguards. If I can help you any way you won't have to ask twice."

Chris vowed he would try his best, shook hands and went off, feeling very friendly toward Will, and resolved to be all gentleness and forbearance toward Mabel. He arranged a little scene as he rode homeward, in which he was to be quietly forcible and forbearing in the manner of Birdsall, and afterward things were to go smoothly, with mutual allowance and helpfulness. Arriving at home, and coming in with that humor on him, he found Mabel drawing, and Griffiths looking over and directing her, and the little drama of gentleness and accommodation did not ensue.

In the month or two that followed, Markham tried to force Mabel to renounce Griffiths' acquaintance, with the result that Will had foreseen, and Chris went half mad with jealousy and disappointment. Will saw the wretched affair go on, but could only look on, and wish and regret. He knew that Mabel had no innate leaning toward evil; he had watched her closely, and was sure she had no weakness for Griffiths sufficient to mislead her, unless she was very much beguiled by anger as well as artifice; but he knew the smooth fellow was artful, and Chris was playing into his hands with all his might.

The end came one hot Thursday night. A rumor of fear reached Birdsall in the early evening. Mabel had left her home, half mad, and resolved never to go back.

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Then the devil met her in the way and tempted her. After hours of agonized searching, Birdsall came upon the bridge at midnight, and she was there waiting. She bade, besought, commanded him to leave her, tried to elude him, but he held her fast, and when she struggled, and fiercely ordered him to let her go, held her the faster, and answered:

"I will drown you first."

Then, by his words and manner, her eyes were somehow opened, and she became suddenly scared, and made him hurry away from the bridge with her. But she would not go back; she said she could not, and Will, for his part, could not urge it. The storm of grief, remorse, shame, fear, and restless passion that she poured out wrung his heart, and made him helpless as a child.

She wished she were dead; that she had never been born; that he would drown her, as he said; said she would go away alone, anywhere where she was not known. He asked her if she had a friend or relative to whom she could go, and she recalled some one he did not know, and said she would go to her. She knew the way; she would walk till morning and then take the railroad. She had no money. Will gave her all he had but some odd pennies. She cried and thanked him. Could he spare it? Had he more? He said yes, not to think of it, it was nothing. So she went.

She had not told him the place she was going to, but if he went back he would be questioned and tormented with gabble. The place was hateful to him; he was sore and desolate; all the world had gone after her, and he must not follow; for her sake he left all behind, and went out alone also.

That same night Chris Markham had a chance meeting with Griffiths and a short and sharp balancing of accounts.

Griffiths was not seen about for some time after that, and when he was, his face was not nearly so handsome as it had been. Then he startled the community by charging Chris with foul play toward his wife and Birdsall. He made oath to an ingenious story into which his own injuries, the disappearance of Mabel and Will, and many other real and apparent facts were fitted, and which he found credulity and gullibility enough to support. He set the lawyers and a blackguardly rival of the "Messenger" to work; filled out his charges with details and circumstances; seasoned them with scandalous hints and insinuations that spread like leaven among

people and papers till the storm that howled around Chris grew to something terrifying. For months he was dragged about and abused; examined, investigated, accused of everything imaginable, reviled with ferocity, until a local paper one day fell under Birdsall's amazed eyes far away, and he came swiftly and scattered the horrid illusion to the winds. Griffiths fled, and Will and Markham went back to Mapleton together from the county town where the trial had been going on. Chris was much shaken and sobered. As they waited at a junction in the night, he was silent and absent, and when the whistle of their train sounded, he turned and asked Will if he knew where Mabel was, and Will answered that he did not.

Birdsall set the "Messenger" afloat again. He was conscious that Chris mistrusted and watched him. He never went away for a day but he met Chris somewhere. He went once to the southerly town where he had been reporter in his absence, and, sitting in the office, there saw Chris looking in. That made him very angry, and he went out quickly, but Chris was gone. That afternoon they met face to face, and Markham demanded roughly:

"Birdsall, I want you to tell me whether Mabel is in this town."

The hot blood flooded into Will's head, and his impulse was to answer with a blow, but he curbed himself and remembered, and tried to make due allowance.

"Markham," he answered, "don't you ask me another question like that. She may be in this town, for all I know, or in Maine or Oregon."

The anger with which he began became blended with a tremor of pathos in the last words, and then changed to a sudden yearning of heart which softened him toward poor, foolish Chris.

"Come along, Chris," he said, "I'm going home. And look here, Chris, don't hunt me any more; there's nothing to get out of me. You know you two are best apart; you said as much to me before she went away. It isn't like as if there were children; then it would be different. I'll tell you all I know about it."

So they came to a clear understanding, and Chris begged Will's pardon for doubting him, and got it easily.

After that Chris began to show a sort of dog-like attachment toward Will, a still kind of hankering to be in his company. That horrid dream of accusation and prosecution

had changed him greatly. He shrank from his old tavern comrades, who had almost unanimously turned in at Griffiths' heels and hounded him to conviction. He had lost his old lightness and high-keyed chatter. He would sit in the office for hours, if Will was busy, reading the paper, or what not, exchanging only a word or a nod, and perhaps a smile, at entering. When Will set to work to copy anything, or do any mere routine work, Chris would lean over and say: "Can't I do that?" or, "Let me write that, won't you?" And Will, finding him careful, and pleased to be allowed, let him do more and more, until by and by Chris became as regular in his duties and attendance as Bird-sall himself, without ever a word of agreement having passed between them. No paid service was ever more faithful than this labor of love. Will never thanked him; in fact they hardly ever said much beyond the necessary converse of business, but he talked before Chris upon his most private affairs as if no one were by, and trusted him with anything he had. So by degrees there grew up in the dull, rich young fellow, a very great unspoken admiration and affection for his taciturn friend. And so summer and winter came and passed, the tacit and mutual liking growing stronger, and Chris becoming more of a man than Will would have believed. The "Messenger" did not succeed more than tolerably; it was not "spicy," nor servile toward the people or the politicians. Will had to rake and scrape to lay by something for the new presses so badly needed, and finally had to buy them on part credit for three months. The time of payment came round very quickly, and he was unable to get the money together. He was a good deal harassed for a week or two before. Chris knew what the trouble was, but Bird-sall said nothing to him. The day before the note came due he missed Chris from the office. Will had collected all he could and was going the next day to pay that and try to get more time. It went hard with him to do this, but there was nothing else for it. He was busier that day on account of Markham's absence. Late in the day he picked up the day's paper, the "Messenger" having already gone to press. The first thing he saw was this:

"WILL: I am in trouble. Come and help me. I will be at the stone church where we picnicked, at eight on Friday evening. Do not fail.
MABEL."

He crushed the paper into a drawer, hearing some one at the door, and Chris came

in. He looked at Bird-sall, and wondered if anybody else ever took a money matter like that.

"I was in the city to-day," he said.

He fumbled round among papers at his usual place, and then picked up one or two on Bird-sall's table, looked at them, laid them back, and went out.

There was a paper lying before Will that had not been there, and he picked it up. It was his note to the press-makers, and their receipt in full.

He got up, as if the paper stung him, and went into the press-room. The printer had got the press to work and struck off a good many sheets. Will pushed him away, and bade him roughly to print the tickets of a concert.

"They're all done," said the man.

"Print more, then," was the harsh reply.

He pointed impatiently toward the small foot-press, and took hold of the other himself. When Chris came in after supper, the building was quivering with the clang and thumping of the press. The compositor came out and asked him to go in and see the boss, saying the devil had got into him, and he didn't dare speak to him.

Chris went in and looked at him in wonder, working away with his might, and neither seeing nor hearing. Then Chris took hold of him and caught away the sheet he was about to print, and held it before his eyes.

"Don't you see? It's been struck off once," he shouted. "You're sick; go home, now, and we'll attend to this."

Will saw what he had been doing; he had only seen her face before, and heard her voice calling him, while his arms wrought mightily and blindly, and a like aimless striving waged within him. He turned and took hold of Chris's arm in a weak kind of way, and said:

"Chris, I say—"

Then, noticing the other man, he turned away and went out. He ran home and washed and dressed himself. He walked the five miles to Vail's Landing, and caught the night boat. At Carthage he had to wait five hours for the train. The church she spoke of was at Bayhead; a party of them had gone there once in a sloop on a summer cruise.

The stone church stood apart on a hill between two hamlets. He was late; he heard the clock strike eight a mile away. He stopped on the green before the church and looked about. As he turned his face in

the moonlight he heard a low cry, and Mabel appeared from the shadow of the deep door-way and came to him quick and fluttering, as a sheep hunted by dogs will run to you and huddle close, trembling and breathless, and begging protection with mute, appealing eyes.

"Oh, oh, Will!" she cried, "I was afraid it was not you. Oh, I'm so glad! I've been so frightened! I was so afraid you would not come."

She trembled and would have fallen if he had not held her up. And sitting there on the doorstep of the lonely church, she told him incoherently and brokenly how Griffiths, with his hateful, scarred face, had been dogging her for months, meeting her everywhere, and scaring her in a hundred ways, until she was nearly out of her mind. She had been in despair at last, and remembered Will's parting promise to come to her aid at need.

"And now you must take care of me, and tell me what to do. I've tried to go alone, and it's been so hard. You were always so good and strong, and I'm only a weak, foolish, frightened child. I'm so tired and so glad!"

He stood up and looked to right and left eagerly, and she held him by the arm.

"Oh, Will!" she pleaded, "you won't leave me? Say you'll stay and help me."

"Yes, yes," he answered with passion, reaching out his hands but not touching her. "If the scoundrel was here now I would kill him."

"No, no," she continued; "don't mind him. I don't care for that now. I'm not afraid of anything with you, you were always so good and brave."

For answer he took her hand under his arm, saying, "Thank you, Mabel; you're very good," only half knowing what he said, and led her away.

He walked crookedly along the road, and knew not whither it went. She thought him wise and strong, and he wondered if there were another in the world so weak and so blind. If she only knew. Care and fear had chiseled her face, yet the long, tense strain of these late months had nearly crazed her, and the effect was as if she had grown younger by twice the time since they parted. The trust she manifested toward him was more of the child than the woman—unreserved, instinctive. He saw that, and it added pity to his stronger feelings, and made the battle in him more unequal. Woman or child, he could not

but know that in her extremity she had chosen him, of all the world, to guide and shield her, and that thought made the earth reel under his drunken feet. Then he heard, above everything, the creak and thumping of the printing-press, and saw the honest friendly, trusting face of Chris.

The road led along the ridge through moonlit fields full of June verdure, and the air was flooded with the sweetness of the locust blossoms and the lonely calling of distant whip-poor-wills. Then the gleam of the water broke through the trees, and they came winding down toward the shore. A bell sounded over the water, and a steamer came surging in toward a wharf below. Will did not know what boat it was, but he said:

"Come, Mabel, we must hurry, or we shall be too late."

So they hastened and went on board, and the boat went on her way. They sat on the upper deck, and the peaceful panorama of dark shores and bright waters stole behind them. Mabel seemed content to sit still near him, and he said little, bending over her and speaking low when he did, and gently, but with an undecided, introverted air. Gradually the other passengers went in, until they two were left alone on the deck at the stern. It grew chilly and late, and he saw she was tired out, and thought it no wonder. He set two long seats together in a sheltered corner, gathered the cushions and arranged them, and bade her lie down and rest. She hesitated a moment, and held his sleeve.

"You won't leave me?" she pleaded, with a tremor half of weariness and half of fear. "You'll be near if I fall asleep?"

"No, no, Mabel; don't be afraid," he replied. "I'll be near you. Lie down and go to sleep, poor child; you're tired to death."

So she nestled among the cushions in perfect trust, and slept through the midnight and dawn, while Will sat by and kept his lonely vigil. Early in the morning Mabel lifted her head, and stared about, confused and fearful for a moment; then seeing Will, a glad look of recognition and contentment came over her, and she smiled and rose out of her nest and came to him. The sun was rising, and they stood together looking at it a minute or two; then he turned and saw how its flush lit up her face, and she said:

"Have I slept so long? And you have sat up all night. Poor Will, you must be very tired."

"No," he answered; "I shall be all right when I've washed my face."

So he put her in charge of the stewardess, and left her a little while.

*The boat made an end of her voyage; across the wharf an excursion-boat was starting, and they went aboard of her. They sat together at the bow in the balmy morning wind. Neither of them knew where they were going, and neither cared. The boat plowed on through breezy waters and morning sunshine, past islands of emeralds, and sloping shores beautiful as Paradise. The spices of woodlands and balm of the clover-fields floated out to them; the happy twitter and warble of countless birds filled all the fields, and by and by from an orchard came the pathetic notes of the brown thrush, that fills the shady places with its brief, rich, full-toned call.

"Do you hear the thrush, Mabel?" he said, softly, and they listened to it singing at intervals the same brief, touching carol, so calm, so evadively sweet.

"You remember it, Mabel?"

"Yes; we used to hear it in the dark woods at home as we rode by. Hark!"

And the lonely carol came once more.

"Do you think it's a happy bird, Mabel?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I used to think it was mournful and lonesome in the dark places; but it doesn't seem so now."

She looked up at him as she spoke, with an expression of childlike trust and peace that brought a feeling of tears into his own eyes as he said:

"No, it is not a merry bird like the others, but happy out of a full heart like one who smiles through tears."

So they went back and talked over all their childish days, as the ever-shifting stream of beauty drifted past them, and the boat made landing after landing. They were children again, wandering together with no care, and nothing between them. A great joy took utter possession of Will, and he gave himself up to the one immeasurable happiness of being alone in the world with her, and having her look to him alone and want no other. They sat by the rail and watched the white clouds form and float across the perfect sky; they walked the deck together to and fro, to and fro. Sitting or walking, talking or still, she was full of the sweetness and comfort of one got safe home after tempest and fear, and Will was fiercely happy just to know that, and have her to watch and hear and care for.

The hours went by like minutes; he knew the sun was swinging up and up, and would have stayed it if strong desire had that power. The dinner-gong startled him as if it had been a knell, and an inarticulate cry for he knew not what swelled up in his heart, "Oh, my God, my God!"

The sun swung over and began to sink. And swifter than the swift morning, the afternoon slid by in the same delectable dream, so happy that it trembled past the verge of pain. They stood together and watched the sun dip behind the fringe of trees over a distant ridge. Across the waters streamed the molten gold, and all the scene was steeped in the hush and tender hues of sunset. He felt the light pressure of her fingers on his arm, and he grudged every inch of space between sun and horizon, and would have liked to have that sunset last for all time. His eyes turned from the flaming west at last to the flushed cheek beside him that made his heart ache, it was so thin and transparent in the crimson light. Presently she, too, turned, and something in his look seemed to disturb her vaguely, like one looked on steadfastly in sleep. Past him, her eyes went on to the wharves and shipping and spires of a city. They had spent the day in a dream of the past; the inevitable present faced them now.

"What place is that?" she asked. "Where are we going, Will?"

He looked away toward the nearing town for a minute or two, then turned back.

"I don't know exactly yet," he answered. "Is there any place you would like to go to, or—or—?"

But she looked up without doubt or questioning in her face and said:

"Oh, no; I have no place to go to. I can't go back where I was; they were very good, and I shall always love and be grateful to them; but I can't go back, and I can never go anywhere alone again."

She shuddered and drew close to him, and glanced around fearfully as if expecting to see the hateful face that had haunted her to her wit's end.

"Oh, no, I've no place, and no person in the world to go to but you. And I'm sure I could have no better if I had all the world to choose from. You were always my best friend, and I know what you do will be right. I will do whatever you say. I'm sorry if I trouble you; I was always a trouble to you."

"No, no," he answered hastily, "it's anything but a trouble. You're very good to trust me so."

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He could not say more. The boat warped into her wharf where they had taken her in the morning. They went ashore and strolled in the city streets till evening drew on. By and by he perceived that she was tired, and looked about for a place of rest. There was a hotel a little way off, and he took her in, left her in the ladies' parlor a minute, and came back and gave her a key.

"You can go up now," he said; "the servants will show you, or you can sit here awhile."

She saw that he looked haggard, and said: "You're tired yourself, Will, and no wonder; you had no sleep last night. Poor fellow, you're quite pale, and black around your eyes. I'll go now and not trouble you any more to-day. But you'll be here in the morning when I come down?"

He promised, and they said "Good-night," and she went up to her room.

Will went out into the streets and wandered about. Her face, her voice, her presence, filled him, heart and brain; her trust, her complaint, her smile, the touch of her hand, her half-fearful, half-compassionate look, and lingering at parting, the dream of unspeakable happiness that day had been. And her words rang like a swinging bell in his brain, "I will do whatever you say; I know what you do will be right." He did not, he would not, he could not think of anything else. All his nature was flooded and borne along with no more thought or possibility of resistance than one who resigns himself to the delicious swirl and flow of a midsummer tide, with nothing more solid under his trailing feet than the treacherous eddies and clinging sea-grass. The chime of her sweet tones swung on back and forth in his brain, "I have no one else I can go to; I would not if I could choose; I will do whatever you say."

A fierce impatience and hunger took hold of him for another day like that, for another and another, for all days, fair or stormy, to be with her, help her, guard her, comfort her, fight and die for her if need were. He had not chosen or planned that day of days; he could not see how he could have avoided it if he had desired, as Heaven knew he had not. He had gone about his duty honestly, taken the hard and dark places as they came without whining, and as manfully as was in him. Was his duty less plain or incumbent because it was anything but hard or dark now? Had not others their sweetness mingled with the cup of life? Had not fate sent this hunted, stray lamb, to his care and

keeping, and could he think for a moment of putting her away, or setting her some hard new task, who was never made for tasks any more than a robin? She had shown her gladness of heart in every word and look all day, and slept like a play-worn child because he was near. Fate had unmistakably brought her and bidden him guard her and make her happy, and had as markedly shown him the way. Oh, it was all plain. He only put it so to himself for fairness' sake. The world would not understand, but he need not try to explain—the earth was wide and long. He had long ago learned that the world's rules, though good and wise, and not to be lightly disregarded, were, of necessity, general, and fitted few particular cases exactly, and sometimes did not apply to a special case at all. He remembered having seen such exceptions very plainly once or twice, and having thought the persons involved should act carefully and according to their conscience, but should keep to themselves the necessary real or apparent deviation from the usual path for the sake of the distinguishing multitude who would only be led to condemn blindly, or confuse right and wrong altogether. This was clearly a case of that kind.

Oh, it was all very clear and very, very sweet! But why, then, was he wandering aimlessly while early evening drifted into night, and the city gradually went to sleep? Why did his face take on the feeling of corrugated iron, and his head feel the grasp of a vise? He asked himself if he was sick; but if he was, or if he was tired out with emotion and want of sleep, why in the name of reason did he not go to bed? He neither tried nor felt any sort of wish to resist the flood that bore him along, but perhaps he had some vague suspicion that this same delicious current might fling him on jagged, sunken rocks, or murderous sharks' teeth, or he dimly perceived that somewhere, not far off, lay the breezy harbor bar, beyond which was scant hope of return, and farther on the heaving ocean of terror, full of darkness and destruction.

Late at night he found himself at the door of a railway office, and heard the clicking of the telegraph instrument somewhere within. He went in, looking and feeling like one worn out with a week's carouse. He talked to the clerk a few minutes, and came out. A train had come in meanwhile, and a number of the passengers walked along with him. He came to a hotel and went wearily up the steps, a dozen or so of the belated travelers

clattering before and beside him. One man stopped at the door and looked back, and, as Will gained the topmost step, a hand took hold of his arm, and turned him aside toward the light; and the face that had looked out at him all that night from dark places and flaring windows, and passing vehicles, confronted him now, and said,

"Birdsall."

It was Chris.

He only held Will so and looked at him steadily, but he saw and felt that he shook from head to foot in his grasp, and turned ghastly pale. Little had Birdsall ever thought he should quake before the simple fellow whom he had once so despised and always looked down upon—that he should have to deprecate before him, and Chris have the upper hand.

"Where is Mabel?" Chris asked sternly. "Is she here?"

"Yes," Will answered, and his voice shook with the rest of him.

Chris glanced up at the building, and then back to Will with a dark look. But then Will remembered something that had been driven out of his head for the moment. A thrill of stern joy went through him, and he thanked God and gathered his strength to stand up and face Chris, and his voice did not shake now.

"Don't speak to me again or look at me like that. She's not in there. Come here."

He led Chris back the way they had just come, and into the telegraph office.

"Have you had any answer to my message?" he demanded of the clerk.

"No. I'd have sent it if I had."

"Let me see what you said."

"I said just what you wrote," the operator answered surlily. "There it is, if you can't remember."

Will glanced at the message and held it up before Chris. It was addressed to himself at Mapleton, Chris saw, and was in these words:

"Come here as quick as you can."

It was in Will's well-known hand. Chris laid it down, and they came out.

"Will," said Chris, standing at the railway crossing, and in the glare of a hissing engine's headlight, and speaking less steadily than before, "I want to understand. I saw Mabel's personal in the paper the day after and followed you. I heard of your going on the boat the night before and came on by train. She said she was in trouble; what was it?"

Will answered:

"Griffiths."

"What! that devil again?" He cursed him savagely. "Did he do her any hurt?"

"Tormented her till he drove her nearly distracted."

Chris's first words in answer were like so many sobs. Will stood against a lamp-post with his head down. Chris took hold of his hands.

"Forgive me, Will," he said. "I always was a fool. I ought to have known you would do what was right. It's been rough on you, too; you look as if you'd been through a fever."

"Never mind that," Will answered, knowing there was not a great deal to forgive. "But take charge of me now. I'm tired."

Chris took him back to the hotel and got him to bed, and lay down beside him, contrite and pitiful.

Early in the morning he rose very softly and dressed. He was slipping out of the door, when Birdsall said:

"Where are you going?"

Chris stopped, and answered:

"Home."

"Come back," said Will. "Come here."

He raised his head on his hand.

"Chris Markham, could you live in peace with Mabel if she came back?"

Chris leaned against the wall and was shaken.

"I think so. I would do my best. Do you think I could?"

Will looked in his face steadfastly a minute without seeing him, and then replied:

"Yes."

He got up and dressed himself, said a few words to Chris, and went out. He went and fetched Mabel from her hotel. She was sobered when she saw him. They walked along and came to a park. In a sheltered nook he bade her sit down on a bench. The sound of his voice made her cry.

"Don't do that," he said. "I can't bear it."

He turned away his face from her for a minute or two. Then he forced himself, and turned back and began to tell her of the things that had happened since she left. It was the hardest task life ever set him, but he did it the more thoroughly for the strength it took to do it at all. She sat with wide eyes and parted lips, breathing quickly, hot and cold, shrinking, flashing, melting; and when he ceased speaking she breathed low, like a sigh:

"Poor Chris!"

"Mabel," said Will, "you must go back to him."

"Oh! do you think so?" she answered, with a flutter. "Do you think we could—will he take me?"

"Come and see," he said.

They walked along, he hard, downcast, absent, she flushed, trembling, glancing at him with piteous eyes. They came in sight of a fountain and saw Chris sitting beside it. As they stood he looked up and saw them, and Will beckoned. As he came Mabel turned and looked at Will with a doubting, half-concerned, half-frightened air, and took hold of his hands a moment, then faced toward Chris, and clasped her hands before her. Will turned away and was gone before they met.

He did not care where he went or what happened. Though the sun shone, the sky was black and the earth ashes. There was no pride or strength left in him; he was burnt out. He did not want to die nor to live; there was nothing in the world, or out of it, that he wanted then. He was sick, body and soul. He went to bed and they got the doctor and dosed him. He was up in a day or two, and was able to smile when

they said it was lucky they called the doctor in time.

He still edits the "Messenger." He is grave, quiet, has a very pleasant smile for friends and children; is mostly gentle, but can be very scornful. People take him for five years older than he is. He has two friends who would divide their last penny with him. He and his paper are liked by many, feared and hated by some, respected by all. The "Messenger" is not mealy-mouthed; it has no charity for deceit and dishonor, but it keeps its sharpest lash for the arrogant, the self-sufficient, the Pharisaical. It says that the wisest may err, the strongest be broken, the clearest-sighted stumble and miss the path.

And when the editor writes such doctrine, and many times more, a tremor comes over him, and a vision of emerald shores and sweet waters floats before him and blinds him. Then he quakes to remember the rest, and he thanks God, with a certain grimness, that he was not suffered to go to utter shipwreck, but has saved some things that are, after all, worth more than all he has missed, if they are not so sweet.

THE POWER OF PRAYER:

OR, THE FIRST STEAMBOAT UP THE ALABAMA.

You, Dinah! Come and set me whar de ribber-roads does meet.
De Lord, *He* made dese black-jack roots to twis' into a seat.
Umph, dar! De Lord have mussy on dis blin' ole nigger's feet.

It 'pear to me dis mornin' I kin smell de fust o' June.
I 'clar', I b'lieve dat mockin'-bird could play de fiddle soon!
Dem yonder town-bells sounds like dey was ringin' in de moon.

Well, ef dis nigger *is* been blind for fo'ty year or mo',
Dese ears, *dey* sees the world, like, th'u' de cracks dat's in de do'.
For de Lord has built dis body wid de windows 'hind and 'fo'.

I know my front ones *is* stopped up, and things is sort o' dim,
But den, th'u' *dem*, temptation's rain won't leak in on ole Jim!
De back ones shows me earth enough, aldo' dey's mons'ous slim.

And as for Hebben,—bless de Lord, and praise His holy name—
Dat shines in all de co'ners of dis cabin jes' de same
As ef dat cabin hadn't nar' a plank upon de frame!

Who *call* me? Listen down de ribber, Dinah! Don't you hyar
Somebody holl'in' "*hoo, Jim, hoo*"? My Sarah died las' y'ar;
Is dat black angel done come back to call ole Jim f'om hyar?

My stars, dat cain't be Sarah, shuh! Jes' listen, Dinah, *now*!
What *kin* be comin' up dat bend, a-makin' sich a row?
Fus' bellerin' like a pawin' bull, den squealin' like a sow?

De Lord 'a' massy sakes alive, jes' hear,—ker-woof, ker-woof—
De Debble's comin' round dat bend, he's comin', shuh enuff,
A-splashin' up de water wid his tail and wid his hoof!

I'se pow'ful skeered; but neversomeless I ain't gwine run away;
I'm gwine to stand stiff-leggèd for de Lord dis blessèd day.
You screech, and howl, and swish de water, Satan! Let us pray.

O hebbenly Mah'sr, what thou willest, dat mus' be jes' so,
And ef Thou hast bespoke de word, some nigger's bound to go.
Den, Lord, please take ole Jim, and lef young Dinah hyar below!

Scuse Dinah, scuse her, Mah'sr; for she's sich a little chile,
She hardly jes' begin to scramble up de home-yard stile,
But dis ole traveler's feet been tired dis many a many a mile.

I'se wufless as de rotten pole of las' year's fodder-stack.
De rheumatiz done bit my bones; you hear 'em crack and crack?
I cain't sit down 'dout gruntin' like 'twas breakin' o' my back.

What use de wheel, when hub and spokes is warped and split, and rotten?
What use dis dried-up cotton-stalk, when Life done picked my cotton?
I'se like a word dat somebody done said, and den forgotten.

But, Dinah! Shuh dat gal jes' like dis little hick'ry-tree,
De sap 's jes' risin' in her; she do grow owdaciouslee—
Lord, ef you's clarin' de underbrush, don't cut her down, cut me!

I would not proud persume—but yet I'll boldly make reques';
Sence Jacob had dat wrastlin'-match, I, too, gwine do my bes';
When Jacob got all underholt, de Lord He answered Yes!

And what for waste de vittles, now, and th'ow away de bread,
Jes' for to strength dese idle hands to scratch dis ole bald head?
T'ink of de 'conomy, Mah'sr, ef dis ole Jim was dead!

Stop;—ef I don't believe de Debble's gone on up de stream!
Jes' now he squealed down dar;—hush; dat's a mighty weakly scream!
Yas, sir, he's gone, he's gone;—he snort way off, like in a dream!

O glory hallelujah to de Lord dat reigns on high!
De Debble's fai'ly skeered to def, he done gone flyin' by;
I know'd he could'n' stand dat pra'r, I felt my Mah'sr nigh!

You, Dinah; ain't you 'shamed, now, dat you did'n' trust to grace?
I heerd you thrashin' th'u' de bushes when he showed his face!
You fool, you think de Debble couldn't beat *you* in a race?

I tell you, Dinah, jes' as sure as you is standin' dar,
When folks starts prayin', answer-angels drops down th'u' de a'r.
Yea, Dinah, whar 'ould you be now, exceptin' fur dat pra'r?

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Instruction from Outside.

INSTITUTIONAL life, of all sorts, has an innate tendency to get into ruts. This is peculiarly the case with institutions of learning. With an established curriculum, and a corps of professors who grow old in routine, and unprogressive through the lack of intercourse with the world, and through the constant contact with immature minds and rudimentary knowledge, everything tends to become mechanical. It is, therefore, with great pleasure that we notice in some of our leading theological schools the movement to import instruction from outside. The lectures of Mr. Beecher at New Haven, and of Dr. Storrs and Dr. Hall in this city, have been marked and significant events. Nothing more suggestive and hopeful than these has occurred in the history of these schools. The instruction of these men, all of whom have won eminent positions in the practical functions of the pulpit, cannot fail to be of the highest benefit to the young men who so eagerly receive them. Nor can they fail to be of the highest benefit to the professors themselves.

It is said that a prominent New York pastor has freely declared that he learned more about preaching the Gospel in three weeks, from Henry Varley, than he had ever learned before in his life. We believe Mr. Varley has had no theological training. We know little of his methods, but we know that such men as he, and such men as Messrs. Moody and Sankey, who belong upon our own side of the Atlantic, have a power over the popular mind of which theological schools seem absolutely to deprive men. The fact goes to show that there is a kind of knowledge of methods and of men which the theological schools do not teach—have not, indeed, in possession. Would it not be well, now that these schools have begun to import instruction, to procure for their uses some of the wisdom possessed by the lay element? Why is it that a layman, turned preacher, has the power to move men so wonderfully? Why, except that he knows men better—knows their minds and the motives that stir them better—and gets a little nearer to the three or four essential truths of Christianity, and enforces them and stands by them better—than those trained in the professional schools? His work is to save men, and he drives directly and persistently at it. His method is simple, and he knows little and cares for little outside of it.

There is a very suggestive fact that has once been alluded to in these pages, and it naturally comes up here for reconsideration. The literary mind, not only of this country, but of this age, has no faith in the popular theology. The American institution of academic learning is, as a rule, orthodox. The great mass of educated men have been through it, and subjected to its influences. Why is it that when those men come into productive

literary life, they show that they have dropped the opinions in which they were bred? It is one of the subjects of common lamentation, that the men who write are almost uniformly "broad," or "liberal," or "infidel." Would it not be well to take some pains to ascertain what this means? There is a competent philosophical reason for it, somewhere. Perhaps Mr. Bryant, who was bred in old orthodox Hampshire, in Massachusetts, could tell. Perhaps Colonel Higginson, or Mr. Curtis, or Dr. Holmes, has valuable opinions on the matter. If they have opinions so well considered that they would be willing to expose and express them, how valuable they would be to the orthodox theological schools! Then, why not invite them to give to those schools the results of their thinking, and a record of the influences and processes by which those results have been reached?

There is something in the study and practice of medicine which tends to materialism. The fact is patent, but is the theological student armed in any way by his professional studies to meet it? Why not ask Dr. Parker, or Dr. Hamilton, or Dr. Clark, to go before them and talk about it? They are candid men; and whether they are men of Christian conviction or not, they ought to be in the possession of valuable opinions concerning the materialistic influences of their profession. We can hardly imagine any discussion that would be more interesting and fruitful than this.

Again, there is something in mechanical pursuits that tends in the same direction. There is a frightfully large number of mechanics who do not entertain the slightest faith in revealed religion. Why is it that they are so feebly impressed with the ordinary doctrines and appeals of the pulpit? They are among the most intelligent in their calling; they are, in the main, moral in their lives; but they have no faith. How are our theological students prepared to meet these men? We venture to say that there are among them those who could go to the bottom of the whole matter—who could tell exactly why the popular preaching repels them or fails to win their convictions. There are numbers of them who are thoughtful and intelligent. Why not bring them out, and see what they have to say for themselves, and the multitude whom they represent?

It seems to an outsider—even to one whose opinions coincide with the popular religious drift—that the theological student is sent to his work with a plentiful knowledge of his scheme, and a lamentable ignorance of the material to which it is his mission to apply it. He does not know men, or the nature of the influences that are at work against him. He has not the slightest idea of the point at which he is to attack the popular prejudice, or the popular ignorance, or the adverse popular conviction. Pine and ebony are not worked with the same tools. Lead and iron need very different handling; and a

man who has only a single set of instruments for all his work, may manage with his lead, but his iron will master him. There are many indications that the theological schools need a new kind of wisdom, and are conscious of the fact. We believe we have told them where they can find it.

The Shrinkage of Values.

THE hard times for New York and the whole country continue. Men have looked forward to a change which does not come, and which seems as far off as ever. The depression promises to be long, and the revival only to be arrived at after a great shrinkage of values, and the reduction to the strictest economy of public and corporate administration and private life. We are in the hands of circumstances which no human wisdom can manage, or shape; and we shall be obliged to shape ourselves to them. We have too many railroads, and they have cost too much. We have overdone manufactures, and our mills are lying idle, or running to no profit. We have too many middle-men in trade. In brief, we have too many facilities for business. There is not business enough in the country to employ the men and the capital that are devoted to it; and we can only grow up to the employment of them by slow and painful degrees. We shall reach this point quicker by the necessary diversion of this capital and labor to productive pursuits, or by the destruction of the one and the forced withdrawal of the other.

New York seems likely to suffer more than any other city; the reason being, that the high price at which real estate is held, enforces an unexampled expense in doing business. The number of stores unoccupied on Broadway is a very unpleasant indication of the state of affairs in the city. Business is being absolutely forced into side streets, because men cannot afford to pay the Broadway rents. Taxes are enormous, simply because the people who do business in New York cannot afford to live here. Brooklyn has been largely built up by New York men. New Jersey thrives at our expense. The towns up the river and out into Westchester County are made and sustained very largely by men who would live in New York if they could afford to do so. The suburbs of New York are drinking the life of the city; and New York goes on laying out its boulevards and streets, while the abutters cannot sell their lots to builders.

Nor is this all, or the worst. Business goes, in the long run, where it can be done the cheapest. If any specified number of Western products can be handled and shipped more easily and cheaply at Baltimore, or Philadelphia, or Boston, than in New York, that fact settles the question as to where they will be handled and shipped. Trade naturally goes to the metropolis of trade. New York is universally recognized to be the metropolis, and, so far as the lead and the advantage; but, if she cannot furnish the conditions for doing business as cheaply as it can be done elsewhere, trade will just as naturally turn away from her as water will run down

hill. If business men will examine the prices of real estate in the competing cities we have mentioned, and compare them with those that rule in New York, they will understand precisely why it is that the process of diversion has already begun.

For this matter of real estate and rents is destined to settle the whole question for New York, with all her prestige. Business will go where it can be done the cheapest, and that question will be mainly settled by the prices of real estate. The element of rent goes into everything. The clerk who pays from two to five dollars more a week for his board than he would be obliged to pay in Baltimore or Philadelphia, must have that sum added to his weekly wages. The workman who pays fifty or a hundred dollars more per annum for his tenement than if he were in a neighboring city, must earn, in some way, that additional amount. Not only our trade but our manufactures are thus subject to this extra tax, and, therefore, work at a constant and killing disadvantage.

If New York is ever to thrive again, and perfect its growth and importance as indubitably the great American city, her real estate must shrink so that her own people may live upon Manhattan Island, and thus reduce her rate of taxation, and so that business can be done here as cheaply as it can be done elsewhere. It is hard for a man who has had fifty thousand dollars a year for a Broadway store to take twenty-five thousand. It is hard for a man who has paid fifty thousand dollars for a house, or thirty thousand for a lot, to sell it at thirty per cent. discount; but the sacrifice must be made, and the shrinkage submitted to. Rapid Transit may accommodate a limited number of business men now living within the city limits, but it will not populate the vacant territory, unless it can be cheaply bought and built upon. The cost of living in New York is something fearful. A man can buy a dinner for his family at Washington Market at a fair price, but the moment the staples of that market are moved uptown, a sum is added in many instances equal to their original cost at the producer's door. Beef that originally cost from four to six dollars on the foot, rises to an equal advance by passing from Fulton street to Forty-second street; yet we do not know that the market-men make too much money. Turkeys that cost eighteen cents at Washington Market, rise to twenty-five by riding three miles. All this must be changed, and it can only be changed by a fall of rents.

Would it not be well for New York to look all these facts in the face, and accept them, with all their practical consequences, before it is forced to do so in chronic adversity or general disaster? There is but one way out of our trouble. It is just as patent to-day as it ever will be, to all wise men. Why not enter upon it at once, and thus oust the incubus that is pressing the life out of us?

The Music of the Church.

IN a somewhat extended editorial experience, we have had many occasions to speak of the earthly

discords that enter into our heavenly harmonies. The question of Church Music refuses to be settled. There are so many tastes to be consulted in it, it is so complicated with economical questions, it is so overloaded with theories, it presents so many difficulties of administration in its simplest forms, that a church may be accounted happy which can go on one or two years without a row or a revolution. Nothing seems to be learned by experience, as in other departments of human effort and enterprise. Churches pass through musical cycles. They begin, perhaps, with congregational singing; then they rise into a volunteer choir; that fades out, or rebels, and then comes in a paid quartette of professional singers; then a volunteer chorus is added; then comes another revolution, and the church goes back to congregational singing, from which point it starts on another trip around the cycle. Over, and over, and over again, there are churches that do just this, are doing it now, and promise to do it many times more.

In the adjustment of this matter—if it shall ever be adjusted—there are certain facts which must be taken into consideration. First, that music in a city church can never be managed as it is in a country church. The popular singing school in the country, where amusements are few, is a practicable thing. In the city, where life is full, especially at that season of the year when rehearsals are practicable, it is next to impossible to get people together for sufficient practice. A volunteer choir, made up from a city congregation, is one of the most difficult things to maintain that can be imagined. The rehearsals always come in the evening, when everybody is tired or engaged; and, without rehearsals, even tolerable singing is not possible. Congregational singing, without rehearsals, is worse than that of the volunteer choir. If an attempt is made to unite a volunteer chorus with a paid quartette, it is soon ascertained that the more imperfectly trained voices are added to professionally trained voices, the more is the quality of the music depreciated, though the volume of sound may be enlarged. The grand, practical difficulty is that all non-professional singers in a city church have no time to practice their art together. The business engagements of

the men, and the social and religious engagements of the women, are such as to render the necessary rehearsals utterly impracticable.

This ought not so to be, perhaps; but it is so, and it is one of those established facts that must be looked squarely in the face, in any competent handling of the question. Some churches have learned that the best way for them to do is to put their hands in their pockets, and bring out money enough to pay for their music, and have somebody whom they can hold responsible for it. Undoubtedly these churches get along with the least difficulty, and have the best music. We hear a great deal about the congregational singing in Mr. Beecher's church, but Mr. Beecher's church is entirely exceptional in its circumstances. In the first place, it has a large and well-played organ, that is capable of leading, and almost of drowning, all the voices in the house. In the second place, it has a body of professional singers, and, in the third place, it gives a certain seat to every volunteer singer in the choir, in a church where getting a seat is a difficult matter. With such a leading, any congregation can sing. With such a motive, any choir can be steadily filled and maintained. Mr. Beecher's church cannot be mentioned in any general discussion of the matter.

We could get along well enough if we had not so many theories to adjust. "Let the people praise thee," say the advocates of volunteer, or congregational singing. This hiring people to sing our praises is very offensive to many. The theory is well enough, or would be, if the people would sing, or would take the pains to learn and rehearse; but they do not. Volunteer choirs would be well enough if they would observe the conditions necessary to excellence in their performances; but they will not. There is another theory, and, for the life of us, we cannot see the flaw in it, viz.: that it is just as legitimate to hire a band of professional singers to lead us in our praise, as it is to hire a band of professional men to lead us in our prayers. Circumstances compel us to the adoption of this theory, whether we rebel against it or not; and those churches that have settled down upon it have the rare privilege of being at peace upon the question.

THE OLD CABINET.

THERE has been a great deal in the newspapers lately on the subject of conversation, suggested by the advertisement of a Professor of that art.

If we were Professors of the Art of Conversation, we should begin with the teeth. If, according to the philosopher, a lie is too good a thing to waste, so is the effect which may be produced in conversation by the judicious display of the teeth. Teeth is only, after all, another word for smile—in the nomenclature of the art of conversation.

How often, then, in every rank of life (except the

lowest, and, in this matter, the wisest), by the clergyman, the lawyer, the editor, the dry-goods merchant, the artist, the woman of society especially, do we see the beautiful device of the smile utterly wasted and frittered away. There is nothing which can be more ineane and ineffective; there is nothing capable of greater utility and force. The trouble is, that most people, who appreciate the power of this device, smile perpetually, from the beginning to the end of a conversation. The background of facial expression should be rather of a neutral, or perhaps even somber

tone—against which the high light of a sudden smile may be glowingly relieved.

At the beginning of the session with the person before whom your art is to be exercised, the smile, of course, is in order. The features should then take their natural position in repose; or should, if the circumstances seem to require it, assume a graver expression; it might, indeed, be well to show the lines of the brow somewhat drawn together, with a suggestion of trouble, or at least of concentrated attention. Above all things, remember that when your vis-à-vis begins what promises to be a prolonged humorous narration, your face must instantly relapse into quiet. The smile may begin early in the story—but should be very slight and inconspicuous at first, gradually diffusing itself over the entire countenance and coming to a climax with the point of the story—either in an actual laugh, or, still better, in a radiant smile of appreciation, tip-toe on the verge of laughter, and a hundred times more effective for its reticence. No one who has made use of this method will ever return to the old and inelegant system—tiring to yourself and unsatisfactory to your interlocutor—of beginning the facial audience, if we may so call it, at the highest pitch at the outset of his narration, and vainly endeavoring to keep up the strain upon the features to the end. The consequence of such a course is, that either the smile becomes hard and mechanical, or that precisely when most needed it altogether disappears, and you are forced to some clumsy substitute.

You may say that the rule just given is too simple to be regarded. But behold the disastrous results that have followed the ignoring of a method so simple—so entirely within the reach of all. History tells us of a man who rose to the highest political positions on the mere strength of a smile. A discerning and witty people associated the exercise of this gift with his very name. He knew how to smile; but he did not know how not to smile. The constant use of this method of conversation gave his features as decided a set as that which was more artificially produced in the case of Victor Hugo's "homme qui rit." His art was only half learned, and the old adage was again proved true, that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

We might cite another case, in which the art of a whole social life-time was betrayed—we will not say nullified—in ripe old age. There was a man who smiled subtly and successfully through fifty seasons. He then contracted the not unusual habit of falling asleep in company. There would not have been anything serious in this, had he taken the precaution carefully to re-adjust his features before letting himself drop into sweet oblivion. But no; instead of this, he would permit the nicely arranged expression with which he had listened to the last pleasing commonplace still to linger meaningless and ghastly upon his countenance, while his head drooped against the wall or upon his shoulder.

We had nearly forgotten one important point. The most exquisitely proportioned smile will utterly fail of its effect, if the features too quickly resume their ordinary tone. The hand, or rather face, of the

master is shown in nothing more conspicuously than in the delicate shading off of expression. This is the crowning art, by which the art is hidden.

We have no intention of entering at present upon the general subject of facial expression, and only suggest that there is no reason why the Delsarte system should be confined to the public stage. A Professor of Conversation should include in his curriculum a modification of this method, especially adapted to the shorter distances of the reception-room and parlor, and with reference to the direct and reflected lights, and the different tones of the street and the house, both by day and night. It is evident that the expression of the same temper and mental attitude—surprise, flattery, devotion, interest, pique, or what not—must require a different arrangement of the features according to the dress, surroundings, and especially the quantity and quality of the light.

That the utilization of the countenance in conversation is largely a matter of education there can be no doubt. We are well aware that there are persons who are conscious of a strange immobility of features; who feel that their faces are, in very truth, veils and disguises; who, at certain moments of their lives, feel that they would give all they possess if they could tear away the mask and expose their true features, alight with appreciation. But it is a question whether early and persistent education might not have done something for unfortunates like these. On the other hand, you may have seen men who had carried this education to such a pitch that they could execute a visual storm-symphony with nothing but the face for orchestra.

As an example of what may be accomplished by concentrated effort in this direction, we should be glad if we could present here a photograph of the face of the fish vender we met this morning on Fourth Avenue. He was carrying two pails containing fish, balanced one on each side from a shoulder-piece such as you see more frequently in foreign countries, and his whole countenance was given up to the shrill, concentrated, imperative statement of: "Wee-hi-ah,—striped bass!" There was no feature, no line or wrinkle of his crooked countenance that was not abandoned to this one end. A scientific study of a face—and of faces—like that, we are sure would be of incalculable benefit to a Professor of the Art of Conversation. He would be enabled, finally, by analysis and classification, to read even in the silent countenance the inveterate phrase; and he could easily deduce his rules and suggestions. The knowledge so acquired would be of use in other ways. Every man has a favorite pun, or story, or sentence of some kind, which at last makes itself apparent in the set of his features.

" * * * There lies
A conversation in his eyes."

This should be a warning in your own case as to the manner of phrase permitted to dominate your outward presentment; and in the case of a stranger you might learn, by looking at him, the very pun or

harangue that is sure to come—and in this way make good your retreat.

THERE are persons who, in conversation, have the faculty of putting you in the wrong on your own ground. You are, for instance, devoted to the Venus of Milo, so called. You have always considered that your "favorite statue." You have in your house the very best reproduction of it extant—cast from the original, and procured by you at great expense and no little trouble; and day by day you gain new pleasure in it and new admiration for it. You meet Mr. A. B. C. in friendly discourse, and suddenly find yourself forced by his exclusive, appropriating *culte* of the Venus, into what, even to yourself, seems, for the time being, not merely a condition of ignorance and lack of appreciation, but into almost a virulent personal animosity toward the statue. It is as if, in some dream of horror, you had flung at your idol and dashed it into a thousand pieces.

Against conversationalists of this kind you cannot be too assiduously on guard. One method of self-protection is this: Every intelligent man has, say fifty opinions about each topic of conversation that may be suggested. In his own mind, each opinion holds its proper relation, and although the two extremes might, detached, appear incongruous, yet, in his own consciousness, they all have sense and sequence. In conversing with the ordinary mortal, it is not necessary to marshal these opinions in solid, continuous columns. Conversation should not be a battle, but a spring-day excursion into the country, with agreeable companions, in search of trailing arbutus. Yet there are times when you must advance with your heaviest battalions. If you do not, you will find all your resources drawn upon for the defense at a disadvantage of some point in itself insignificant. In other words, state only your leading thought, the one that represents your reigning mood. This is the course to pursue, unless you are wickedly

given to feints and alarms, and all sorts of tantalizing maneuvers.

BEWARE, also, of another kind of conversationalist—the man of negation, the cynic, the anti-enthusiast. Ten chances to one he is not the terrible fellow he seems. Ninety-nine chances in a hundred he is hiding his own conscious incapacities and ignorances under this shoulder-shrugging acquiescence, this well-bred doubt—well-bred it is, only superficially, for at heart it hides the very essence of ill breeding, the desire to hold always the position of advantage at whatever cost to others—in a word, selfishness. Moreover, you are likely to find this very man deprecatingly given to certain select enthusiasms of his own. It is here that you can bring him to the test, and find him human.

THERE is still another sort of converser, against whom warning is of no avail. There is no conversation possible with a person who talks in paragraphs, the separate sentences nicely balanced and ending with monosyllables only when they are most effective; the thought embodied in these paragraphs—opinions of men and systems, no matter how complex—as finished as the stereotyped paragraphs themselves; and no modifications allowed except in foot-notes, also stereotyped!

WE are inclined to believe it would be better to teach people how *not* to converse. Conversation, or what goes by that name nowadays, is a hot-house growth. Good conversationalists seem to have lost their perfume in the over-development of certain showy parts. When a man begins to be a good conversationalist, he begins to lose ground as a man.

It is not at all silly, however, this Professor's advertisement. The fact that conversation can be taught, shows what an artificial thing it is. You can teach almost any one to make wax flowers. We know of but one man in America who can give you the soul of a water-lily on canvas, and nobody taught him the trick.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Camping Out.

IT is safe to say that every reader of SCRIBNER who lives in town is turning just now with longing eyes, and lungs that prophetically breathe the miasma and heat and dust of August, to mountain or sea-beach. The girls bring in to dinner accounts of the Browns' intended campaign to Saratoga, of the Whites' tour to the Lakes. Mamma looks at Jane's thin cheeks, or the baby's pale lips; the father of the family goes down street hopelessly counting the cost of hotel bills at the Branch, or groans at the remembrance of last summer's broiling in a roadside farm-house, with the fare of everlasting bacon and cabbage, and the all-pervading odor of piggery and soap-suds. Now let us suggest again, to bring

rest to these troubled souls, a plan to which we barely adverted last August, but which is rapidly growing in favor with many cultured people who really wish rest in summer, and go out of town to find health and nature, and not fashion and more anxious swarming crowds than those left behind. We mean camping out. A tent, or two if necessary, can be either bought or hired for the summer, and transported with small cost. Excellent portable beds are packed in traveling bags, and sold for five dollars, which will last a lifetime. The tents can be pitched on the beach, in the Virginia or White Mountains; on a Minnesota prairie, within sight of a dozen lakes set like pearls; in the Unaka range, where the bears will sociably visit the camp fire; or on Hudson Bay, where there will be the

zest of a nip of Arctic cold—and all for the cost of transportation. A bag or two of flour, coffee, and sugar, are all the provisions needed. The men of the party can furnish trout, sea-fish, venison, etc., etc., and the women can cook them. We would advise, for a stay of a month or two, that servants be left behind, and the whole family go back as far as possible to natural conditions of life. In cases where easy access to the city is desired, the better plan is to camp on the Jersey beach, near enough the sea to escape mosquitoes, and within a half-hour's walk of a railroad station. An almost absolute solitude is attainable in many portions of the coast, and everywhere, fish, snipe, and crabs, for the taking. People who are above conventionality, and who have a lucky drop of vagabond blood in their veins, will, of course, find the keenest enjoyment in this mode of passing the summer, but everybody will find it healthful and cheap.

Hints in House-cleaning Time.

THESE are the days of the year when, according to all housewives' creeds, the house must be regenerated. Not, of course, the city house; neither the brown-stone palace on Murray Hill, nor even the milder expressions of brick and mortar grandeur on quiet side streets; at this season fashion demands that these shall lapse into brown Holland and dust, and lie torpid until October. But from sea to sea, in all the towns and villages, and farm-places, the innumerable legions of two-story brick houses and wooden villas have just undergone the swashing and drenching of spring cleaning, and their anxious mistresses are eagerly considering how they may be made more comfortable and prettier for the coming year. This is the proper season for such preparation, the winter's stoves and their dust being at an end, and the farm-work, and canning, preserving, and meat-salting, not yet begun. We have a word or two of advice to these housekeepers, with ambitious desires and lean pocket-books, who never saw an "artistic upholsterer," and to whom bric-à-brac, or proofs before letters, are phrases of an unknown tongue.

1st. The principal object of hopeless longing is, nine times in ten, a new carpet. Now, why a carpet at all? It will require at least two-thirds of the money you allot for furnishing—it always does. No doubt the horrible rumor will spread through the village that Mrs. B—"is reduced to bare floors." But you can retaliate and triumph by citing the most costly houses in New York, furnished in the native woods—the very wood which grows at your back door; that is, if you are not strong enough to possess your soul and pretty floor in silence and comfort. The floors of every new house should be finished with well-seasoned chestnut, ash, walnut, or yellow pine, which may be either varnished or oiled. You have then a surface under your feet, with exquisite graining and color, which no loom can equal, and which never needs patch, darn, or renewal. In the living-room, chambers or nursery, a carpet simply becomes a breeding place of dust, impurity of air, and disease. Color and warmth, if neces-

sary, may be given by home-made mats, which can be removed and shaken every day, as are the costly skins, Persian and Egyptian rugs, in city houses.

2d. Having thus saved the price of the carpets, you can afford more to furniture and decoration; and just here we warn you to beware of the "cheap and pretty" system urged in many fashion periodicals. A substantial set of chamber furniture, of good wood and graceful outline, will outlast a dozen flimsy, painted cottage suits, and increase in softness of tone and beauty every year. The economical young housekeeper, too, is apt to cover her walls with chromos, which are given away by tea or life insurance companies, and which hopelessly vulgarize her own taste and that of her children; she pastes gilt paper on wood to make window cornices; she makes barrel-chairs; she spends weeks and months of leisure time in sewing bits of colored cloth on Turkish toweling, or working silk and gold thread on canvas for chair-covers or afghans; the covers and afghans cost twice as much as clear-tinted woolen reps, and are abominations to the eye; her time is wasted; the mock gilding spots will mildew in a month; the staves of the barrel give way, and the visitor collapses inside; the whole house is a palpable fraud, a cheap imitation, and an imitation which soon grows shabby, and requires perpetual renewal. There is no excuse in poverty for sham or flimsiness. The money invested in Turkish toweling, in decalcomanies, or potichomanies, would give to the walls of a room a soft, grateful color; furnish them with good photographs of the best pictures, and excellent casts of two or three of the greatest works of art; would buy strong, artistically made chairs; place a table in the center of the room; cover it with books and work, and fill the windows with living flowers and trailing ivy. In such a room there would be beauty, service, and an education for both mother and children. If our housekeeper will give her leisure time for a year to the study of her children, her photographs and her flowers, she will be first to laugh at her sham gilding and monsters of fancy work.

Some one says we are trenching upon the ground of Mr. Clarence Cook, whose papers all good housekeepers are sure to read. Never mind—it is only digging a hole for a finger-post to point to the "Talks."

About Carpets.

ENGLISH carpets are regarded as the best, and yet any one outside of the trade might be puzzled if called upon to decide between the English and American. The best carpets made here are as durable in material as the foreign, though there is no doubt that the American dyes are inferior, and the colors in our more costly carpets are not so beautiful, and may possibly fade somewhat sooner than those in the imported ones. In buying a carpet the question is not so much whether it is American or English, as whether it is the best of its kind. Tapestry, backed with hemp, will soon wear threadbare, and there has been so much of this in the market that it has created a prejudice against tapes-

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try, while, in fact, good English or American tapestry will wear for a very long time with moderate care. If, on holding Ingrain carpeting before your face, you can see daylight through it, or if, on examining it, you find that it is woven with cotton chain, it will not last long enough to pay for the trouble of making. A carpet should be thick, closely woven, soft and pliable. Wilton and Brussels are the most durable of all carpet materials, but Three-plys and Ingrains are capable of long service, and have the advantage that they may be turned, while the beauty of the Wilton and Brussels vanishes as soon as the surface is worn. The English Ingrain is the best carpet for "turning." It is usually almost as pretty on the wrong side as on the right.

Velvet carpeting is objectionable on account of the difficulty of sweeping it. It is really hard labor to sweep a large floor covered with a velvet carpet, and it seems, too, as if there were no fabric to which dirt is so quickly attracted, and to which it adheres so pertinaciously as to this.

Wilton and Axminster are the most beautiful of our floor coverings in ordinary use, for the superb Turkish and Persian carpets are very rarely seen, even among the wealthy.

Ingrain carpets are not used for halls and stairways. The heavier Venetian takes their place. Wilton is much used for this purpose, as it outwears any other material. Brussels comes next in durability. It is admissible to put the same grade of carpeting in your halls as in your parlors, or a lower grade, but not a higher one. If Ingrain is on your parlor floor, then Venetian must clothe the hall; but if Brussels reigns in the parlor it may also extend its kingdom into the hall, or you may still have Venetian there, but not Wilton or velvet.

It is considered better taste to have the same carpet on entry and stairway (if these are carpeted at all), but there are so many artistic departures from this that it can scarcely be considered a rule. It is good economy to furnish two or three flights alike, though this is, of course, not necessary. If the hall carpet does not extend quite to the wall on either side, it is allowable to have a strip of painted floor border. On the stairs the carpet should not extend across the steps. A space should be left, which can be painted or grained. But why not paint, stain, or inlay your hall staircases, so that they can be washed constantly?

If you desire one of the bordered carpets, now so fashionable, you must be willing to spend money on it. A low-priced carpet of this fashion looks badly, because the coarse threads show obtrusively in the plain center. These carpets with bright borders are very artistic where the other furnishing is made to correspond, and are economical; still more so if the room be of sufficient size to make the center available for some smaller room when this style becomes unfashionable—that is, if you care to be governed by the fashion. Large medallions, baskets of flowers, and detached bunches of roses become wearisome to the eyes after a time. Not so the unobtrusive patterns in rich colors, grayer grays, stone colors or browns (without borders), or the mixed

Persian patterns. Besides, a pattern should have reason; only distinguished historical characters are permitted to walk on roses, like General Washington at Assanpink Bridge.

A carpet will last much longer if carpet lining is put under it when it is laid down. This lining is made of fine wool laid between layers of papers, stretched or quilted. It is considered moth-proof. It is a yard wide, and costs but fifteen cents a yard. Pads should be put under stair carpets, as they not only preserve them, but make them softer under the feet, and give them a richer look. These pads are layers of cotton quilted between cotton cloth, and can be bought at from two to three dollars a dozen, according to the width.

In the spring, carpets should be taken up, well shaken and beaten (not *banged*); the dust should be beaten out of the linings, the latter rolled around the carpets, and the whole sewed up in coarse linen and put away in a dry place until autumn.

How to get Curtains.

It is so common to see houses without curtains, and to hear housekeepers say that they cannot afford them, that we wonder sometimes if they have ever had the curiosity to price curtain materials at the large stores. Here, for forty-five cents a yard, or two dollars and seventy cents a window, are corded cottons of rich shades of green, crimson, yellow, and blue, and graver tints of gray and stone color, with Watteau scenes of pastoral life grouped over them, or parroquets and bluebirds, perching airily on trees, or dancing Cupids and flying Mercuries,—all depicted on thick material, not fine, but not by any means coarse, and falling in folds as rich and heavy as woolen reps, half furnishing a room with its rich coloring and quaint pictures. Finer and more closely woven cottons of almost every conceivable shade of color, with swaying vines, or delicate sprays, or clusters of flowers that look as if painted on a texture with the soft gloss and finish of satin, may be purchased for sixty or seventy-five cents per yard, or four dollars and a-half a window. Nottingham lace, as soft and fine and fleecy as real lace, and of much more beautiful and elaborate designs, costs but five dollars a yard. This is for very elegant drapery, and suitable for quite costly furniture. For the ordinary furnishing of the parlors of the "well to do," lace sufficiently fine in texture, and of beautiful finish and design, may be procured for from one and a-quarter to one dollar and a-half a yard, thus costing from seven to nine dollars a window for this most airy, light, and graceful of all curtain materials.

Now, if one really wants hangings to the windows to break up the rigid uniformity of the straight lines of walls, moldings, and shades, and hesitates because of the expense, a very good way is to consider the curtains and carpets *relatively* when furnishing. Take thirty dollars off your English Brussels for the parlor and put it into lace curtains, and buy English tapestry carpeting instead. For your sitting-room or dining-room buy American Ingrain

instead of English Ingrain or tapestry, and put the ten or fifteen dollars thus saved into curtains for the same apartment. Both rooms will look better furnished than with the handsomer carpets and only plain shades to the windows. It may be said in objection to this that it is better to get the higher grades of carpeting, since they wear longer. This is very true, and, as we have said when speaking of carpets, a real good English Brussels is one of the very best carpets for wear; but the best grades of English tapestry keep bright and sound for several years, and the Brussels, as well as the tapestry, loses its beauty as soon as the surface is worn. It cannot be "turned." It is certainly bad economy to get a very cheap Ingrain carpet, but there is a misconception on the subject of American Ingrains, for the best grades are as durable as the English, though generally somewhat inferior in coloring. But, if you do not wish to save money for your bedroom curtains out of the carpets, the few dollars they will cost can be worked out of something else by good management. Even the coarser varieties of Nottingham lace—some of them only twenty-five and thirty cents a yard—are woven in beautiful patterns, and look very much better in a bedroom than no window hangings at all.

Woolen hangings we have not considered. The higher grades are very handsome, but are also very costly, and the lower-priced ones are stiff and "wiry," and do not drape well. Even the higher-priced ones are not altogether desirable. They can only be used during the cold season, and in bedrooms are unhealthy at any time; and, if the parlors and dining-rooms are small, they make the rooms too dark.

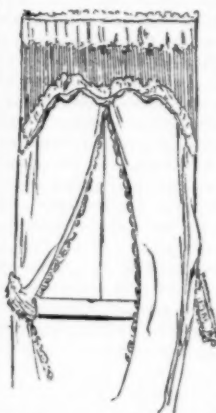
As for the trouble of doing up "washable" curtains, it is not very great. Twice a year generally suffices, except where rooms are constantly used, and in those the hangings will probably need attention about four times a year.

But, it may be said, the curtain material is not all the expense; there are the cornices. Well, the thirty dollars set apart for the parlor curtains will buy a good quality of Nottingham lace, nice gilt, or walnut and gilt, cornices, and cord and tassels for looping for two windows. For other rooms cornices can be made at a small expense, by procuring from a carpenter a suitable pine molding, tacking end pieces to it, and staining it with black walnut stain, which is made by dissolving a quarter of a pound of asphaltum, and half a pound of common beeswax in one gallon of turpentine. If this is found to be too thin, add a little more beeswax, and, if too light in color, add asphaltum; but this must be done with caution, as a very little will make a great difference in the shade.

We have seen pretty Swiss muslin curtains in a bedroom with no cornices at all. Puffings of the material made a very pretty finish across the top; and in another instance a single heavy cord, like the loops, was laid over the gathers; the line of color was a fine artistic effect, and the absence of cornices was not noticeable.

An escape from the cornice may be made by a

lambrequin of the curtain stuff, the trimming of which, ruche or flounce,



plaiting or shirr of the curtain stuff, instead of an ordinary and probably ugly wooden cornice.

Nothing can ever be in as good taste as the rod and rings of our grandparents; these suggestions are for those who do not wish to go to the expense of a rod. A rod of pine wood can be used, covered with the chintz or muslin of the curtain, and rings may be bought by the dozen. The rod can be held by long hooks screwed to the window moldings, which fit a socket on the rod, or fit into a solid wood socket like a kitchen roller.

The "Fashions" in Spring Flowers.

ONE would suppose that, as nearly all the available florists' flowers of any value are known, there could be no change in the fashion of such things. Nothing is more deceptive. By crossing varieties new varieties are produced, and millions of new flowers are brought out every year. Of these, perhaps, one in ten thousand is worth saving, as being better than those already known. This plant becomes the fashion. For the first year or two it is rare and costly. Then it becomes more freely distributed and multiplied, and it goes out of fashion and gives way for something else. Once in a great while a single flower will have such remarkable merits that it holds its own and continues longer in favor, and is in fashion for a number of years. The *Bon Silene rose*, the *carnations La Purite* and *Degraw*, and *Smilax* among vines, are instances of this. Even these in time give way, and newer plants become the fashion. Rarity implies value, and the florist, with great worldly wisdom, makes it a point to have ready every spring such novelties as he can import or raise from seed, and the trade calls these "the style." A new rose is worth a small fortune to its grower. Even a new verbena has "money in it," and the larger part of the profits of the plant trade come from the sale of novelties and fashionable plants.

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Of the new tea roses suitable for out-door planting may be mentioned "La Nankin," a rose of a peculiar bright yellow, tipped with white; "Marie Sisley," carmine touched with white; "Madame Capucine," of a distinct coppery yellow; "Clarie Carnot," of a decidedly new yellow of a bright reddish tint, and having a finely formed bud.

Among hardy hybrid roses may be noticed "La France," a free-blooming rose of a pale peach color.

In new coleus the "Shah," "Serrata," "Hollandi," and "Chameleon" seem to lead. A new white pansy called "White Treasure" is offered. The abutilons are a rank-growing genus and a partly dwarf variety would be useful. There is a new one, having white flowers, and called "Boule de Neige." Among new fuchsias, "Sunray," having variegated foliage, and an erect sturdy look, is worthy of notice. Geraniums are a "sportive" family, and some of the new sports are both novel and valuable. In bronzes, "Black Douglas" and "Marshall McMahon," and in silver leaved, "Avalanche," are good and distinct. Double geraniums have been much in favor of late years; the novelties include "Aline Sisley," a double white; "Asa Gray," salmon; "Admiration," pink, and "La Negre," one of the finest and darkest crimsons ever produced. In zonales, "Master Christine," a dwarf of a good pink; "Jean Sisley," scarlet; "Anna Pfitzer," deep scarlet; "G. W. Earl," white; "Louis Veuillot," crimson; "Pioneer," magenta, and "Pride of the West," scarlet. A dwarf hollyhock only eighteen inches high and with fine dark foliage has been imported from Japan. Of its flowers nothing can be said, as it is not in bloom at this date. The florists' catalogues are enthusiastic over it but it must be kept in mind that these publications are always tinged with a beautiful spirit of romance. A new salvia of a good pink color and dwarf habit may also be mentioned. A cockscomb rejoicing in the impressive name of "Celosia Hut-toni" and a slender feathery bloom, may be thought pretty by those who like that sort of thing.

Among basket plants the "Tradescantia Aquatica" seems to be useful. It has all the vigorous growth of the more common variety, with the advantage of finer and more delicate foliage. A variegated ice plant, laboring under the title of "Mesembryanthemum Cordifolium Variegatum," is offered; but the buyer will need some courage to take it. Among basket begonias, "Foliosa" and "Richardsoni" are neat, free-flowering, and pretty. In ornamental foliage plants of novelty and merit, a Chilean beet, with red and yellow leaves; the "Eulalia Japonica Variegata," a variegated grass with a fine feathery flower stalk and striped leaves; and the "Papyrus Antiquorum," an Egyptian plant of a tall and stately character, are worthy of examination.

Now, it may be that the reader is happily unwise in things fashionable, and knowing her ignorance dares maintain. For such it may be useful to know the names of a few unfashionable flowers that are safe and cheap. The following is a list of bedding plants that may be "cut" freely with gratifying results: fuchsias, double geraniums, carnations, heliotrope, feverfew, petunias, tea roses, stocks,

verbenas, and tuberoses. They are distressingly commonplace, but they are good and reliable.

The Piazza.

In this country, with its perpetual contradiction of icy winters and brief torrid summers, one can hardly live in the country without a piazza. In hot weather it supplies a shaded out-door resting-place for the family; after storms of wind and drifted snow, which render the roads impassable to delicate walkers, it furnishes a sheltered and easily swept promenade. It is, or should be, wide enough to accommodate a tea party on occasion. It should be sheltered from the wind, and from the sun, so far as to provide a shady corner for all hours of the day. If possible it should look out on something pleasant. Country views, with wide spaces and soft horizons, are not always possible; but almost every country dweller can secure a tree, a few flowers, a reach of sky, perhaps even a glimpse of the sunset, while the less fortunate may at least drape morning-glories, sweetbriar, or flowering vines over the supports and walls. But whether the piazza look out upon Arcadia or the chicken-coop, its best charm and adornment must be the vines with which its pillars are clothed. Vines thus planted play an important part. They adorn the house by which they grow, frame it in, and with leafy arches make it more beautiful for those without and those within.

Marketing.

DURING the last year, with the great majority of families living in cities throughout this country, economy has become not only a necessity, but fashionable. When old dresses are revamped, or the chamber-work of the household has been successfully done by the young ladies, it is rather a matter of pride than mortification. Oddly enough, however, very few housekeepers strike the matter of expense at the foundation, which is, in fact, the purchase of provisions. As a rule, a city family is supplied with marketing, groceries, etc., through provision dealers and retail grocers who call for orders at the house. No matter how specious, or even honest they may be; no matter how anxiously the housekeeper limits the supply to the barest necessities, the cost, brought to her in weekly bills, is likely to be appalling. The middle-man has his rent to pay, and profit to make, and the money for both must, in part, come from her pocket. The only remedy lies in buying groceries by wholesale, and even if this should not be practicable, in going to the market rather than to provision dealers for marketing. It involves, it is true, the loss of an hour of sleep in the morning, and is a business which must be learned like every other; but the hour's nap after sunrise is cheap payment for the large saving in both money and the quality of provisions, and it is quite as fitting that a woman's keen sight and smell should be trained for use on the vegetables and beef on which her husband and children are

to depend for blood and muscle, as upon lace or bouquets.

Philadelphia housekeepers have long been noted for both the profusion and daintiness of their tables, and much of their success is due to the universal habit among ladies of all classes of going to the morning markets in person, and there choosing and sending home their supplies. Vegetables, butter, poultry, and in many cases meat, are thus purchased directly from the farmer, without the intervention of any middle-man, at the first cost and of the first quality. Housekeepers can easily estimate for themselves the enormous difference between a table supplied with dewy fresh vegetables, and prime cuts of meat, at the producer's prices, and one which receives its food after it has passed through the possession of huckster, butcher, green grocer, and possibly restaurateur, growing staler in the hands of each, and certainly heavier as to price. Not only economy, but health, demands reform in this matter which lies wholly in the sphere and power of wives and mothers.

Letters from Correspondents.

THE CONSECRATED, VS. THE SACRIFICIAL, PARLOR.—May Myrtle, who seems to have had an extensive experience of housekeeping, writes us from Minnesota a vigorous letter, taking issue with the writer of "The Sacrificial Parlor" in our April number:

"Play we do," as the children say; throw wide the doors and make it the living-room; let in the children with their bread and butter and playthings; they are an inseparable trio. 'But,' says the writer, 'it is not, like the nursery, a romping ground for the children.' Why not? How are you going to avoid it? Can the little uneasy, impulsive things enjoy themselves anywhere deprived of their happy freedom? If we bring 'our favorite books, our bits of fancy work, our fireside games,' the children must bring theirs; their marbles, dolls, and hobby-horse. They must jump and caper, play 'puss in the corner,' or 'cars' with the chairs. The flies come too, and make themselves merry over the gildings and nicknacks. The faint-tinted walls are soon embroidered with finger-marks, the furniture nicked and scarred, and the springs of the sofa, so painfully stiff before, get limbered up in a way we don't like, a hill here and a hollow there, as if undermined by gophers. The elegantly bound books are defaced by thumb-marks, the costly album has a broken back, the pretty cast of Cupid, 'the tunnin little boy,' the special delight of all the children, gets smashed by little hands, and the carpet, alas! is fearfully soiled and faded. Indeed, our charming little parlor, which every one said was exquisite, is exquisite no longer; it has become, indeed, a sacrificial parlor; an altar whereon we have not only sacrificed our money, but the little womanly pride which we felt in our nice new room, and humiliated our taste and love for the beautiful which guided us in its arrangement and adorning. Then it is almost absolutely necessary to have one room in the house not subject to the disorder, con-

fusion, and dirt incident to the living-room; one place always neat and ready to receive visitors; a peaceful retreat, where we can sit and enjoy our company, without the unpleasant feeling that they are shocked by the confusion, or their good taste offended by the untidiness about them. I would not have it a stiff, gloomy, uninviting place, but cozy, charming, cheerful; like a garden of choicest flowers, not to be rudely plucked, or a book of fine engravings, not to be roughly handled, or a cabinet of rare choice things, to be admired but not abused; and, like our Christmas plum pudding, enjoyed the more because served as a rarity."

WHEN TO DO THE MENDING.—Some years ago I heard the head of a family say she never did her mending until she needed the garment. Indeed, I have often seen children fretted because a button was wanted or a string missing about their clothing, which had been hastily put away without examination. I urge that all other work should be laid aside when the laundry basket arrives, that the housewife may see for herself that each piece is in order as it is sorted; and if not, it should be repaired on the spot, not laid away in the drawer till to-morrow, for, nine chances out of ten, it will then lie there until needed. This system takes seldom more than one hour a week, even for a large family; and it is altogether the most convenient in every way.

INTELLIGENT CHARITY IN CHILDREN.—Your little article, entitled "Children's Pennies," has just attracted my attention. It is sadly true that the usual ways in which children are taught to give their alms have an unhappy, instead of an elevating, influence upon them. The mission-money in the Sunday-schools is given with little or no sense of personal interest or deprivation. My boy says: "I must give so much a Sunday or the other boys will think me mean." He comes to me for it, and in no way is brought to a personal sense of having given something, or done something, to help another. He never sees, or will see, the recipients of that charity, and has but the most vague idea of the whole matter. Indeed, when one thinks of the thousands of the poor and suffering, added to the countless numbers of "benighted heathen," who are, or might be, before one's eyes every day in these two great cities, it is very hard to stretch one's imagination to the "crying needs of the inhabitants of the far islands of the sea." I take my little four-year-old girl down to a place where a few of us have been for some years engaged in a loving work of mercy, in caring for sick and friendless women, and little babies. Her blue eyes open wide at the sight—babies in the crib, babies on the floor, babies in arms, babies everywhere, and all of them little waifs, who cannot know a mother's care, save such as we try to spare them from our own little ones in our more blessed motherhood. The parcel of clothing, or the little toy, is put in her hands to leave with them, and already she feels her little heart swelling with love and sympathy for those she is helping, because she sees them, and sees the use made of her little gifts.

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CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

The Academy of Design.

WE think an unprejudiced observer, on a first cursory glance through the present Academy exhibition, might go away with the impression that it was an unusually refreshing and fortifying one. But we think, also, that on returning to it with more careful scrutiny, he would discover that his impression arose simply from the presence in the galleries of a very few pictures possessing qualities and a force not often seen there, which seized the eye and caused him buoyantly to reject nearly all the rest and erase them from his memory. Such are especially the portrait, "Reverie," by Wyatt Eaton; Mr. La Farge's "Cupid and Psyche;" "The Dowager," by W. M. Chase of St. Louis; Mr. Charles H. Miller's two large and excellent landscapes; an Italian view by Inness; two pieces by Winslow Homer, and a few others, here and there, which exhibit sincerity and skill combined. The reason for this is doubtless to be found in the difficulties with which every exhibition has of its very nature to contend, from the start. The countless embarrassments of mutually contrasting competitors are familiar. A collection of pictures on a large scale is an association far more difficult to organize, control, and bring to success, than any body politic; for the laws and relations which govern it are infinitely more delicate and varied than those affecting the latter. There are two chief means to secure a triumph in this delicate business; and it must frankly be said that it is not often we see either of them fully and freely employed: the first being to marshal a troop of pictures all guided by definite aims and resulting from accurate and industrious discipline, and the second, to secure some one illustrious work, so clearly ahead of all its competitors that it would impart a luster to them from its own abundant light, and, as it were, be reflected in the beholder's memory through a hundred frames of its lesser companions. The first method depends upon *school*, and is obviously the safer—though not always the nobler—to act upon. The present exhibition, however, does not depend for its effect upon either of these sources of success, and we must look in some other direction to find its chief characteristics. The selection has been made with a fair degree of skill under certain limitations; and if, on the whole, an undertone of mediocrity persists in catching our attention, this is, perhaps, to be attributed in a measure to the character of a great part of the material offered. We mean to say, that the exhibition is a reasonably good representation of the general drift of painting among the New York artists (there being, of course, no well-defined New York "school"); with here a bit from one of Mr. Hunt's pupils, and here and there some specimens from young Americans now studying abroad. The traditional or obsolescent methods of Bierstadt, Casilear, James Hart, Morgan, Cropsey, J. G. Brown, Henry Peters Gray, and Huntington, and

others similar to them, receive a very full showing; but we question whether the hanging-committee has given due weight to tendencies of a very different kind now generally asserting themselves among certain younger painters. And, furthermore, their toleration has quite run away with them, in the cases of a number of merely chromo-like pieces which disfigure occasional sections and corners of the galleries. There is a degree of badness below which no degrees should be discriminated; and the authorities have this year been much too rash in descending below it—though their doing so is by no means without precedent. It seems to be time, however, that the æsthetic hygiene of this should be more carefully considered. The traditional and obsolescent styles of which we have spoken have in particular overspread the southern wall of the South Room, converting it into a desert-spot from which only Inness's "Perugia," and Robert C. Minor's "Evening" stand out alive, and in which Miss Ellis's thoughtful little rosebuds are very nearly lost. Elsewhere, their blighting influence is more dispersed. Mr. Bierstadt breaks down entirely under two large and labored California landscapes; and Mr. Sonntag favors us with what might pass for a rude design for an India shawl, but is stated to be a view in Vermont. One thing that has struck us particularly, this spring, is the singular transparency with which some among the older line reflect each other's influence; meaning by the term, those who paint in old conventions, more artificial than the conventions which are now gaining the ascendant. For example, J. G. Brown, Parton, Kruseman Van Elten, McCord, paint as nearly alike as it would be conveniently possible for them to do; though, perhaps, only dimly conscious of their affiliation. A few years ago, Mr. W. T. Richards took to cutting the thinnest waves he could, and laying them on sand-beaches; he has been followed by Bricher, and now by William De Haas, and the point of the contest seems to be to find out who can "sling" the smoothest, widest-circled, and most uninteresting disks of this sort. One cannot but be impressed, also, with the singular inapplicability of particular modes of handling paint, or of conceiving execution, to the subject-matter. If we look with a keen, inquiring eye upon these works, what history do we discern beneath the final surface of pigment? In some of them, none—neither history nor idea. In others, there is a silent narrative of the most laborious operations, scumbings, scrapings, repaintings; but it is entirely irrelevant, and not justified by the issue.

But there is a class above this, in which we come at once to real feeling, and a consequent introduction of technical methods which have something of originality and appropriateness about them. In this, we should rank Winslow Homer and Mr. McEntee. Mr. Homer sends two fair-sized canvases, which are really only enlarged sketches, but full of his healthy

coloring, and frank, fresh way of looking at things. One depicts a piece of open, board fence, with a landscape and cattle seen through the spaces between the three drab boards forming it. A boy in brown trousers and gray-blue shirt is clinging to the fence, and a girl in pink lilac, with milking-stool in hand, stands in front. The other, a scene in husking-time, shows a young man and woman sitting against a heap of straw; but, though the sentiment is good, and the rendering honest, the figures fail quite to convince us of their reality; they want modeling. A similar defect will no doubt have been detected by many in Mr. Eastman Johnson's several figure subjects, and especially in "The Peddler," where the young woman, painted not without tenderness, is a mere shade stuck against the wall. Mr. McEntee has made an attempt at painting the figure, in his "Geneva," but we prefer to take him on his own undisputed domain, in the large scene of autumnal decline called "Saturday Afternoon," with its old effect of rich browns and chilly grays. Mr. McEntee is somewhat uneven, and at times far from mastering the *technique* of his profession, as it seems to us; but he is invariably sincere, and that in itself is a success. We are very far from demanding that one man shall unite in his own hand a great variety of perfections; but a prime difficulty in this country is, that there are very few men upon whom we can depend with certainty to strike their peculiar note each time. We constantly come upon painters who are themselves one month, and only half themselves the next: in one picture they have an individual touch and tone, in another the key, though pressed, makes no response. Homer and McEntee, however, though uneven, have an abundant individuality that makes their assistance at exhibitions always valuable.

Messrs. C. A. Fiske (of Connecticut), Falconer, and Such, give promise of a sober kind, on several small canvases, and we should add the name of A. C. Howland, were it not that a fatal spottiness in his darks, and a general air of settled mannerism, seem to argue a case of arrested development in him. Edgar M. Ward, now in Paris, shows in his Brittany girls, that he is hard at work in a good school, but he is too conscious as yet, and needs to catch a more rapt quickness and greater imaginative lift. Mr. J. Alden Weir sends from Paris a very clever Brittany interior in quite a different chord of coloring. Mr. Maynard gives us reason to hope that he will go on, in "The Tryst" and "Vespers," which, along with some crudities of the recent English school, give us some of their serious feeling, and also recall the later style of Baron Leys. And we cannot leave the group of young promisers, without calling attention to the two remarkable pictures of horses by Abbot H. Thayer, in the East Room, which, though badly hung, must attract notice by their sturdy, self-reliant and modest originality. The same artist's portrait-head, in the North-west Room, shows him to possess a rich vein of poetic apprehension of human qualities also.

Of landscapes we have mentioned Mr. Miller's "High Bridge" and "Sheep-Washing," both honest,

and painted with considerable skill and firmness. The "Sheep-Washing" is very fine; but the other is somewhat weak in construction, giving the impression of a dome that is rather in danger of falling in suddenly. Mr. Thomas Moran's "Overland Train" reminds us that the painter is continuing his researches with care, in a field that will always present peculiar interests.

Then there is the usual long list of portraits, all of which, save a few, are strongly infected with commonplace. But Mr. Wyatt Eaton's is prominent, by reason of its deep feeling, its excellent pose, rich, subdued coloring, and broad treatment. We have also a strong and excellent portrait of a lady by George B. Butler, and an earnest little brown-glazed feminine saint in a straw hat, from Miss Linda Marquand. We were fairly surprised by W. M. Chase's "Dowager," which is both penetratingly perceived and skillfully carried out; but of David Neal's study of a head we cannot speak so highly. It is too thickly plastered to pass for agreeable flesh, and, in spite of its cleverness (which is of the Piloty kind), the effect of it is meretricious.

The only work in the entire Academy which reaches the high imaginative plane is Mr. La Farge's "Cupid and Psyche;" but—if the distinction can be made—it does so mainly or entirely by its coloring. Certainly, the conception has not that quality of pure, unfettered imagination which appears in the same artist's "Soul of the Water Lily," engraved by Mr. Henry Marsh, and hanging in the Corridor. The group is too solid and matter-of-fact, it seems to us, to consort well with the spirit of the myth of Psyche; and the flesh of the male figure somehow impresses us painfully, obtruding, as it does, the coarser qualities of man's physical fiber into a scene which should be spiritual in the extreme. The attitude of Psyche, however, is rare and graceful, and the whole is saved by the solemn chord of color, which strikes upon our sensibilities much as might a strain of music from Gluck's "Orpheus and Eurydice;" stealing across from the dim, mystical blue of the left side, through the curiously interwoven specks of conflicting yet harmonious color in the two figures, and then passing off in a deep purplish tinge at the right, which fairly seems to vibrate with melody. On the whole, we are grateful for the work, though it does not do its author full justice. But we get glimpses of him in a more elastic mood, through Mr. Marsh's exquisite and really wonderful engraving, which makes the few other etchings and engravings present fade into feebleness; and, in the small oil "Water Lily," we find that Mr. La Farge holds a patent of high nobility in the region of flower-painting.

With this brief review, and with many omissions, we must take leave of the fiftieth annual exhibition of the Academy.

Moran's "Mountain of the Holy Cross."

THE name of Mr. Thomas Moran is already known to our readers as that of the painter of two large and remarkable pictures, "The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone River," and "The Chasm of the

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Colorado." A third work by this industrious artist now claims our attention, having recently been on exhibition at the gallery of Schaus & Co. It is a view of "The Mountain of the Holy Cross," so called because of a peculiarity of the bare rocky wall which springs to the summit from the body of the mountain. In this wall are two comparatively narrow transverse fissures, filled with ice and snow, which mark a very distinct cross on the face of the great height. This, at first sight, might seem too bizarre a matter for successful pictorial treatment; but Mr. Moran, by virtue of his careful study of rock structure, and his apparently instinctive sympathy with mountain-nature, has avoided all appearance of sensationalism in his use of it. The astonishing novelty of his subject in the Yellowstone picture laid that work open, perhaps, to some slight reproach of making an appeal to our interest that bordered on the factitious, but it cannot be even suspected in the present case. "The Mountain of the Holy Cross," too, is much in advance of the "Yellowstone" in another particular—that of general composition. There was a massive realism and sturdy directness in the latter which was very attractive; it seemed as if the artist had seized a great block out of the mountains and flung it before us with something of a giant's strength; but it wanted rounding, nevertheless, and was too abrupt in its presentation. The present effort is more comprehensive. The painter has got farther away from his subject, and so thrown it into a better focus. "The Mountain of the Holy Cross" is an impressive and pleasing picture; and the eye, resting upon the solemn rocks of the foreground, touched here and there with sunlight, the swirling rush of the indigo-tinged river, and following the flood back in its windings through the glen, finds an abundant variety of interest before it reaches the snowy cross on the lofty mountain, walling in the scene. We might, it is true, make some complaint of a certain effect of confusion that struck us as resulting from the crowded presence of the clouds high up in the middle and right of the picture, and of some deficiencies of strong and accurate definition in the heights sloping upward in the left background; but we have no intention of dwelling on these points, for Mr. Moran is, in the main, successful; and, good as were the qualities of his two larger works previously exhibited, he has here gone beyond his own earlier success, in combining those qualities to a more completely satisfying end.

Some Other Pictures.

ABOUT A fortnight after the beginning of the Academy exhibition, a modest collection of pictures was opened at the rooms of Messrs. Cottier & Co., on Fifth Avenue, of which we wish to speak briefly and in a general way, as having been an interesting illustration of the tendencies of some of our younger painters. We should say it was designedly made up in such a way as to represent only a certain style, or several kindred styles, of painting (especially those with which the Academy has little sympathy); and the circumstance suggests that it would

be interesting to have frequent exhibitions on some such plan, in order to keep fully before our eyes what is going on in different directions among the artists. The character of this exhibition was grave, sincere, and soothing; most of the pictures included in it being carried out in a low key of color.

Among these pictures were several by William Hunt of Boston; the most important of which was his well-known "Girl at the Fountain," a painting which has his best qualities of drawing, breadth and sentiment. The single thought of the figure is very delicately carried out in every part. Mr. La Farge was best represented by "The Lady of Shalott," a serene and solemn picture-poem; to our thinking, no less important and individual than the poem with which it is associated. The decorative fish-panel, by the same artist, is so exquisite in its tones, so iridescent, so altogether fascinating to the eye, that one cannot help thinking that the decoration, with eight such panels, of a room in which you were expected calmly to sit down and dine (as was the original intention), might, in the case of those keenly sensitive to color, fail utterly in its purpose—just as the organ music of Handel failed, according to the old story, to play the congregation out of church. Mr. R. Oakey's full length "Portrait of a Boy," is an interesting and remarkable picture. Though the work of a beginner, it is marked by an elegance rarely found in American portraits. Of Francis Lathrop's work we have spoken lately; he has here several portraits painted with sympathy and force. Mr. A. H. Thayer has a strong head, which, however, appears almost colorless near Mr. La Farge's brilliant panel. J. W. Bolles's landscape really gives you a feeling of nature, in spite of the blue glasses through which the artist forces you to look; his little drawing on wood is certainly more agreeable. Of the other contributions we can only mention here those of Mr. Ryder, which are interesting for certain qualities of color, and Miss Greene's rich and thoughtful flower pieces.

Bartlett's "Wounded Drummer Boy."

MR. TRUMAN H. BARTLETT, a native of Connecticut, and a disciple of Frémiet, of Paris, has exhibited at the bronze salesrooms of Mitchell & Vance, Broadway, a sketch in bronze which certainly deserves praise as an original work of art of very high character. The subject is well known, and has been variously treated in art, song and story. Johnny Clemm, the wounded drummer boy, in one of the battles for the Union, said to his soldier comrades: "Carry me and I'll drum it through." Mr. Bartlett's spirited sketch instantly transports us to the battle-field. The little drummer, penetrated by a sort of fierce enthusiasm, wildly gesticulates with his drumsticks to the soldiers who are supposed to press up behind him. He is no more a boy, but an inspired patriot. His thin limbs, wounded though he may be, are corded with an intense valor; his childish mouth cries "Come on, boys!" with shrill eagerness, and it requires no stretch of fancy to perceive the scattered but soldierly ranks close up as that little bareheaded figure is lifted in their

van, like an ensign borne by a stalwart infantry man. The soldier is a massive, brawny fellow, with something of the boy's feverish enthusiasm reflected in his face. He is not pretty, but his unkempt hair and beard, and defaced uniform, show him to be a working soldier. The boy is the subject; his bearer is a subordinate character.

It is only necessary to add that the group is admirably massed. The boy sits firmly and naturally on the soldier's shoulder. The man *moves*. From every point of view, the joined figures have symmetry, grace and freedom. The work has about it that indefinable spirit which comes like a sudden note of a martial trumpet into the sense of the on-looker.

Musical Medicine.*

THE true French horror of being tiresome seems to possess Dr. Chomet whenever he approaches anything like an explanation of his theories of musical sound. Under the circumstances, however, it is perhaps as well that he does not waste time on fuller particulars or better reasons for his belief in the theory that sound is the result of a *musical fluid*. His very trivial method of argument from certain analogies of sound with heat and electricity, only proves Dr. Chomet one of the loosest thinkers in a nation which appears to furnish in singular proximity the best and the poorest minds of the century.

But when we get to the anecdotes of actual cures effected, and the very sensible chapters on the influence of music as a promoter of digestion and the circulation, whether by music is meant instrumental or vocal, or merely the sound of the human voice in song or speech, then we are repaid. For the cause in which Dr. Chomet writes is much more than a respectable one—it is of the utmost value, and, as a means to the preservation of health and cure of certain diseases, cannot be too highly prized. If, therefore, the end attained be a good one, it makes little difference whether the agency by which a cure is effected be an impalpable fluid which permeates all things, and, when set in motion, produces sound, or whether there be some other and more reasonable cause to which the phenomena are assigned. The real virtue in Dr. Chomet's work will consist in opening the eyes of some few physicians—there is no hope for the great majority of routine doctors—to the fact that there are many other palliatives of disease besides drugs and lotions, and that the ancients were not so ridiculous as may at first blush appear, when they tried to discover the peculiar music adapted to peculiar ailments. Undoubtedly the Greeks placed too much stress on musical cures, and their want of knowledge of anatomy, and the more recondite processes of brain and nerve function, did not allow precision, and a rational explanation of the observed good effects of musical medicine. It is natural that such empirical treatment, unsupported by a scientific explanation of the why and how of

the cure, should, after a while, fall into ridicule and contempt. In this day, however, when diseases of the nerve-centers are beginning to be better understood, there is nothing ridiculous in a musical treatment of many diseases, and preëminently of diseases of the brain. The enthusiasm of the insane for music has been long recognized, and the want somewhat supplied in the better class of asylums for these unfortunate victims of disordered nerve systems. But the great majority of the insane are outside the walls and mixing in every-day life; to them music ought to be made a way to health by the advice of their family physician. When one sees the vast silent crowds that drink in the harmonies of Bergmann's and Thomas's orchestras, it is pleasant to think that many in that assembly might, without such opportunities, be sitting in desolate moodiness in narrow city apartments, and slowly laying up the seeds of a disordered brain.

Dr. Chomet reminds us of the early myths of Orpheus and Arion, by which the Greeks symbolized the humanizing effects of music, and parallels them by some curious modern experiments on its power over animals. Thus he has one anecdote of the emotions produced by a small orchestra in a pair of caged elephants, and another, a lizard story, vouched for by himself: "Upon my moving, these greenish-gray lizards (so common in Italy) retreated. I thought no more about them, but began to whistle the air I was previously humming. To my great astonishment, I saw my listeners re-assemble around me. * * * Being charmed, perhaps even fascinated, they apparently felt perfect confidence in me, and allowed me even to bring my hand so near as to be able to touch them."

The difficulty in the application of musical medicine is acknowledged to lie in the extreme care necessary to the choice of the right kind of melody in each case; thus, persons unused to an intellectual music will not be influenced by that kind, or, to speak less generally, a patient devoured by a secret sorrow, for instance, or one who, from a poor circulation, indulges in causeless melancholy, might perhaps be irritated by many pieces of music before the physician hit upon just the one suited to his case. For it would appear that while the appropriate melody soothes and restores the patient, the wrong one is apt to irritate and exasperate him, to which the legitimate sequence will be that any physician attempting musical cures must be first of all a musician. It may be also doubted whether the general run of a people less educated to music than the Greeks, and by nature less emotional and impressionable than the French, will be apt to feel such good effects from musical cures.

Miss Fraser-Tytler's "Mistress Judith."

IN some particulars Miss Fraser-Tytler's little book reminds us that it may not be too early to look for traces of Thomas Hardy's influence upon other, and less uniquely gifted, young English novelists. The idyllic arrangement of the scene is similar to his; that is, a group of quaint country people, in a

* The Influence of Music on Health and Life. Translated from the French of Dr. H. Chomet. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1875.

vista of farm-land, which fills up the background with the right colors for showing the chief actors to advantage; and these subordinate persons are not especially distinguished by the manner of treatment, from the foremost characters. They all lie in the same plane; and, accordingly, the perspective is a little confused. This crowding distinctness is a fault quite natural to realistic methods. Then there is a dash of picturesque description, with a few items of farming detail, in the book, that also recalls Mr. Hardy's staple of that sort. But, if we speak of resemblances, we must also confess to suspecting some kinship between "Miss Judith" and Miss Thackeray's "Elizabeth," and a remoter connection with some of Miss Broughton's work. In fine, several suggestions of this sort have presented themselves, while the suggestion of what is due to Fraser-Tytler herself is by no means so clear or insistent. But these resemblances often arise from a community of aim, and not from imitation or unconscious borrowing. Besides, all such considerations are the result of gradual reflection; and we are bound to state that the first impressions we received from "Miss Judith" were exceptionally agreeable. And, as the public is apt to go a good deal by first impressions, we believe there is warranty enough for saying to those who have not yet read this prettily told little story, that they will not lose anything by doing so. Of course, in a love-story nowadays we can't tolerate the "green old age," and "ever after lived happily" business, so that few will be disappointed to find that the heroine in this case did *not* come into a second verdancy, but died prematurely, and that the rest of the people apparently lived unhappily afterward. Besides, Judith is so tenderly sketched in life, and we are let down so very considerably at the end, that we shall go on thinking that she lived, and that the novelist only made believe at the end, to suit today's fashion. So, on the whole, we are not sorry to have read so simple and healthy a tale, and believe that, with its pleasant tinge of sadness, it will prove just the sort of novel that many readers will be glad to find blown into their hands by the spring breezes, to begin a summer's intellectual dissipation with.

The French Revolution.*

ANOTHER handy volume of the "Epochs of History" treats, in a thoroughly impartial and common sense way, the eventful struggle of France between 1789 and 1815, which has been more written about and commented on than any other great crisis of the history of the world. Certainly, we can agree with what Mr. Morris says in his preface: "An abridgment cannot be a real history. * * * Still, I am not without hope that I have represented in something like exact outline the great features of that period of trouble and war, * * * and, I trust, I have placed events in their true proportions, and

that the opinions I have expressed are correct and moderate."

In an appendix by President White, of Cornell University, the scholar will find a carefully chosen index of works on the Revolution, which will give him the best examples of the diverse opinions held in regard to it by profound thinkers and clever observers, thus sparing him the tedium and waste of time of wading through inferior authorities. Each reference has a few words of commentary attached, giving the general scope of the author. Colored maps of Europe in 1789 and 1812 assist the memory of general readers.

President White divides the literature of the French Revolution into four broad fields, which follow each other chronologically. The first is that of conviction and clearness of purpose, and includes the eighteenth century philosophers with the year of the fall of the Triumvirate. The second is distinguished for reaction, and dates from that fall in 1794 to the death of Louis in 1824. The third is a wave of counter-reaction in which the Revolution and its men are lauded; while the fourth dates from the Revolution of 1848, and consists of the modern critical school of history.

This volume of the Epochs is very remarkable for its completeness and trustworthiness as a handbook of the French Revolution and First Empire.

"Days near Rome."

IT is not easy to persuade Americans and English off the beaten track of travel anywhere, least of all in Italy, where ignorance of the language, apprehensions of fever and banditti, and the certain absence of what are called "comforts," combine to deter them. Of the dwellers in Rome, even, probably not a tithe know by more than name most of the excursions described by Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare in his new volume, "Days near Rome." Yet many of these excursions lie within the limits of a few hours' drive, while the more distant, those into the Abruzzi country, the Volscian and Hernican Hills, and the Maritima, can be enjoyed at the price of a week's ramble on foot or horseback, or in a light carriage, with endurable discomforts in the way of food and lodging.

No one can be said to have seen Italy who has not thus departed from the dusty paths over which couriers lead their Murray-equipped victims. A decade drops away at each roll of the wheels as you climb into the hill fastnesses, and penetrate the beautiful, melancholy Campagna wastes. The color and flavor of the middle ages surround you, each breath of air seems laden with history; you comprehend what is the imperishable dower, which, for so many centuries, has made Italy mistress of the human imagination.

The most southerly of Mr. Hare's excursions takes us to Monte Cassino, a magnificent Benedictine monastery on the Naples road; the most northerly, to Orvieto, and the Etruscan cities of Viterbo, Norchia, and Bieda, with their Cyclopean walls and ruined temple-tombs. Most fascinating of all is that

* The French Revolution and First Empire. By William O'Connor Morris. 16mo. New York, 1875: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

to Ninfa, a town in the Pontine marshes, deserted a century ago, perhaps by reason of its deadly situation, and taken possession of since by the flower-people for their capital and court. No fairy tale ever written is so fantastic as this picture of the dream-like ruins, sunk in marsh, buried in thick ivy, grown over by wild flowers of every scent and hue—marigold, narcissus, mallows, white lilies, clematis, bramble, ferns, brilliant yellow broom, wall-flower, myrtle, mint—ivy everywhere. "One may fling one's self in this sea of blossoms, quite intoxicated by the perfume, and the most charming fairy power enchains the soul."—(Porter & Coates.)

"Harry Blount."*

MR. HAMERTON'S last effort in the literary field takes a new direction in "Harry Blount; Passages in a Boy's Life on Land and Sea," a book which is pretty sure, we should say, to please boys of all ages, from six to sixty. It is a fresh, natural tale of a boy's experiences at school, and afterward in a yacht voyage on the west coast of Scotland, winding up with a really exciting adventure,—where the yacht "Alaria" slips her moorings, and runs off into mid-ocean captainless and crewless, with the exception of Harry and his friend, "Greenfield minor." The incidents are probable and pleasantly told, and everywhere there is a spirit of refinement, rare in stories meant for boys, whose tastes, if we should judge from much of our current literature, lie hopelessly in the direction of slang and coarse mischief.

French and German Books.

A Travers les Etats-Unis. Simonin. Paris, 1875: Charpentier.—Lately M. Simonin has been giving detailed accounts of New York City in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and at the same time publishes a volume of travels in the United States in 1868, corrected and augmented by notes taken in other visits in 1870 and 1874. So thorough an examination of his subject is not without its legitimate results, and we feel at once that he knows what he is talking about, whether it be Digger Indians or Knickerbockers. Without being profound, nor, it would seem, very hard to please, he presents a favorable and very just picture of the outside features of life and manners in the United States. Emigration and the Indian question are intelligently and carefully considered. "The Times" has pointed out a very grave mistake made by M. Simonin in his recent articles on New York City, where he attributes the starting of the plucky fight against the Ring to the late Mr. Greeley instead of to "The Times." But this is a matter of local politics.—(Christern.)

Littérature Contemporaine en Russie. C. Courrière. Paris, 1875: Charpentier.—The literature of Russia, of which Tourgénéff is the best known, and, to most English-speaking people, the only known representative, is given in this volume in a series of careful

sketches, which evince more of the precision of a teacher than the ardor of an author seeking to interest his reader in the subject. The work is done thoroughly and satisfactorily, and has in method two great advantages over the other variety of literary history, the ardent, in that one gets a greater amount of useful knowledge in the same space, and is spared the obtrusive individuality of the author. Especially worth reading is the introductory sketch of Russian non-contemporaneous literature, say before 1820. In many respects Russia has held to Europe, with regard to its intellectual and literary life, a position analogous to that of the United States.—(Christern.)

Catalogue Générale de la Librairie Française. 4 vols., large 8vo. Paris: Otto Lorenz.—This is a work of great labor, for which all readers of French should be grateful. Not only are the names of authors publishing, and books published, in France between the years 1840 and 1865 given with exactness, but exhaustive indices of contents are in many cases appended.—(Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.)

Supercheries Littéraires Dévoilées. J. M. Quérard. Paris, 1871: Paul Daffis.—A second edition of the real names and works of anonymous and pseudonymous writers, into which are incorporated other smaller works of a similar character, forming a very complete dictionary for readers curious in this kind of literature.—(S. W. & A.)

Der Bürgerkrieg in den Nord-Amerikanischen Staaten. Scheibert, Major of Prussian Engineers. Berlin: Mittler & Sohn.—Although Major Scheibert cannot help being a partisan of the South, both from the political complexion of his mind, and the fact that he fought on the staff of the Southern General Stuart, and although he disgusts the reader now and then with servile allusions to Prussian magnates, his book is exceedingly valuable as the work of a thoroughly trained soldier writing from the Southern side. Our enemies are our best teachers, and we can afford to smile at reluctant admissions of some few improvements in the way of guns and armaments in the Northern States, as well as some very patent omissions of facts to our credit that are of common notoriety, when our real shortcomings are plainly set before us by a man who knows his craft. Scheibert's experience on Stuart's staff makes his remarks on cavalry especially interesting, not only to the army officer, but to every citizen. In light sketches of the Virginia campaigns he does not fail to accept the numbers given by his friends, both as to the Southern and Northern armies engaged, and, very naturally, his admiration of General Lee is extravagant. Remarkable and wholesome is his reprobation of spoiliations of non-combatants, and the stress he lays on the strict spirit of morality, which, toward the last, lent the Southern armies extraordinary powers. He testifies to the inestimable advantage possessed by the Southern leaders in their system of scouts and light cavalry, which gave them perfect news of the position of the opposing armies at every hour of the day. He admires thoroughly the way the artillery was served on both sides, and gives the

* Harry Blount. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

command of Lee and Jackson to their gunners: "*Never fire at the enemies' guns when there are any troops in sight.*" As to the manner of infantry attack, he insists, curiously enough, on the similarity of the American mode to the last elaboration of the Prussian tactics, and makes a shrewd criticism on the inferiority of Northern officers of the lowest ranks (commissioned and non-commissioned), and the consequent untrustworthiness in battle of a company as a unit. To this failing of men without a long and careful soldier's education, he attributes the intrenchment system used on both sides; light breast-works and flanking intrenchments giving the private soldier the same confidence that Prussian tactics strive to build up by careful instruction of the individual in the details of war. No American officer should neglect to read this contribution to a knowledge of our strength and weakness in the event of a war.—(L. W. Schmidt, 24 Barclay.)

Die Sensoriellen und Sensitiven Sinne. Susanna Rubinstein, Dr. Phil. Leipzig: Edelmann.—Dr. Rubinstein is a woman who has entered the higher ranks of scientific research. She writes clearly and profoundly on the sensorial nerves—those going direct to the brain; and the sensitive—those passing through the backbone to the brain. Susanna Rubinstein treats of each sense successively, and sketches the latest results of investigations into the functions of the eye and ear, the senses of taste and smell, and of touch in general and particular, ending with broad generalizations, in which she calls the Germans, as a race, exponents of the sense of hearing, while Englishmen exhibit the sixth or muscular sense. In still broader masses the Indo-Germanic division of humanity belongs in the visual camp—those who follow the eye; while the Semitic division adheres to the aural—those who follow the ear.—(Schmidt.)

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Hydraulic Motors.

THE universal introduction of water under pressure into our cities has developed a great variety of machines for creating power out of this convenient pressure. These hydraulic motors are becoming so numerous, that already they make large demands upon the street mains, and the water intended originally for domestic purposes is being consumed for the sake of its power. The free use of the sewing-machine, and the introduction of so much light machinery in both stores and dwellings, has only stimulated the use of these motors, and it will eventually become a question how far they may be allowed to draw upon our water supplies. The most simple water motor now used is a small breast wheel inclosed in a metallic box. It will run one sewing-machine with thirty feet of pressure, and demands a supply of water through an opening only one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter. Other motors are made in the form of pumps, both upright and horizontal, or in the shape of cylinders, both fixed and oscillating. One of this form recently patented uses a pressure of less than twenty feet, and runs a single sewing-machine with ease and speed. The most common water motors are upright, slow-moving pumps. They are now quite generally introduced in churches for blowing pipe organs, where power is more desirable than speed. Reservoirs for storing water are now being placed just under the roofs of some of our larger buildings, and the pressure thus obtained is used for light machinery in the lower stories and for elevator purposes. The chief value of this class of motors lies in their cheapness, lightness, and low powers, the ease with which power is transmitted long distances through pipes, and the very small amount of water

used for the power obtained. It is suggested that a central pump drawing lake or sea water might force the water through pipes laid in the streets and stores and dwellings, and so distribute power to any who cared to purchase it for use in such hydraulic motors.

Fog-Horns and Morse's Alphabet.

It is suggested that the fog-horns now so extensively used upon our coast should pronounce the initial letter of the name of their locality in Morse's alphabet. There then could be no mistake about their identity. The present sounds given at each light-house are arbitrary, difficult to remember, devoid of meaning, and very confusing. In Morse's alphabet there would be less difficulty in understanding the sound, and each horn would have a character of its own that could not be mistaken. There is also much confusion in relation to the lights themselves, and to distinguish the places, expensive and troublesome apparatus is needed to create the varieties of revolving, flashing, colored, and double lights. By flashing the lights in Morse's alphabet, the initial letter of the place, or its full name, could be given, and all possible danger of mistaking the lights would be avoided. This idea has already received some attention, and will, no doubt, be eventually adopted everywhere, as the Morse alphabet is rapidly becoming an international system of writing.

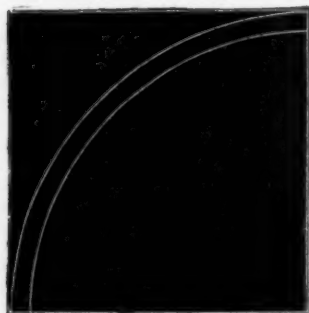
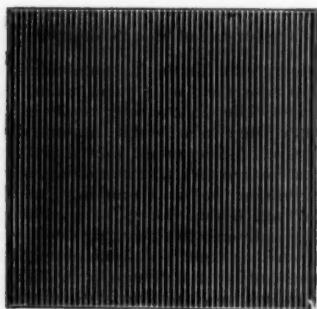
New Book on the Locomotive.

FOR students of applied science, young people who care to know something of the most important motor used in modern civilization, "A Catechism of the Locomotive," by M. N. Forney, just issued by the "Railroad Gazette," New York, will be invaluable.

ble. Its two hundred and fifty pictures, and six hundred pages, and excellent index, make up a book of reference and practical instruction worthy any school or railroad library (some wise railroad companies have free libraries for the use of their men). The Catechism form at first seems unattractive, but the questions are so pertinently and cleverly answered that the reading of the book becomes actually entertaining. The pictures are particularly interesting, and even a casual look at them helps one to understand that most fascinating of machines, the locomotive engine. Every part of the engine is explained clearly and with excellent judgment, and even the most scientific formulas and theories are treated in a manner that is exhaustive, but not exhausting.

Defects of Stripe Work.

THE interior walls of a certain church in New York are decorated in perpendicular stripes. Over the pulpit is a large round arch; a few inches above it the arch is repeated in the ornamental work. The perpendicular stripes show plainly in the semicircular strip between them. To the spectator in front all these short stripes appear bent out of line; and, though it is only an optical illusion, the effect is annoying and unsatisfactory. The only remedy for this is to cover up or efface the stripe work between the arches. The following diagrams, copied on tracing paper and laid one over the other, will quickly show the singular effect of stripe work combined with round or pointed arches:



First copy the parallel lines on one sheet, then copy the curved figures on a folded piece of paper. Open it so as to make a half-circle or round arch. Lay this over the net-work of lines, so that it will show between the two curved lines that are designed to be cut out. By moving the figures about, the proper place will be found, the illusion will be produced, and the defect of the stripes in the church will be shown.

Pneumatic Tubes.

THESE tubes, for conveying messages from the office to the operating-room, are now being rapidly introduced into all the larger telegraph stations. The most approved method of constructing them is to place the motive power, a suction or exhaust blower, in the basement of the building, and to make a single return pipe for all the tubes. The tubes, made of brass (lead is said to be better), extend in as direct a line as possible, and all the turns are made on a large radius. At the bottom of the first upward curve couplings are so arranged that the tube may be opened and a small section taken out. Stoppages usually occur here, and by removing the coupling the carrier may be recovered and the obstruction removed. The receiving-boxes at the top of the tubes are of wood, with glass doors. The return current of air is taken from the top of all the boxes, and descends to the blower through one large sheet-iron pipe. Over the mouth of each tube is fixed a small brass lever or tell-tale, provided with a spring to keep it inclined over the tube. The carrier on arriving pushes the tell-tale aside, and a catch holds it there. This motion closes a small open circuit and rings an electric alarm-bell. The attendant, on removing the carrier from the box, re-adjusts the tell-tale and stops the bell. Besides this the carrier, as it arrives, causes a slight explosion of air, that serves to draw the attention of the attendant.

Manufactured Fuel.

Two distinct methods have been employed in preparing for use the combustible refuse which accumulates in and near our coal mines. In one of these a moderate degree of heat was applied to the particles of coal while they were forced into molds. In the other, an independent cementing material is employed to give strength to the blocks, so that they may be safely handled during transportation or while in use. In the first method, the pitchy elements of the coal were slightly softened by the heat, and the pressed blocks, after they had cooled, were hard and strong enough to bear a moderate amount of handling. In the second method, the cementing material is thoroughly mixed with the coal, and whatever strength the molded blocks may possess is due to the bond of the cement itself. A variety of substances have been experimented with for this purpose, but common clay has proved as useful as anything. In some of the French works, however, a glutinous refuse from the starch manufacture has been employed with good results. It is

plain that the bond of the particles in the pressed block should be such as to remain unaffected by the weather, by any ordinary handling, and, as far as practicable, by the heat of the fire upon which the blocks may finally be placed for use. It is also important that the least possible material should be used in making the blocks that could add to the ash already existing in the coal. While the tar that has been somewhat used as a cementing material is itself combustible, and, hence, a useful substance, it was found to leave the blocks brittle when cold, and to be a cause of inconvenience in the use of the blocks, as they would lose their shape in the fire and become fused into a solid mass upon the grate. The starch refuse seems to have proved as useful as any other material, for it is abundant enough, in the places where it can be had at all, to be cheap, and is both free from ash and from any tendency to soften or fuse when heated. It has been proposed to wet the blocks or lumps of coal, when cemented with clay, with a solution of rosin in benzine. This is not expensive, and after drying it protects the lump quite perfectly from the moisture of the atmosphere, which would soften and separate the clay bond. It is true that when lump coal is at all abundant, it is cheaper to use it and to let the refuse lie, even though it may be perfectly combustible. In some European countries, however, coal is scanty and of poor quality, and it becomes important to utilize every particle. The chief difficulty encountered in the use of the refuse as it comes from the mines, is that it is produced almost always as fine dust, which, when it lies upon a grate, forms a mass that is nearly or quite impervious to air. Hence only a sluggish fire can be made with it, unless a very strong draft is induced, and for many purposes it cannot be used at all. If, then, after being molded into blocks or lumps, it can be made to burn as an open clear fire, it answers quite as good a purpose as the best lump coal. In order to utilize the dust from our anthracite mines, it is probable that the admixture of clay will be found one of the best means available. It would be required, too, for the dry bituminous coals which abound in the Western States, and which are also largely worked in France and Germany. In these foreign countries far greater attention has been given to this manufacture than we have yet been called upon to give.

The Use of Pulverised Fuel.

A VERY complete solution of the whole fuel question, so far as the use of fine or dust coal is concerned, is found in the methods that have been urged for their use in the form of a very fine powder. Some of these plans are quite perfect in theory, but the difficulty still remains of reducing them to the hard and nearly inflexible conditions of actual practice in common hands, and with the varying chances of imperfect maintenance of machinery and fixtures. The whole idea of laying the fine coal upon a grate to be burned away slowly is abandoned, and by a strong jet of air a flow of the

powdered fuel is induced, the minute particles being diffused through the air jet into the furnace or chamber in which the heat due to the combustion of the fuel is to be developed or utilized. A fire is first kindled in the heating chamber, and by it the jet of inflammable material is lighted as soon as it is introduced. The jet burns with an intense and a very voluminous flame, which may be maintained indefinitely, as long as the machinery for supplying it continues in motion. Two difficulties have been encountered in the development of this method. One is the somewhat uncertain quality of the jet, so to speak, or the chance of an imperfect mixture of the particles of coal with the current of air. The other is the impossibility of maintaining for any considerable time in proper repair any surface or wall of brick work against which the burning jet of powdered fuel may impinge. The intensity of its wasting action is so great, that, at the point where it strikes, the best refractory materials are of little or no avail, as they all yield to it. When thus concentrated the effect is nearly like that of a blow-pipe on the largest scale. It seems impossible that a method so promising as this, of utilizing what is nearly or quite a waste material, should always remain outside of the conditions of actual useful practice. Some of these conditions, however, know no master, and can be reduced only by the longest and most costly endeavor.

High Temperatures.

ONE of the trying difficulties that has beset our metallurgists has been that of maintaining readily and cheaply, in processes requiring very high temperatures, the few last and highest degrees of heat. This has been the more trying because, upon the continuance of this extreme degree of heat the success of the whole in many cases has depended; and all that may have been done by way of preparation at lower temperatures has repeatedly been found to prove of no avail unless this extreme limit was fully reached and maintained. The most recent and well-approved method of making steel can be carried out only at nearly or quite the highest temperature that is known; and, as steel is really our best material for a great variety of purposes, the question of a cheap means of producing and maintaining a high heat is one of the utmost importance. To melt steel in crucibles which contain two or three hundred pounds has been quite an easy thing for years, so far as the amount and degree of heat are concerned. For years past, too, it has been possible to melt certain kinds of steel in larger quantities, even in three or five-ton charges, though this has been only a bare possibility for want of this last fraction of the great total heat required for the perfect result. The Bessemer process of making steel develops a tremendous heat in its own way, but the time of its duration is very brief, and, in an important sense, it cannot be controlled. The regenerative furnace has proved to be the means needed, not only to give this last fraction of heat, but also to give it in such a way as to put the whole

steel manufacture a long step ahead, and into the possession, almost assured at the present moment, of a limitless field. It may fairly be said, too, that this important result has been achieved by the utilization of one of the waste products of older methods of steel-making, that is, by the employment for a useful purpose of the waste heat that has always been allowed to escape from the crucible melting-hole, or from the older form of furnace in which attempts were made to melt steel, this heat being in every sense a waste product.

The Regenerative Furnace.

THE essential idea of the regenerative furnace is the heating of the gaseous elements, which are to be burned by passing them through cells, or regenerators, before they enter the melting-hearth or chamber of the furnace. These regenerators themselves are first heated by the escape through them to the chimney of the waste products of combustion from the furnace. The regenerators are so placed in pairs beneath the furnace that the waste gases escape through one pair, while the entering gases pass into the heating chamber through the other pair. They are completely filled with a cellular mass of brick, and the waste gases, as they pass through the spaces between the brick, heat the mass to a temperature nearly equal to their own. While the pair of regenerators under one end of the furnace is thus becoming heated, the gaseous fuel, and the air needed to effect its combustion, are led separately into the heating chamber, through the other pair of regenerators. At the first lighting of the furnace, the waste products of combustion flow down through the pair of regenerators at one end until the cellular mass of brick has become heated. Then, by changing the position of a set of reversing valves, through which the waste gases must flow on their way to the chimney, this current from the furnace is reversed and made to pass down through the cold regenerators under the other end of the furnace, and they, in their turn, become heated. By this same reversing of the valves, the air and gas entering the furnace are made to pass separately through the heated regenerators, and are thus themselves separately heated before entering the heating chamber of the furnace. Thus, by frequent reversings of the valves, as the temperature of the furnace increases, the gaseous fuel and the air are heated by the action of the waste products of combustion upon the cellular masses of brick in the regenerators. These entering gases are thus prevented from absorbing more than a trifle of the heat developed in the furnace by the combination of their own combustible elements. It is plain that those parts of the regenerators nearest to the heating chamber will gradually approach more and more nearly to the temperature of this chamber itself. As the entering gases must pass through these most highly heated parts of the regenerators, at the last moment, before entering the heating chamber, they will absorb the least possible amount of the useful heat developed. Thus, the whole heating chamber, with its contents, will approach at

length in temperature to a point as near that due to the combustion of the gaseous fuel as the refractory nature of the brick-work in the furnace roof and walls will allow.

Underground Telegraph Lines.

TELEGRAPH lines upon poles, as in New York, have become troublesome by reason of their multitude. It is proposed to bury them in the street. The plans for doing this may be divided into the pipe and cable systems. In one way No. 18 copper wire is covered with gutta-percha till it fills No. 7 gauge, and this is painted with hot tar. This insulated wire is cut in lengths of 400 feet, and laid with others till bundles of from twenty to one hundred and twenty wires are made, and the whole is then bound together with tapes. Cast-iron pipes are laid down in sections, and the bundle of wires is drawn through them. Each wire is labeled, and when selected, and properly secured to the next section, the joints of the pipe are closed with lead, and covered over. In Paris the wires are hung up inside the larger sewers. The German plan is to lay the insulated wires loosely in brick troughs just below the frost. Another method is to combine a number of wires in a strong insulated cable, and simply to sink it in the ground. A new plan, now being tried in this country, is to sink a square wooden box in the ground. In this a number of naked wires are hung on slats, and asphalt, mixed with sand, is poured over them till they are covered; over this another set of wires is laid, and covered till the box is full. By this plan, the packing acts as an insulator. The expense of sunken wires is said to be greater than the pole lines. The cost of maintenance is less, and the electric value of the wires is diminished. The posts are the chief objection to the present system. Light cables holding a number of wires, and more tasteful styles of post, are proposed. Outside of cities the wooden pole (or, better, an iron one) will always maintain its own. The underground lines are only needed in cities. In Boston the wires run freely over the house-tops, and their distribution over a larger area makes them less troublesome.

Drying Figs in Florida.

THE preparation of figs for market is reported as follows: Sheets are held under the trees (clear of the ground) and the fruit is shaken into them. They are then placed in baskets, and dipped in a bath of strong potash lye for about two minutes, and then dipped in clean water. This is to remove the gum on the outside of the fruit, and to improve the color. They are then placed upon hurdles to dry in the sun, or in a dry-house, and when soft enough to pack closely, are pressed tightly into wooden drums or boxes. The drums hold about fifteen pounds, and must not be made of pine, as it injures the flavor.

Metalized Plasters.

A CURIOUS and valuable addition to the minor arts has just been made by M. Causinus, of Paris, who has invented a process for coating plaster casts

with metal in such a manner as to reproduce, very remarkably, the appearance of the finest bronzes. This process, which we understand differs from that of the electrotype, brings within the reach of moderate people *fac-similes* of the famous metal work of past centuries. Mr. Rogers Rich, who has purchased the patent for America, exhibits at his rooms, No. 157 Tremont street, Boston, a large collection of examples, comprising the famous armor of Henri II and François I, superb trenchers and plaques by Donatello and Benvenuto Cellini, antique bowls and vases, busts and statues; among which last, in reduced size, are the celebrated *Penseroso* and *Juliano de' Medici* of Michael Angelo from the Medicean Chapel at Florence. As *plasters merely*, the collection is interesting. Every tint of bronze is employed, the gold and copper, the old silver, the deep green, and that vitreous shade which is found in the Pompeian examples; and the fineness and precision with which the most delicate details are given, is extraordinary.

Memoranda.

VARIABLE Tracing Paper.—To make common drawing paper sufficiently transparent for tracing, dissolve castor oil in three volumes of pure spirits of wine and sponge the paper lightly with the compound. As soon as the spirit evaporates, the paper will be ready for use. India ink or a pencil may be used upon it. To restore the opacity of the paper, dip it in a bath of pure spirits of wine. This bath may be saved and used a number of times.

A common squash properly harnessed lifted a weight of 5,000 pounds by its mere expansion in

growing. The experiments were made at Amherst, Mass.

The Acclimatization Society of Paris proposes to attempt the culture of the Syrian sponge in the waters of Southern France. This sponge, through the greed of the divers, seems to be in some danger of extermination, and it is suggested that it might be planted in our own Southern waters. The sponge native here is fine and soft, but is too brittle to have any commercial value.

It is proposed to make magnetic lathe chucks for holding small disks and other light work by transforming the chuck into an electro-magnet by the aid of a battery or a magneto-electric machine. The details of such a lathe chuck will readily suggest themselves to the electrician.

A small half-round bar placed before the mouth and secured to the ears of a "Gamba" organ pipe is said to greatly quicken its speech. The proposed bars may be of wood or metal, and should rest flat side out.

Brown stone face bricks for ornamental purposes have been suggested by the introduction of the diamond saw. Combined with red and black bricks, they might be made very effective.

An international horticultural exhibition and congress is to be held at Amsterdam, Holland, in the summer of 1876, in the Palace of Industry and neighboring grounds. An effort is being made to secure contributions of food and fiber plants, seeds, oils, etc., from all parts of the world, and the congress will be composed of delegates from such countries as desire to be represented.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Reductio ad Absurdum.

BY GEORGE A. BAKER, JR.

I HAD come from the city early
That Saturday afternoon;
I sat with Beatrix under the trees
In the mossy orchard; the golden bees
Buzzed over clover-tops, pink and pearly;
I was at peace, and inclined to spoon.

We were stopping a while with mother,
At the quiet country place
Where first we'd met, one blossomy May,
And fallen in love—so the dreamy day
Brought to my memory many another
In the happy time when I won her grace.

Days in the bright spring weather,
When the twisted, rough old tree
Showered down apple-blossoms, dainty and sweet,
That swung in her hair, and blushed at her feet.
Sweet was her face as we lingered together,
And dainty the kisses my love gave me.

"Dear love, are you recalling
The old days too," I said.
Her sweet eyes filled, and with tender grace

She turned and rested her blushing face
Against my shoulder; a sun-beam falling
Through the leaves above us, crowned her head.

And so I held her, trusting
That none was by to see;
A sad mistake—for low, but clear,
This feminine comment reached my ear:
"Married for ages—it's just disgusting—
Such actions—and, Fred, they've got our tree!"

It is not generally known that Theodore Hook's series of "Ramsbottom Papers" were the precursors of all the Mrs. Malaprops and Mrs. Partingtons of a later generation. Let Dorothea Julia Ramsbottom speak for herself in a few sentences from her "Notes on England and France":

"Having often heard travelers lament not having put down what they call the memory-bilious of their journeys, I was determined while I was on my tower, to keep a dairy (so called, from containing the cream of one's information), and record everything which recurred to me.

"Resolving to take time by the firelock, we left Montague Place at seven o'clock by Mr. Fulmer's pocket thermometer, and proceeded over West-

minster Bridge to explode the European continent. I never pass Whitehall without dropping a tear to the memory of Charles the Second, who was decimated after the rebellion of 1745 opposite the Horse Guards.

"We saw the inn where Alexander, the Autograph of all the Russias, lived when he was here, and, as we were going along, we met twenty or thirty dragons mounted on horses. The ensign who commanded them was a friend of Mr. Fulmer's;



DISCRETION

he looked at Lavinia as if pleased with her *Tooting assembly*. I heard Mr. Fulmer say he was a son of Marr's; he spoke it as if everybody knew his father, so I suppose he must be the son of the poor gentleman who was so barbarously murdered some years ago near Ratcliffe Highway; if he is, he is uncommon genteel.

"Travelers like us, who are mere birds of prey, have no time to waste, so we went to-day to the great church which is called Naughty Dam, where we saw a priest doing something at an altar. Mr. Fulmer begged me to observe the knave of the church, but I thought it too hard to call the man names in his own country."

But Mrs. D. J. R. never stops easily, and we must cut short her "hysterical accounts of her proceedings," lest you may not be grateful for the introduction.

The story of the "Irish Brigade" is one of the most interesting episodes in the history of the Irish people. Driven to the Continent by the law forbidding Catholics to bear arms under the English Crown, they carried abroad their indomitable courage, their unconquerable gayety, and their undying love for their country.

The idol of the Brigade was the celebrated Marshal Saxe, whose great bravery, in union with his jovial, mirthful temperament, gave him a character so engaging, and so kindred to their own.

It was in reference to him originated one of the blunders of poor Pat, that has been so often repeated. The Marshal was wounded in some engagement, and moreover, it was reported, in the *back*. None of the Brigade, however, would believe it.

"When did he ever show his back to 'em?" was the general exclamation. "Wasn't it his face they knew the most of, and wasn't it *their* backs that he knew best?"

At last a solution of the mystery was hit upon.

"He was purshuing 'em, you see, and just to make the villins think that on the contrary he was retrating, he buttoned his coat behind 'im!"

"Voltaire," said the Rev. Ozias Linley (according to Archdeacon Sinclair, from whom we quote a few paragraphs)—"Voltaire gives the best possible description of our modern pulpit oratory. 'He divided that which required no division; proved that which needed no proof; put himself in a violent passion with perfect composure, and then concluded; upon which his hearers awoke, and swore that they had heard an incomparable discourse.'"

Some one expressed surprise that Sheridan, a proprietor of Drury Lane, should have been seen taking tea and muffins in a coffee-house while the theater was in flames. "And why not?" asked Sheridan. "Is it not allowable to toast a muffin at one's own fire?"

Tom Sheridan once told his father that when he got into Parliament he would not pretend to greater virtue than he possessed, but would at once write upon his forehead "To be let." "That won't do," replied his father, "unless you add *unfurnished*."

Among Linley's favorite anecdotes was one of Handel, which he would thus relate: "Shortly before I became a Minor Canon of Norwich, the organist of the Cathedral received a visit from Handel, and on the following Sunday requested him to 'play out' the congregation at the close of morning service. Handel at once consented, and began in a style wholly different from that to which they had been accustomed. The result was, that instead of going out, they all remained in their seats to enjoy this delightful performance. After some time Handel looked around to see whether they were gone. Observing them still seated, he continued to play, and then looked round a second and a third time, with increasing surprise at their dilatoriness. At last the organist addressed him: 'Mr. Handel, I see you can't "play out" this congregation; let me try what I can do.' Accordingly he took Handel's place, and began to play in his usual style. The congregation immediately perceived the change, and rapidly disappeared!"

Cumberland, jealous of Sheridan's reputation as a dramatist, said he went to hear the "School for Scandal," but could not conceive what it was the world was laughing at. "Did he not laugh?" says Sheridan. "No." "Well, then, that was very ungrateful in Mr. Cumberland, for I laughed at his last tragedy till I was ready to split my sides."

"I'll stake the profits of my last book on that point," says Monk Lewis, at the close of a warm discussion. "No," answered Sheridan, "I can't afford so much, but I am ready to bet the worth of it."

IN making a claim, there's much in a name;
But when the points we reckon,
Who but the Jews could ever refuse
To take the side of Bacon?

FORTH from his grave starts Shakespeare's ghost,
And cries aloud in wrathful tones:

"I now revoke my olden curse,
Leave me my plays, and take my bones!"

Americans who have traveled, not even very much, will acknowledge the justice of the following extract from the correspondence of the "Daily News" from Florence. It could not have been more exact if an American had written it. The scrap has been a good while in our desk, but the annual European rush makes it "timely" just now:

"There are very few English travelers here at present. They seldom make their appearance south of the Lake district before October. Of Americans, however, the name is legion. Our Transatlantic cousins who pervade Europe may be divided into two classes. The first consists of families, who, as long as they can possibly manage it, make this hemisphere their home. They never lose an opportunity to abuse their own country and its institutions, and so fancy that they will catch a savor of aristocracy by indulging in aristocratic small talk. The head of the family usually remains in New York, keeping a hotel, or making money in some way or other in Wall street. But this estimable trader is ignored. His business in life is to pay the bills of his wife and daughters, who are very grand ladies indeed, keeping open house for innumerable Counts and Barons, and dressing in a style that makes even French damsels of the demi-monde envy them. The other class consists of men who, having made a little money, run over to Europe with their families to see everything that is to be seen in about six weeks. They hurry from place to place; knock off a dozen galleries in a morning; travel all night to save time, and though they go lack to the 'great country' without having learnt very much by their trip to this side of the Atlantic, except a knowledge of microdots and hotels, they at least are not ashamed of their own country and its institutions. They make no pretense of being other than what they are, and they have no snobbish hankering after European aristocrats, believing themselves to be—as indeed they are—in every sense their superiors."

When we add to the above that "the daughters who are very grand ladies," seem to have found the end of life to be to marry some one of the inane and inconceivably small-souled creatures who bear titles in the Italian States—Principi, Conti, and all the rest of the ridiculous homunculi, who make it the end of their existences to marry an Inglesina or Americana with money—we shall have completed the picture of a class, the recollection of which will bring a blush of shame to the cheeks of almost any one who has passed a winter in Rome or Florence. But extremes will meet, and the flakiest and richest upper-crust of the Manhattan plutocracy will find its ambition with the lowest and heaviest residuum of the impoverished and emasculated "aristocracy" of a country in which to be an aristocrat is to all sensible people a doubtful claim to the purest respectability. An English nobleman may be a man worth catching by an intriguing mamma, but an Italian—we once had one to black our boots and wait on our table—a genuine antique, too, a Conte of the Romagna.

The Jack in Office.

BY J. W. DE FOREST.

WHEN Lucifer fled from Salem
He strode a reverend goat,
Who talked like the ass of Balaam
And knew all magic by rote.

No beast had ever such motion,
Or strength or terrible mien;
He vaulted mountain and ocean,
He frightened as soon as seen.

Wherever his footsteps dallied
They withered the blooms and grass;
The comets and stars turned pallid
With horror to see him pass.

The witches welcomed his coming,
The dead arose from their graves,
The fiends burst hustling and humming
From Hell's profoundest of caves.

The goat grew prouder and prouder,
He fancied this power his own;
Each minute he boasted louder
And talked of himself alone.

"Squire Satan, the day is breaking
When earth will know me," he said;
"The astral legions are quaking
Already to hear my tread."

"My force and knowledge of magic
Are surely beyond compare;
I long to do something tragic,
And make the universe stare."

"I long to throw down a quarter,
Or so, of the heavenly host,
And trample the rogues to mortar,
To show them who rules the roast."

Just then the pilgrimage ended,
Beside a portal of Hell;
In silence Satan descended,
Scarce nodding the goat farewell.

That moment his gifts departed,—
Speech, sorcery, speed, and pluck;
No longer creation started,
Whenever he reared to buck.

Quoth Satan: "Call and position
Alone make potencies real:
Goats also must have a mission,
And carry the bright ideal."

Apropos of the current mania, we have received from William B. Carr, of Petersburg, Virginia, one of the most remarkable pieces of poetry it was ever our privilege to spell. It is called "A Spell of Song, and a Song of Spell," and celebrates the holiday goings-on of A, B, and C, pupils of one Eli Ubiquity. We will begin with Part

III.

"As I," says A,
"Am free from fetters
This holiday;
Although as a man
You think you're my better,
I'll bet that you can't, and I can,
Spell *trapped* with only two letters:
P-o, teapot;
Yes, p-o-t, pot;
And there's a *trapped*."

IV.

"Well done!" says B,
 "But let me C;
 I'll stand a treat,
 If I'll be beat
 At this conceit.
 A moment's hearing give to me,
 And I'll make peasoup out of three:
 S-o-u, peasoup: s-
 O-u-p, soup, yes;
 And there's some *peasoup*, mess."

V.

"Bravo!" says C,
 "Such wondrous knowledge
 Is just from College;
 Now let us B.
 Let's rub our head—
 Yes, yes!" nough said.
 I'll take but three, just three,
 And *emblem* spell; now see!
 B-l-e, emblem;
 Yes, 'em!
 B-l-e-m, blem;
 And there's your *emblem*."

VI.

"You monsters of iniquity,"
 Cried Master E. Ubiquity;
 For their lessons absurd,
 He had all overheard:
 "Such heterodox-
 Ology ought to be met
 With well applied knocks,
 Upon your bold physiognomies set.
 For such an offense,
 I now shall commence
 To pronounce the sentence."

Master Ubiquity—(with magisterial dignity and solemnity).
 —Immediate amends for this I must demand.
A, B, C, and the rest (laughing, pointing the finger, with an occasional tweedle-dee-dee, and all reciting in concert)—*De-mand* with three letters; *m-a-n, demand*.

Master.—Retract: or on punishment you may depend.

Boys.—Depend with three likewise; *p-e-n, depend*.

Master.—Let justice your false tongues forever benumb.

Boys.—Benumb with but three; *s-o, n-u-m, benumb*.

Master.—Let gaping earth yawn, and your bodies embosom.

Boys.—Embosom with four; *b-o-s-o, embosom*.

Master.—I'll send you for sale to the emporium.

Boys.—Five: *p-o, r, i, u, emporium*.

The poem does not end here, but that ought to be enough.

When one is so fortunate as to discover a literary treasure, it would be selfish to withhold it for private delectation. Such a treasure we have just found. On the blue cover the ark is seen floating on a serene sea, and the old serpent, very appropriately in *gilt*, encircles water and sky, his forked tongue and taper tail entwining at top. Open the volume and you find Eve arrayed, not in traditional costume, but adorned with chignon and frizzes, trail (of the serpent?) *apron* front (that chimes with Scripture), chatelaine, bracelets, and such bewitching high-heeled boots! She has dropped her parasol to reach, with snowy arms uplifted, the one whopping big apple which hangs just above her, while the serpent, dressed simply (with wings and eye-glass), kindly holds down the bough. In the words of the author (who veils his identity under the rather general phrase, "A Descendant of Noah):"

"Nearer the fatal tree they go,
 But then its branches all are high,
 And Eve at first is somewhat shy;
 So Satan, being long and slim,
 Stretched up, and bent her down a limb."

* Query: Did the phrase, "A Limb of Satan," originate here?

Here is an extract which reminds the reader of Chaucer by its freshness and simplicity of style:

"So wearied nature found repose,
 Till in the morn refreshed they rose,
 Adam to clear a garden patch,
 And Eve new ways and means to hatch.
 Now, the command was very strict
 That they should learn arithmetic;
 So, when a season here they run,
 They 'multiply and carry one,'
 Rejoicing in their figure three,
 Because, as yet, they cannot see
 The vagabond he is to be;
 So Eve sings him lullabys—
 Sings to him of snakes and lies."



CURIOSITY.

Here are the heads of a sermon once preached by a quaint old minister on the text, "Adam, where art thou?" "1st. All men are somewhere. 2dly. Some men are where they ought not to be. 3dly. If they don't take care, they will soon find themselves where they had rather not be."

A noted lawyer visited "Tommy," the learned pig, in Washington, some years ago, and was much impressed. He said to the Chief-Justice, after describing the interview, "I know now why half a pipe is called a hogshead. On account of its great capacity."

"What kind of a man is Squire Simmons, anyway?" "Well, you've seen them snow-storms along early in the winter, when there's a good deal of wind but not much sleighing? That's the sort he is."

Meeting the author of a celebrated poem, after he had been seriously injured by a railroad accident, a friend remarked: "You did not find 'riding on the rail' as pleasant as you pictured it." "Oh, that wasn't riding on the rail, but riding off it. Don't you see?"

Who is the father of all corn? Pop corn.